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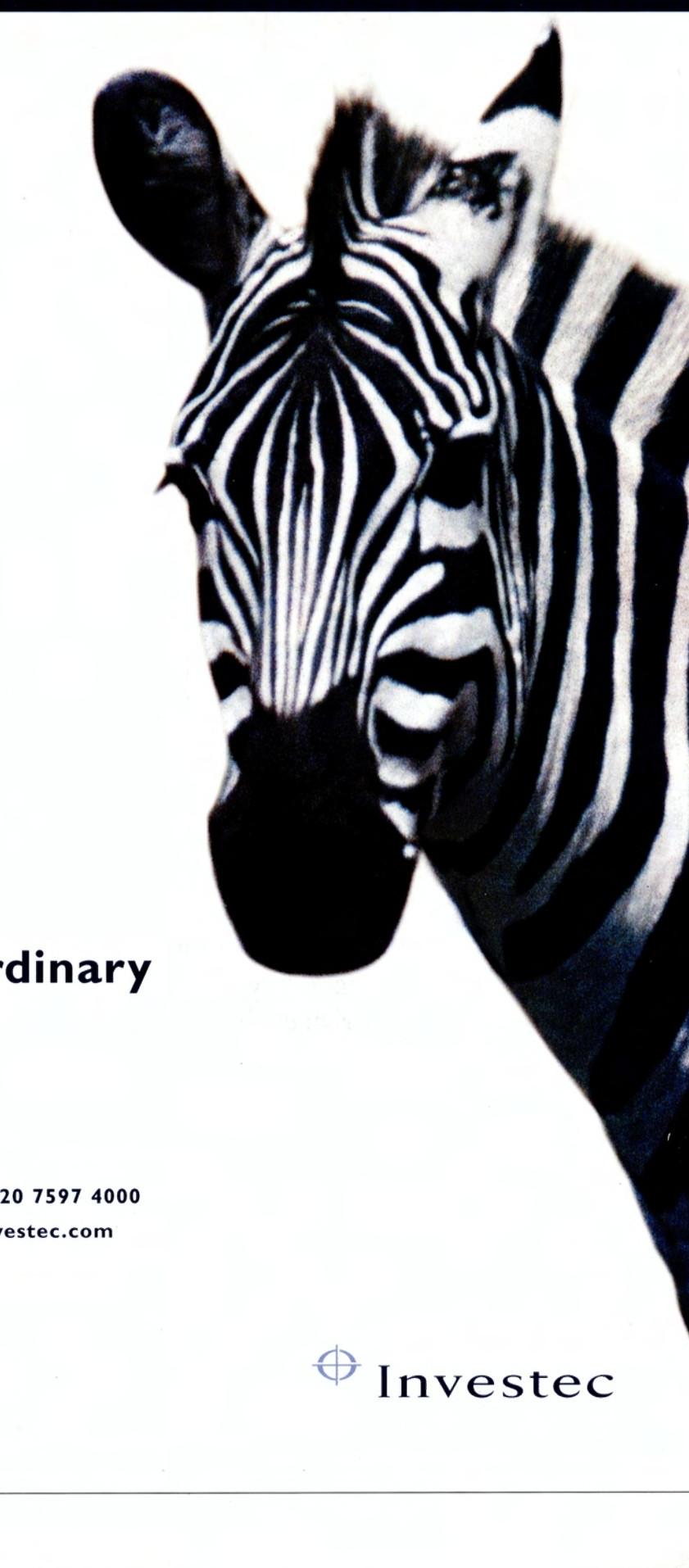
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THE MUSIC ISSUE

November 2000 n° 483



Mariah's World ... 161

MICHEL COMTE

Features

THE MUSIC PORTFOLIO Together they've won truckloads of Grammys, gold records, and Rock and Roll Hall of Fame inductions. Here are 59 pages of portraits in *Vanity Fair*'s first-ever Music Issue, from Aretha to Yo-Yo, from Sonny Rollins to Iggy Pop—a pantheon of rock gods, R&B geniuses, jazz giants, and classical icons. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz, David Bailey, Julian Broad, William Claxton, Michel Comte, Todd Eberle, Timothy Greenfield-Sanders, Sam Jones, David LaChapelle, Mary Ellen Mark, Michael O'Neill, Herb Ritts, Bruce Weber, and others **161**

TAX EXILES ON MAIN STREET: MONOGRAMMED JOINTS, HITCHHIKERS, AND OTHER NOTES FROM THE 1975 ROLLING STONES TOUR

In the spring of 1975, the Rolling Stones began their infamous 27-city North American trek: ten weeks of sex, drugs, and celebrities, as told by Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, and Ian "Stu" Stewart, to name a few. Lisa Robinson went along for the ride, tape recorder in hand, and now reveals what she heard and saw **220**

Columns

FOREVER YOUNG A cocky, sensational young talent named Bobby Darin broke out of the bubblegum brigade with his 1958 hit, "Splish Splash," and stood poised to become rock 'n' roll's next emperor. But his career was short-circuited by the lure of Hollywood—which inspired an ill-fated marriage to Sandra Dee—as well as the changing times, and a weak heart. More than a quarter-century after Darin's death at age 37, James Wolcott explores the jagged tempo of his fame and the raucous, all-out legacy that is still winning him new fans **40**

LIKE AN ARTIST In the 16 years since she first flounced across the world's stage, beginning her journey from disco slut to mother of two, Madonna has proved again and again that a talent for re-invention is one of her most valuable assets. *Yawn.* We know that. With the release of her eighth album, *Music*, Steven Daly argues that it's time the Material Girl was revealed for what she really is: one of the greatest performer-producer-songwriters of her time **52**

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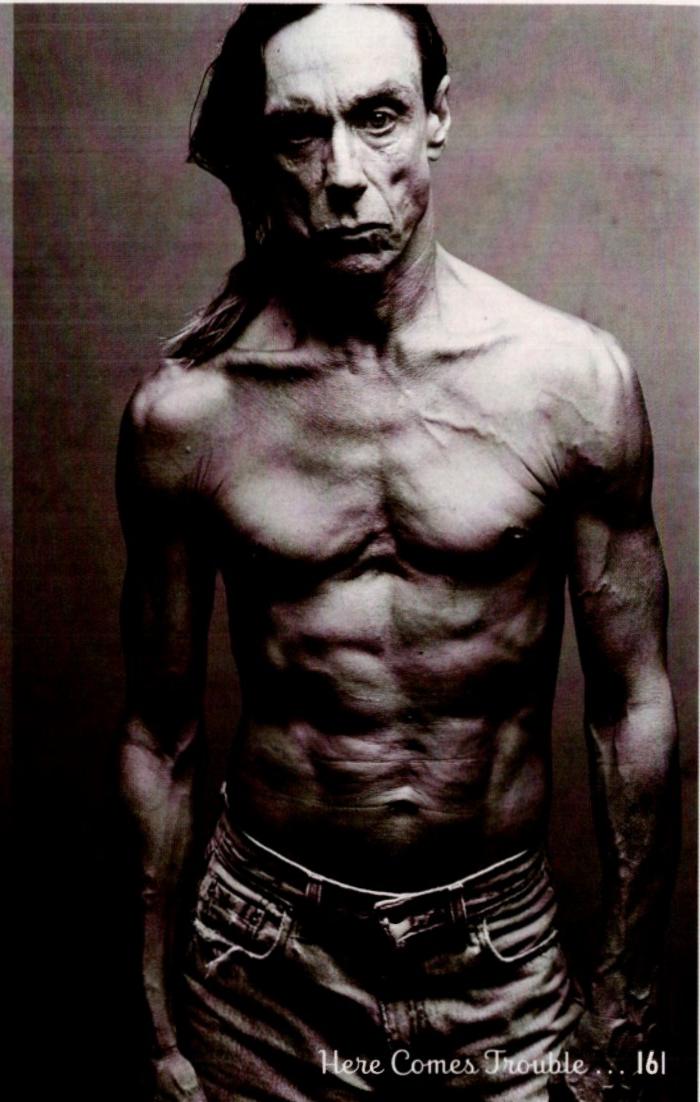
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THE MUSIC ISSUE

November 2000 No. 483



Here Comes Trouble ... 161

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

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COSTELLO'S 500 If you've ever itched to have the perfect CD collection—that is, if you've ever itched to have Elvis Costello's CD collection—here's the list you've been waiting for. From Abba to Zamballarana, with the best from Eminem, Joni Mitchell, Marvin Gaye, the Sex Pistols, and Mozart along the way, these are 500 must-have albums, as compiled by the encyclopedic rock star himself

60

BIRD ON A WIRE On January 9, 1942, as America reeled in the wake of Pearl Harbor, a 21-year-old jazz revolutionary arrived in New York City. Saxophonist Charlie Parker—genius, junkie, and bebop pioneer—rallied jazz musicians such as Dizzy Gillespie, Sarah Vaughan, and Miles Davis to a rhythm that broke all the rules. In an excerpt from the companion book to Ken Burns's new PBS series on jazz, Geoffrey C. Ward charts the tragic life of the legendary Bird

82

HALL OF FAME Lisa Robinson nominates singer Victoria Williams, founder of the nonprofit charity Sweet Relief. Since being diagnosed with multiple sclerosis, she's raised millions for other musicians in need. Portrait by Michael O'Neill

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BIRTH OF AN MTV NATION It's hard to imagine a world without MTV. But on August 1, 1981, when a handful of twentysomething men and women launched the first 24-hour music-video channel, they faced a resounding lack of interest from cable operators, advertisers, and record companies. In his oral history, Robert Sam Anson learns how these visionaries bypassed the Establishment, went straight to the kids, got a nation to scream, "I want my MTV," and built a network that changed an industry as well as an entire culture. Photographs by Jonas Karlsson

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LIVE AT THE WHISKY When he opened the Whisky à Go Go in 1964, ex-police officer Elmer Valentine kicked off one of the most glorious convergences in music history. Booking such local bands as the Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, and an unknown group called the Doors, he turned the Whisky into a cultural epicenter. David Kamp reports on the beginning of the club that spawned the white-booted go-go girl and drew every star in L.A.—including Steve McQueen, Mick Jagger, and the Beatles—to its big red banquets

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DAH LEE; LEATHER BRA BY CARLA DAWN BEHRLE; LEATHER MINISKIRT AND PAGE JEWELRY BY CHROME HEARTS; BOOTS BY FORTUNA VALENTINO; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE E

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MASSIVE ATTACKS Boy-band factory boss Lou Pearlman's speed dial; Intelligence Report: Inside the music industry; George Wayne gives Carson Daly his requests; Nan Darien saves the world; onstage with Cat Power; Anderson Tepper on Anoushka Shankar; Dana Brown on country icon Steve Earle; Selwyn Seyfu Hinds on pop violinist Lili Haydn; rock snobbery—a complete primer 151

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30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Jim Windolf on the Web's music fanatics; Elissa Schappell's Hot Type; Hot Reels; Bruce Handy on the British comedy *Billy Elliot* and Joan Allen's sexy turn in *The Contender*; Chris Mitchell on the indie hit *You Can Count on Me*, and Coming Attractions: Walter Kirn takes it to the *Vertical Limit*; Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks 237

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Vanity Fair N° 483. The magazine is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Ltd., Vogue House, Hanover Square, London W1R 0AD (telephone: 0207 499 9080; fax: 0207 493 1345). Annual subscription rates (including postage) for one year (12 issues) are: UK £33.60, £43.60 for two years; overseas surface mail £53 Europe/North America, £59 rest of the world. Airmail rates available on request. Payable to *Vanity Fair*. Subscription Department, Tower House, Lathkill Street, Market Harborough, Leics LE16 9EF (01858-438-815). For credit card orders, phone our hotline on 01858-438-819; open five days a week, 9A.M.-5P.M. Distributed by Condé Nast & National Magazine Distributors Limited (COMAG), Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7QE (telephone: 01895 444055; telex: 8813787). Address all editorial correspondence to *Vanity Fair*, 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036.



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A large, handwritten signature in black ink, reading "minas", is centered on the page. The signature is fluid and cursive, with a prominent flourish at the end.

It's the Music, Man

OK., so we've done our annual Hollywood Issue for the past seven years, and now we're trying to do the same thing for music. The retentive among you will recognize the patented *Vanity Fair* "Special Issue" template: three-panel foldout cover; lots of marvelous historical pieces; "Vanities" and "Fanfair" sections devoted to the issue's topic; a big-league portfolio by the magazine's unparalleled stable of photographers, anchored with wonderfully written captions; and an editor's letter which addresses the subject at hand, and which nobody reads.

I will tell you this: putting together an issue devoted solely to music is exponentially more difficult than doing one on the movie business. For one thing, there's just so much music out there. A year or so ago, when we began talking about this issue, Annie Leibovitz faxed over to me a list someone in the industry had drawn up of all the different types of music, organized by category and subcategory. The list ran to 11 pages and broke the various forms of music into 55 sets (classic rock, alternative country, fusion, and so forth) and 299 subsets (Goth rock, No Wave, ambient dub, etc.). As I say, there is a lot of music out there.

So sheer volume is a problem. And then there is the passion people feel for music. With movies, you can watch *The Wages of Fear* and *Clueless* in the same evening and love them both. With music, the Carly Simon fan is probably immune to the charms of Radiohead. And vice versa. Everyone has an opinion on music, and it's usually a strong opinion. What they like is not the problem so much



ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

as what they don't like. Chances are, what they don't like is something you do like. Not only do people, especially teenagers, define themselves by the type of music they listen to, the true believers actually define their friends by their taste in music.

Me, I go into a record store and hit the cash register with CDs from all over the place. On a recent trip I picked up albums by A Tribe Called Quest, Dave Brubeck, Bobby Darin, Louis Armstrong, the Clash, Eric Clapton, Charlie Parker, Parliament, Louis Prima, Bob Dylan, Maria Callas, and the Drifters, as well as the cast recordings of *Showboat* and *The Music Man*. And I love them all.

Senior articles editor Aimée Bell oversaw most of the details of this issue with the help of *VF* contributing editor Lisa Robinson, a veteran of the rock scene for more than a quarter of a century. Let me tell you a little bit about Aimée. She was still in graduate school when she was hired as an editorial assistant at *Spy* magazine, where she became my assistant. I had co-founded *Spy*, and after my partners and I sold it in 1991, I became editor of *The New York Observer*, where Aimée became my deputy editor. She traveled with me to *Vanity Fair* eight years ago, and from the first day has been an invaluable colleague. I rarely make a major decision without consulting her, and I cannot imagine working anywhere without her there as well. Our passions are similar, but not always in sync. One thing we do have in common: we both know the lyrics to "Ya Got Trouble," from *The Music Man*. As I say, that Aimée has great taste in music.

—GRAYDON CARTER

**HEADLINER**

Bob Dylan was photographed at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles on March 23, 2000, by Danny Clinch.



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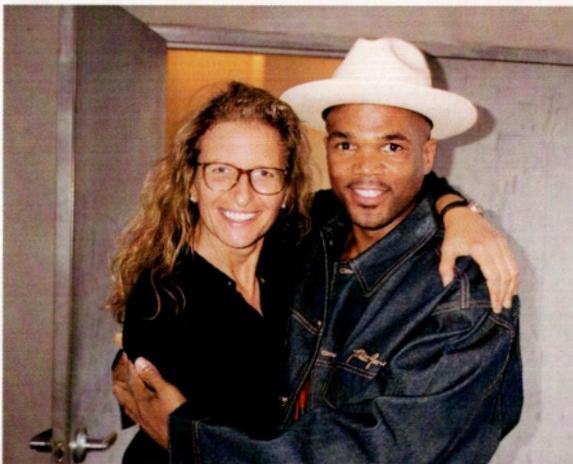
ANNE LEIBOVITZ

For contributing editor **Lisa Robinson**, pictured above in 1975 with Mick Jagger exiting the Rolling Stones' Starship tour jet, this issue was a kind of holy war or crusade. In addition to lining up musicians for the cover and portfolio, Robinson persuaded reclusive pal Phil Spector to answer the "Proust Questionnaire," nominated Victoria Williams to *V.F.*'s Hall of Fame, reported on noteworthy fall albums in her "Hot Tracks" column, and mined her tour diary and extensive collection of tapes for her piece on the Stones' 1975 U.S. tour. "I literally dragged boxes of stuff out of storage," says Robinson, who was relieved that "the material was still undamaged and coherent." She is currently working on a book about her life on the beat, and a Web site "where I can finally put to good use the thousands of hours of interview tapes I have with John Lennon, Led Zeppelin, and hundreds of other musicians."

Contributing editor **David Kamp** says that "The Rock Snob's Dictionary" (page 159), which he co-wrote with Steven Daly and Bob Mack, "comes out of self-loathing as much as anything else." He also admits that "as an East Coaster, I had a natural instinct to deride the West Coast, but I think for American pop music the mid-60s in L.A. was as good as it's ever been." Also in this issue, then, Kamp writes about the Whisky à Go Go, the Sunset Strip club that was home to bands such as the Doors, the Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, and Love. "It's a sign of both the glory and the menace of this scene," Kamp says, that two of his interview subjects are currently incarcerated.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

Annie Leibovitz launched her career with *Rolling Stone* magazine in 1970 (Grace Slick was her first assignment), toured with the Rolling Stones five years later ("I went to hell and back"), and has photographed nearly every rock icon (who could forget her 1980 portrait of John Lennon and Yoko Ono?). So, the Music Issue offered a return to her roots. Leibovitz, at left with rapper DMC, shot the cover and 29 of the 69 artists in the portfolio as well as many of the photos accompanying Lisa Robinson's story about the Stones' 1975 tour. The author of five photography books, she has been a *V.F.* contributing photographer since 1983.



KATHRYN MACLEOD

In reporting his oral history of MTV, contributing editor **Robert Sam Anson** spoke to 87 players in the music industry, all of whom had a role in the network's creation almost two decades ago. "I love these people," Anson says. "They really tell you what's going on." And there is plenty to tell about the tumultuous early days of MTV, as Anson reveals on page 108. "People have the impression that MTV has been there forever, or just sprung to life one day and was instantly successful," he says. "But this thing had more perils than Pauline, and it's miraculous that it worked. Angels were sitting on their shoulders."

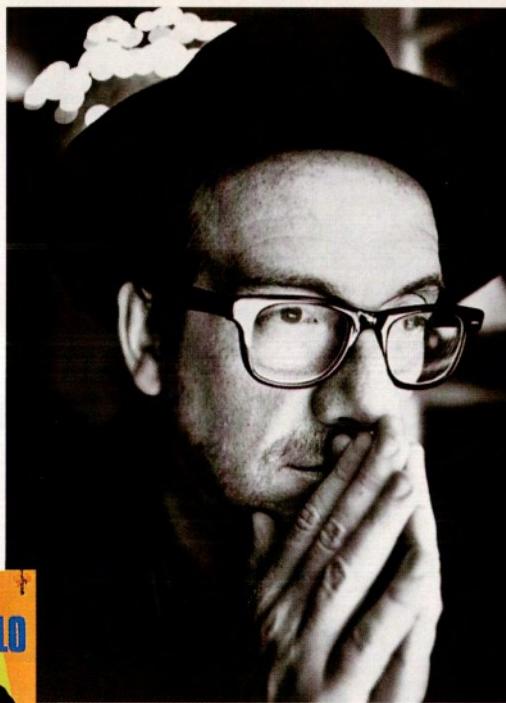
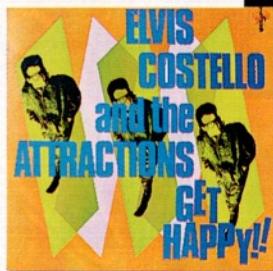


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Singer-songwriter **Elvis Costello's** list of his 500 favorite records, which starts on page 60, is appropriately eclectic. "Nobody is suggesting that the list is comprehensive. It is totally and unashamedly biased," he admits. Costello was raised in a musical household where "broad listening came naturally," and he considers his father, a bebop trumpet player turned dance-band vocalist, to be "by far the best singer in the family." With talents as wide-ranging as his tastes, Costello, best known for his rock and pop albums, has just finished a full orchestral score for an adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and currently is producing a record of popular songs for the mezzo-soprano Anne Sofie von Otter.



JAMES MINCHIN

GET MODEST

Left, Costello says there are at least 500 albums better than *Get Happy!!*, his 1980 release.



Overseeing *Vanity Fair's* first-ever Music Issue required equal parts creativity and diplomacy from senior articles editor **Aimée Bell**. "It was tricky," she says, "because people, and especially writers and editors, can be extremely passionate about their taste in music. One musician might be somebody's favorite, but somebody else's worst nightmare. We had to reconcile a lot of opinions." In addition to working with legendary rock journalist Lisa Robinson on the portfolio and on Robinson's story about the 1975 Rolling Stones tour, Bell edited James Wolcott's column about Bobby Darin. The issue as a whole, she says, "reflects the entire staff's heroic efforts and was an extraordinary learning experience for me. I now know who Massive Attack is. And I got to meet Keith Richards."



GASPER TRINGALE

A nine-year veteran of *Vanity Fair*, contributing photography editor **SunHee Grinnell** has suffered more than her share of work-related irritation, but nothing could have prepared her for the job of producing the majority of the Music Issue's shoots. "It involved what had to be over 10,000 phone calls, a lot of tears, some blood, and a tremendous amount of frustration. The fact that I enjoyed it to a degree makes me think that I'm an insane workaholic." It's not just psychological dysfunction that keeps Grinnell going, though. "I'm a huge fan of photography, and the best part of my job is that I get to work with a great caliber of photographers, which I don't take for granted."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22



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SAM JONES

For contributing stylist **Kim Meehan**, styling photo shoots for *Vanity Fair* has meant everything from wrangling ducks on the creek behind Paul Newman's house to rebuilding the costumes of famous TV cowboys of the 50s and 60s; jobs have taken her from Malaysia to Muhammad Ali's Michigan home to Ted Turner's Montana buffalo ranch. For our Music Portfolio, she collaborated with her "mentor," Annie Leibovitz, with whom she also works on *V.F.*'s Hollywood portfolio. Actors, she says, "are very serious about their hair and makeup," but musicians just ask, "Can I please wear my T-shirt and jeans?"

Contributing editor **Steven Daly**

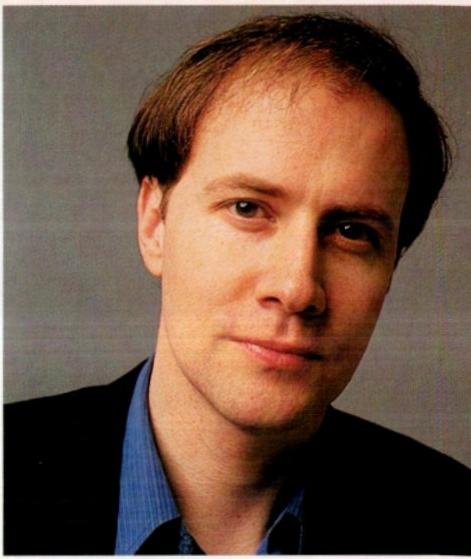
is living proof of the theory that musicians are merely frustrated critics.

Having enjoyed critical success in the early 80s playing drums for the vaguely "seminal" (see "The Rock Snob's Dictionary") indie band

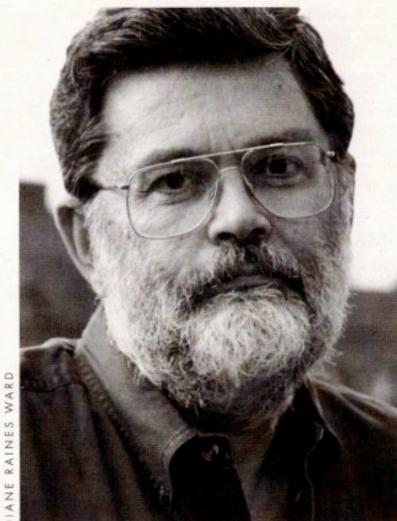
Orange Juice, he turned to writing for such magazines as *Spin* and *Rolling Stone*. This month, Daly looks at the recording career of

Madonna. "She's the last person who needs anyone to leap to her defense," says Daly. "But I think it's worth noting that she's one of the last middle-age sophisticates still making pop music. Even in

her penthouse lair, she is attuned to every dog whistle of street culture."



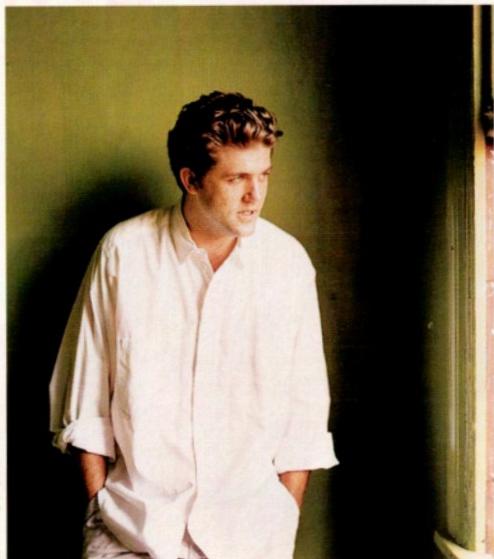
WALTER SMITH



DIANE RAINES WARD

A historian and the author of 12 books, including an award-winning biography of Franklin Delano Roosevelt,

Geoffrey C. Ward has also been documentary-film maker Ken Burns's chief collaborator for more than 17 years. But their latest project may have been the most pleasurable for him. "I've been listening to jazz all my life, and this has been an absolute, unequivocal joy to work on," he says of *Jazz: A History of America's Music*, excerpted on page 82. Writing this companion book to the PBS series, which will air in January, has given Ward, he says, "a wonderful chance to fill out the characters—a chance to provide more context, tell more stories, bring people to life in a different way."



ADAM OLFZEWSKI

For photographer **Sam Jones**, a passionate musician who says he plays "a lot of instruments poorly," this month's Music Portfolio was a dream come true: Tori Amos let him noodle around on her piano, the temporarily reassembled Byrds played all his requests, and his hero Willie Nelson welcomed him to the sprawling, ersatz Western town he's dubbed Luck, Texas. "To be able to photograph Willie Nelson and know that you've listened to an album by him 150 times, and to be able to talk to him about that record and about the process of writing—that was really great for me," says Jones.

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LOUIS VUITTON



A black and white fashion photograph of a woman with short, blonde hair. She is wearing a dark beret and a dark, sleeveless top with a draped neckline. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her hair and the texture of her clothing against a light background.

A close-up, black and white photograph focusing on a person's lower body. The person is wearing dark, shiny leather pants and black leather boots with prominent buckles. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the leather and the contours of the legs.



YUARD



ROCK 'N' ROYALTY

All told, our 12 cover subjects have sold more than 320 million albums. Better yet, their songs have inspired hope, shaken booties, and given modernity its pulsing, joyous soundtrack



U

Unless you feel like you're going to die if you don't do it, it's cheating," says Icelandic pop star—actress **Björk**, 34, about her commitment to making music. She first came to the world's attention as the yelping, outrageous lead singer of the alternative-rock group the Sugarcubes, a band she and her friends started in her native Reykjavik as a joke. Her solo career has been anything but, producing such revelatory albums as *Debut* (1993) and the multi-platinum *Post* (1995). This past spring she won the best-actress award at the Cannes Film Festival for her intense portrayal of a blind woman on death row in Lars von Trier's *Dancer in the Dark* (a musical, no less). *Selmasongs*, the expanded soundtrack to the film, is her latest record. These days Björk divides her time between Iceland and London, but she went to New York this summer to promote *Dancer in the Dark* and liked it so much she decided to stick around for three weeks in order to do our cover shoot. Unlike the weird waif she plays



A HELL OF A BAND

Left, Björk (wearing a dress by Alexandre Matthieu and fishnets by Wolford); Bono (in his own clothes); Macy Gray (in a shirt by Jean Paul Gaultier and jeans by Diesel with accessories by Chanel); and Keith Richards (wearing a coat and shirt by Lords Los Angeles). Below, a Richards grip-and-grin with old mate Chuck Berry. Bottom, Björk and Gray cuddle. Cover photograph: Hair by Sally Hershberger, Edris Nicholls, and Tré Major. Makeup by Jeanine Lobell, Jillian Dempsey, and Billy B. Manicures by Deborah Lippmann. Grooming by Gigi Hale and Rheanne White. Set design by Rick Floyd. Styled by Kim Meehan. Photographed exclusively for V.F. by Annie Leibovitz in New York City.

in her videos, Björk is sure of her purpose. She says she has 50 years ahead of her to create the perfect pop song. Anything she wants to do is worth waiting for.

—LISA ROBINSON

He's charmed the Pope and the U.N. General Assembly in an attempt to eliminate world debt. Millions of people have thrilled to his band's concerts. He is still a passionate fan himself—of Patti Smith, the Clash, the Buzzcocks. And at our cover shoot he immediately went over to longtime pal Björk and congratulated her on her showing at Cannes ("She's done very well in the films," he said). **Bono** is the lead singer of the Irish rock band U2, which has sold more than 100 million albums, headlined tours all over the world, and is a shoo-in for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame (they will be eligible in 2004)—all this from a little "punk" band that started two decades ago in Dublin playing Ramones covers at auditions for record labels. This month U2 releases its new album, *All That You Can't Leave Behind*. Next spring the band will begin a world

tour in the U.S., with Bono ready—once again—to prove that U2 is, in his words, "the loudest folk band in the world."

—L.R.

As guitarist and co-songwriter of the world's greatest and longest-running rock 'n' roll band, **Keith Richards** is rock's original outlaw and coolest survivor. Age, addiction, death, fights—nothing could stop the Rolling Stones. Richards, a native of Dartford, England, who now lives in Connecticut with his wife, Patti, and their two teenage daughters, set the standard for blues-based rock guitar: chunky chords, undeniable groove, no gratuitous solos. In its 37-year history, the band has sold over 100 million copies of more than 30 albums, been inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, and remains the biggest concert attraction in the world. The legendary Richards is a musician first; he feels a band is only really alive if it's onstage. At the end of



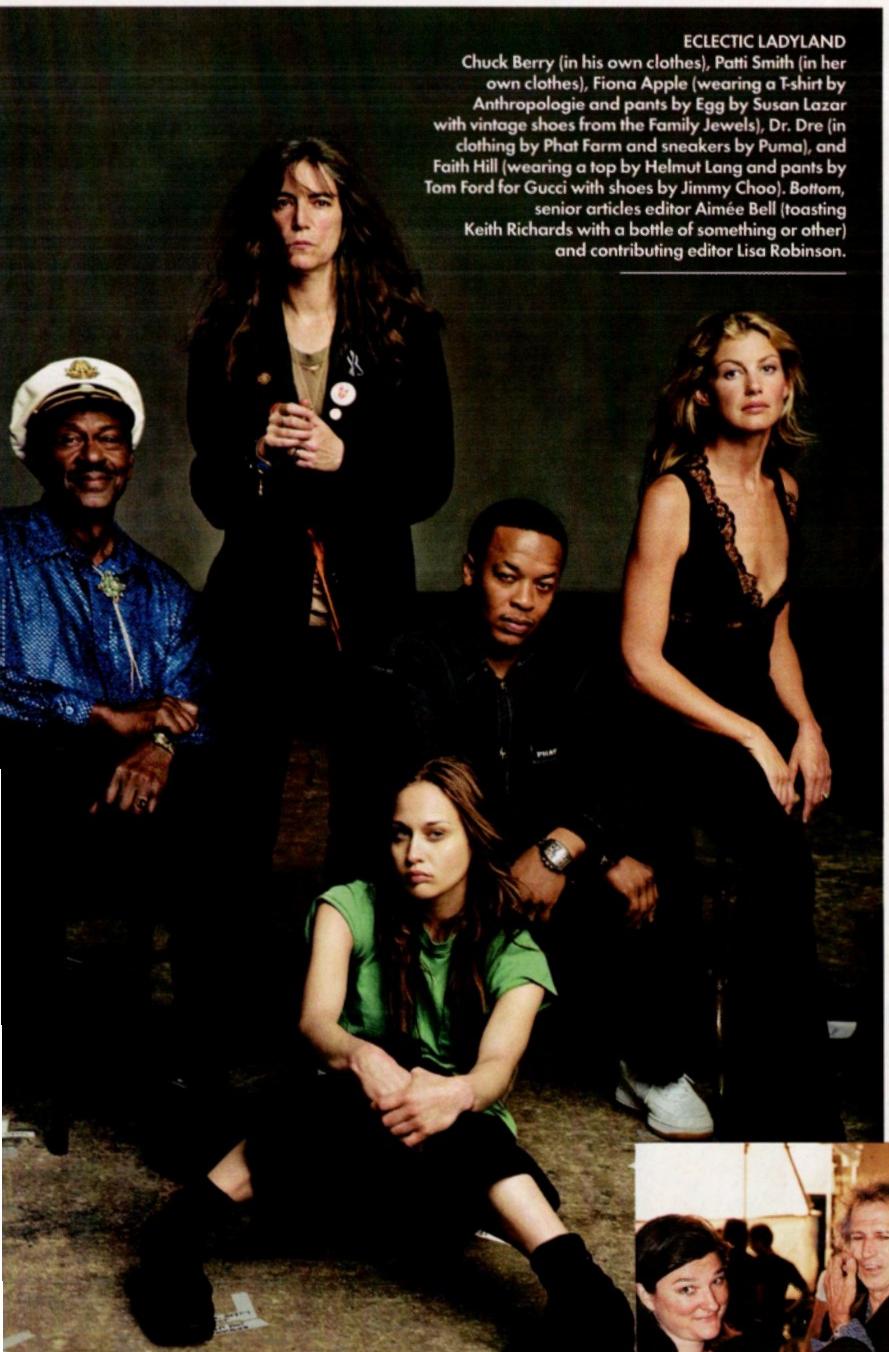
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DE BEERS
A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

V.F.'s cover shoot, he looked around at the assembled talent and pronounced, "Now I feel like we should just all do a gig." —L.R.

No one on earth sounds like **Macy Gray**. The 30-year-old native of Canton, Ohio, was the surprise success story of 2000 with a debut album, *On How Life Is*, that sold seven million copies.



ECLECTIC LADYLAND

Chuck Berry (in his own clothes), Patti Smith (in her own clothes), Fiona Apple (wearing a T-shirt by Anthropologie and pants by Egg by Susan Lazar with vintage shoes from the Family Jewels), Dr. Dre (in clothing by Phat Farm and sneakers by Puma), and Faith Hill (wearing a top by Helmut Lang and pants by Tom Ford for Gucci with shoes by Jimmy Choo). Bottom, senior articles editor Aimée Bell (toasting Keith Richards with a bottle of something or other) and contributing editor Lisa Robinson.

Gray, who flew in from Austria, where she was on tour, to sit for *V.F.*'s cover, has moods that range from spacey to exuberant, and a psychedelic visual style—think Sly Stone, Jimi Hendrix—that has been missing for too long in rock. She grew up listening to records by James Brown, Stevie Wonder, and Aretha Franklin, but was so self-conscious about her “funny” voice that she barely spoke, much less sang. At the MTV Awards in September she beat out a number of teen dreams when she walked off with the best-new-artist prize. There is some justice.

—L.R.

When the lanky, pomade-topped 28-year-old **Chuck Berry** first duckwalked across the national stage, in 1955, he brought to the squeaky-clean Hit Parade a real sense of back-alley threat—and plenty of it. With little visible effort, the St. Louis native whipped out a jukeboxful of classics—“Maybellene,” “Sweet Little Sixteen,” “No Particular Place to Go”—that hymned teenage life with wry specificity and that, in their adroit use of vernacular, prefigured hip-hop by decades. At our photo shoot, Berry—who will be one of five recipients of Washington’s Kennedy Center Honors in December—was showing off photos of himself with Bill Clinton and Tony Blair. He also had a couple of adamant requests: that we serve oatmeal cookies and put him up at the luxurious LaGuardia Marriott.

—STEVEN DALY

Patti Smith electrified the mid-70s New York City punk scene. She combined Beat-style poetry with hard-edged rock ‘n’ roll. By 1978, she and the Patti Smith Group had taken their act around the world and had a Top 20 hit with “Because the Night.” Then she quit and moved to suburban Detroit to marry former MC5 guitarist Fred “Sonic” Smith and raise their two children. But after the sudden deaths of both her husband and her brother, Todd, in 1994, Smith, at the age of 49, returned to New York City and re-entered a very different music scene. Since then she’s released three albums of newly passionate, optimistic music. She came to our shoot directly from North Carolina and the final show of her summer tour. Ever a fan, she says, “I would listen to Bob Dylan, and I always felt that there was somebody out there who voiced things for me. If I did that in turn for other people, then it’s a great thing.”

—L.R.

The music world fell in love with **Fiona Apple** right away. She was discovered in 1996 at age 18 when her debut album, *Tidal*—with its songs about lust and heartache, guilt and torment—sold four million copies and won a Grammy. In her first year of fame, this self-described “basket case” was called difficult and melodramatic, but her follow-up album, this year’s *When the Pawn . . .*, revealed a more confident singer, songwriter, and pianist. She was a delight at our cover shoot—arriving early, with no handlers, clearly excited to meet the rest of the musicians. After her meltdown this spring at New York’s Roseland—when she left the stage mid-show because of sound problems—she did a makeup date several months later and told the audience, “It was a misunderstanding. You said you wanted something self-confessional. I thought you said selfish and unprofessional.” Perhaps she’s not so tortured after all.

—L.R.



wanted something self-confessional. I thought you said selfish and unprofessional.” Perhaps she’s not so tortured after all.

His latest album, *Dr. Dre 2001*, finds **Dr. Dre** in a reflective mood, feeling “disconnected from the streets forever” (he is, after all, 35 years old, married, and a multimillionaire), but also asserting that “as long as I got a Beretta, I’m down for whatever.” (Napster users, be-



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ON THE COVER

ware!) After helping to create gangsta rap in the late 80s as a member of N.W.A., Dre then redefined West Coast hip-hop on 1992's *The Chronic*. But his discovery of a white kid from Detroit with a twisted imagination and mind-blowing flow has brought Dre one of his biggest commercial successes to date: he produced Eminem's recent *Marshall Mathers* CD, which has been lounging at the top of the charts for four months while doing more to infuriate guardians of public morality than even the N.W.A. oldie "Fuck tha Police."

But controversy doesn't faze Dre, who arrived at our shoot in excellent spirits and was pleased to see the musicians he'd never met—such as Keith Richards and Chuck Berry. (He already knew Bono.) Dre was taking a day off from touring, having flown in from hip-hop-loving Boise, Idaho. —MICHAEL HOGAN

Her roots may always be country, but beautiful Mississippi native **Faith Hill** can go from wearing denim to Versace like no one else—that's crossing over. After her 1998 album, *Faith*, went quadruple platinum, she was invited to sing the national anthem at this year's Super Bowl. She also performed at the Oscars, filling in for an ailing



ALL-STAR TRIO
Carlos Santana (wearing a shirt by Marta Kappi Couture and suit by Marta Kappi with a hat by Bailey), Mary J. Blige (in a coat by Tom Ford for Gucci and shoes by Louis Vuitton with earrings by DKNY and choker and bracelets by Erickson & Beamon), Zack de la Rocha (wearing a T-shirt by Calvin Klein and a vest by Maharishi with vintage pants by the Family Jewels).
Top, Santana and Annie Leibovitz. Above, Bono does his "Hef" for Björk, contributing stylist Kim Meehan, and style production editor Kathryn MacLeod.

Whitney Houston on 24 hours' notice. Meanwhile, Hill's latest single, "Breathe," the title track from her new album, has scored the rare feat of hitting No. 1 on both the country and pop charts. She is currently performing with her husband, country star Tim McGraw, on their Soul2Soul 2000 tour. She had interrupted a family vacation to take part in our cover shoot, where she met the other artists for the first time.

—PUNCH HUTTON

It was the comeback heard round the world: after nearly two decades of fading glory, guitarist **Carlos Santana**, who catapulted out of Woodstock in 1969 to remake rock with his blend of blues, jazz, and Afro-Latin rhythms, surprised even himself by stealing the show a second time. And how: his aptly titled 1999 release, *Supernatural*, sold more than 10 million copies in less than a year and swept the Grammys. You can go home again: the gracious, unassuming Santana, who got his start as a teenager in the brawling blues bars of Tijuana, still plays straight from the intersection of, in his words, "soul, heart, mind, body, and *cojones*." He was under the gun the day of our shoot, with a concert that night at Jones Beach. —ALIYAH BARUCHIN

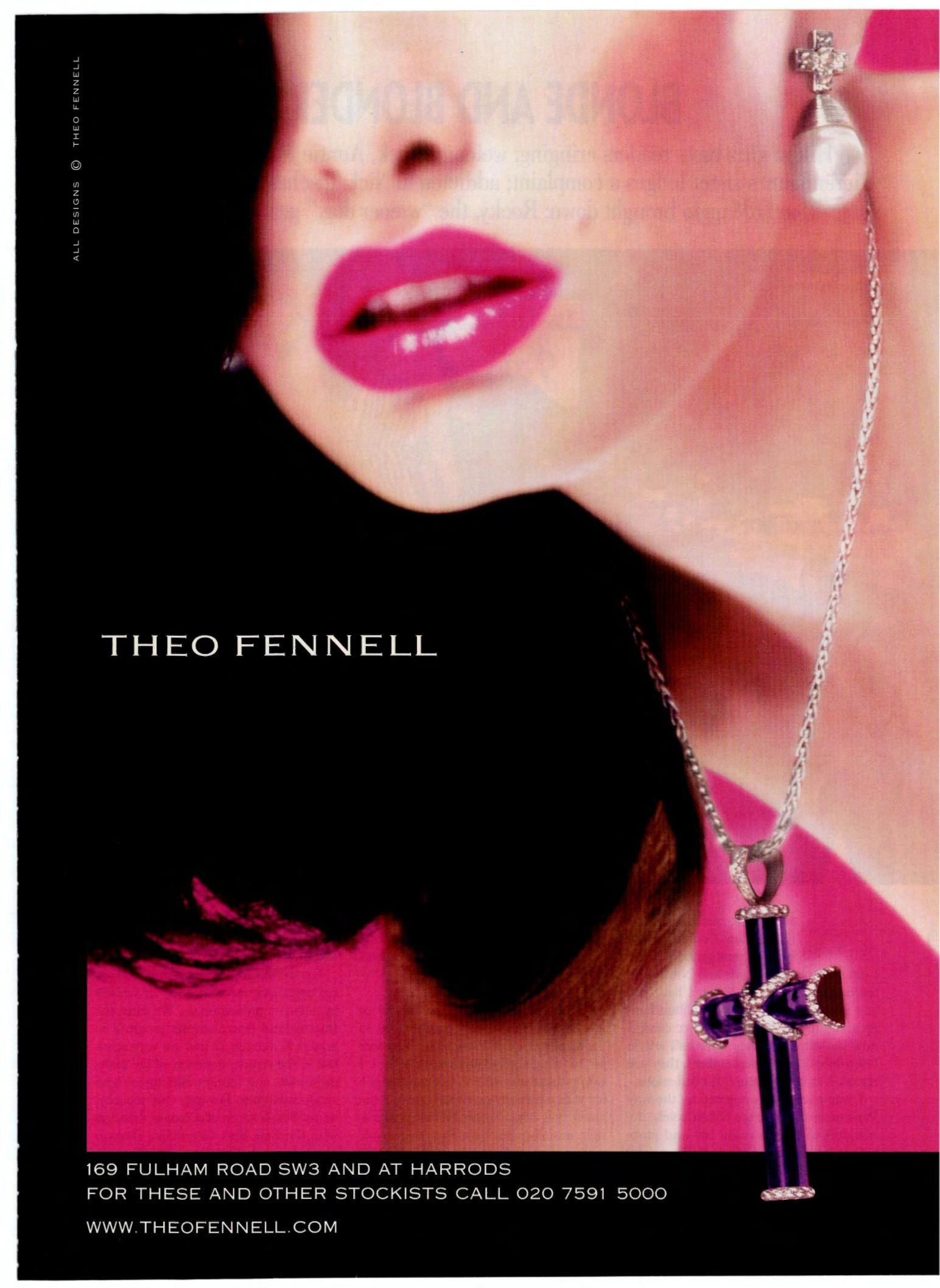
The term "ghetto fabulous" might have been invented for Miss **Mary J. Blige** of Yonkers, New York. The diamond-hard product of the city's Schlobohm housing projects graduated from church choirs to Andre Harrell's groundbreaking Uptown Records. With her rough-and-tough 1992 debut, "Real Love," she became the hip-hop generation's prime sex symbol.

At our shoot, Blige, who must have the longest legs in show business since Tina Turner's, talked about how she's grown musically and now considers herself an R&B singer. On her latest album, *Mary*, the 29-year-old shines in the regal company of Elton John, Aretha Franklin, and Eric Clapton—yet her every soaring syllable is still steeped in memories of the hard-knock life.

—S.D.

"Every revolutionary act is an act of love," says **Zack de la Rocha**, "so every song I've written has been a love song." Not that he's conventionally romantic: most of de la Rocha's songs contain fist-in-the-air choruses such as "Fuck you / I won't do what you tell me" and "Rolling down Rodeo with a shotgun." The 30-year-old singer for Rage Against the Machine has helped make the pioneering rap-metal band one of the 90s' few enduring rock acts. While it's unclear whether his revolutionary message is being heeded, de la Rocha's angry lyrics are certainly reaching millions: last year's *The Battle of Los Angeles* debuted at No. 1 on the *Billboard* charts and was widely praised as the best rock album of 1999. Even though he'd flown from Japan to be at our cover shoot and was undoubtedly jet-lagged, he was already talking about Rage's summer tour and upcoming live album. In an era dominated by apathy and mindless bubblegum, de la Rocha's words, whether you like them or not, bring hope that rock's rebellious and socially conscious spirit is alive and well.

—JOHN GILLIES



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BLONDE AND BLONDER

Hilton girls have readers cringing; welcome back, Auntie Mame; Gail Katz Bierenbaum's sister lodges a complaint; addicted to Nick Tosches; readers won't see Joe DiMaggio brought down; Rocky, the "wiener dog," gets his reward

PARIS IS BURNING

Nicky and Paris Hilton, photographed at the Grand Motel on Pico Avenue in Los Angeles on February 12, 2000.



As a fourth-generation Hilton (Eva Hilton, Conrad's sister, was my great-grandmother)

I am ashamed that Paris and Nicky Hilton are related to me. While I have not had any connection with the Hilton family since my great-grandmother died, I now see why: in Nancy Jo Sales's article "Hip-Hop Debs" [September], they are revealed to be immature, spoiled snobs.

I was particularly angered by the way Paris treats clerks at the Hilton hotels, demanding to have a room key and grabbing it from their hands as if she owned the place. My advice to the Hilton girls? Get something meaningful in your lives and treat the people who work at Hilton

hotels with respect; they help pay for your designer clothes and sad lifestyles.

CELESTE HINES
Los Angeles, California

IT IS REGRETTABLE that no official of the Dwight School was consulted as to the recollections of Paris Hilton's mother on her daughter's tenure at our school. I won't violate our strict confidentiality policy with a point-by-point refutation. I can assert that Mrs. Kathy Hilton gave outright misinformation on Paris's academic average and on her very short stay—only part of the 10th grade—at Dwight. Much more serious is Mrs. Hilton's statement "We left that school because we had a

stalker." To my knowledge, no complaint about a stalker was ever lodged with the school by Mrs. Hilton.

For the record, Dwight implements every precaution recommended for schools by security professionals. We offer the International Baccalaureate program in grades K through 12 and are very sensitive to the security concerns of the many diplomats and foreign dignitaries who send children to Dwight. Our security, under the direction of a former detective with the New York City Police Department, is second to none. Our Parents Association conducts an active eyes-on-the-street program, which is a highly effective deterrent to any malefactor. No

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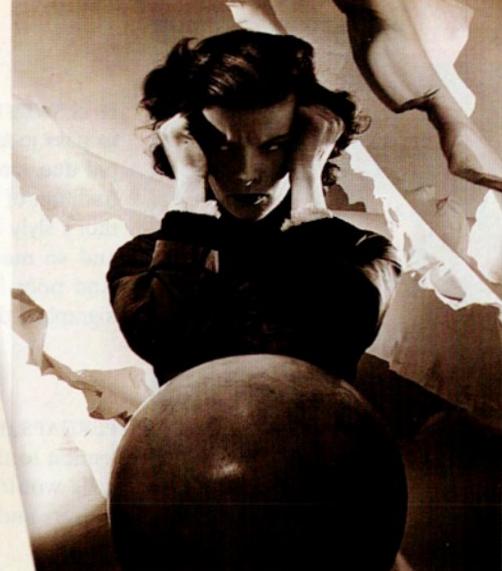
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FOREWORD BY GRAYDON CARTER ■ AFTERWORD BY DOMINICK DUNNE

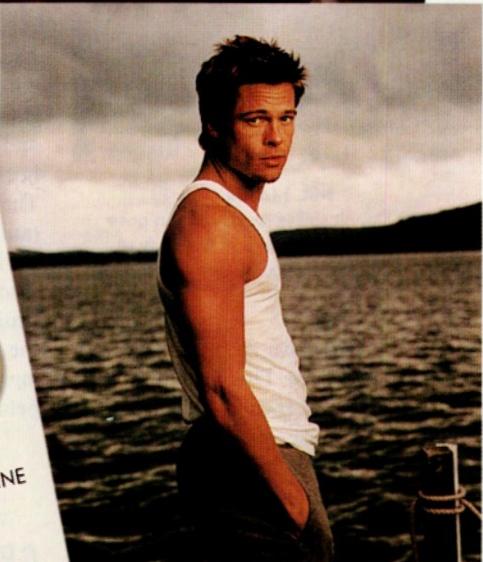
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Shot by the world's leading photographers and containing 320 pages, this is the ultimate glossy coffee-table book (published by Thames & Hudson on 6 November, price £40). Vanity Fair are delighted to be able to offer this book free with a year's subscription for only £39.99.

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**MR. MAME**

Patrick Dennis strikes an Edwardian pose on a 150-year-old sofa in the study of his Manhattan town house, October 4, 1962.

"stalker" could have escaped notice in the environs of the Dwight School. To say that this happened is a calumny.

Your writer makes plain why Paris Hilton deserves sympathy. But neither Paris nor any young person having a difficult time is well served when a reputable journal takes at face value the distorted account of a disaffected parent. In this case, a brief phone call to any school official would have established the truth.

CELIA REA

Director of development and communications
The Dwight School
New York, New York

SURE, I WAS AS DISGUSTED as anyone else by the photographs of the Hilton sisters making their trailer-trash debut, but after reading Nancy Jo Sales's article I was struck by how completely *normal* the New York bourgeoisie is.

Aren't there thousands of families nationwide with wild and shameless daughters who love to play seductresses? And how common is the mother who has faith in the purity and potential of her little angels, who are living out her own unrealized dreams? Or the preoccupied father who tries feebly to communicate with his grown-up children, but was better with them when they were babies? And let's not forget the younger brothers, who mischievously try to orchestrate revenge on their bullying sister.

DAWN D'ARIES CHALLIS
New York, New York

IT IS SWEET that Nancy Jo Sales refuses to pass judgment on this vulgar and vapid duo, simply reporting the facts in the tradition of objective journalism. The author's slyly inserted sour details are rare, and so meek as to be almost missed. And poor David LaChapelle, who photographed the sisters. What an awful task.

LISA HILLMER
Denver, Colorado

PERHAPS IF THE Hiltons paid better attention to their daughters' activities, the girls would not have to contend with stalkers and the like.

KATHLEEN TOOLEY
Seattle, Washington

AS GODMOTHER to the Schnabel sisters, and after having spent last summer in Borneo, Vietnam, and China with Stella, and spring in Rome with Lola, I've never heard any mention of the Hilton girls. The "ill competition" spoken of sounds (and looks!) like wishful thinking.

Having the great Jacqueline for their mother, Lola and Stella wouldn't be caught dead wearing shoes like the ones the Hiltons are wearing, much less posing for those pictures. Incomprehensible behavior!

LAUREN HUTTON
New York, New York

GREAT MAME

CONGRATULATIONS to Leslie Bennetts for writing a long-awaited piece on Patrick Dennis ["The Man Who Was Mame," September]. Ever since discovering *Little Me* in the early 80s, I've longed to know his story. I'd always suspected that he was a flaming queen. How nice to have that confirmed, and in such a generous spirit.

RUPERT SMITH
London, England

OH, WHAT A WONDERFUL article on Patrick Dennis. Auntie Mame! Wouldn't it be nice, just once, to have a sexy, feminine, young movie Mame? Whatever theatrical reincarnations may occur in the future, the ideal thing would be to get Patrick Dennis back in print.

KEVIN DAWSON
Sunland, California

THE "SEXUAL CONFUSION" Leslie Bennetts describes, referring to Edward Tanner (Patrick Dennis), is in her own head. If Tanner was anything, he was a transsexual, something quite apart from "gay." Most gay men are conventionally masculi-

line and naturally prefer other masculine men. This may not be apparent in the effete literary circles Bennetts moves in, but it's the reality many women deny. They believe that gay men want to be women, but the opposite is true.

D. G. ELLIOT
Washington, D.C.

SOME YEARS BACK when I was an editor at the Book-of-the-Month Club, I published the out-of-print *Auntie Mame*, along with *Genius* and *The Joyous Season*, two of Tanner/Dennis's best books, I think. I sought out his wife, Louise Tanner, to write the introduction.

I don't think she was so much in denial about his sexuality (well, maybe a little) as just in love with her husband. Thank you, *Vanity Fair*, for reminding your readers of a fascinating, remarkable, and talented humorist.

KAREN KELLY
New York, New York

SISTER ACT

I AM GAIL KATZ BIERENBAUM'S sister. I have just finished reading (for the fourth time) Lisa DePaulo's "Intimations of Murder" [September]. It is 1:30 a.m., and sleep still eludes me. This is to inform you that I am surprised, hurt, and offended by Ms. DePaulo's point of view, her tone, her omissions, her gratuitous criticisms, her inaccuracies, and her unprincipled depiction of my sister and my deceased mother. Although my sister's case has received intense media coverage, your article is the *only* one that has offended our family. To gain my cooperation, Ms. DePaulo's initial correspondence promised that she would be "doggedly thorough, compassionate and fair." My trust was violated, and her promise broken.

ALAYNE KATZ
Irvington, New York

AFTER READING Lisa DePaulo's fascinating yet appalling story "Intimations of Murder," I've come to believe that our country is turning into a police state. When an American citizen is arrested and charged on circumstantial evidence, it's time to question the policymakers.

Unless new evidence is presented by the prosecution, I say leave Dr. Bierenbaum to do his charity work.

REX BUTTERFIELD
Leesburg, New Jersey

PERHAPS LISA DEPAULO should have spoken with one of your other writers, Dominick Dunne, before printing her

STEVE SCHAPIRO



GUCCI
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misleading ideas about the nature of a domestic abuser. She proposes that if Bierenbaum wanted to get rid of his wife he had the perfect instrument: divorce. Abusers do not want to get rid of their wives or girlfriends; they want to *control* them—and the ultimate form of control is to take someone's life.

C. M. WAYNE
Los Angeles, California

WHILE READING "Intimations of Murder," nothing truly shocked me. Until, that is, the final paragraph, when the missing woman's own brother came up with the wonderfully original idea of turning his sister's life and disappearance into book deals and made-for-TV movies. How about a video game!

MICHAEL R. HOWARD
Monroe, Ohio

HIGH TIMES

NEVER HAS A PIECE made me relish every word, and every convoluted and beautiful sentence, as did Nick Tosches's article "Confessions of an Opium-Seeker" [September]. His quest for Nirvana kept me glued to the pages.

I experienced opium many years ago (the gift of former students at a New York prep school), and Tosches's prose brought back long-dormant memories.

PETER KERNS
East Walpole, Massachusetts

NICK TOSCHES'S ARTICLE on his quest for opium was superb. Of course, the drug warriors will hate it, as Mr. Tosches illuminated the unequivocal senselessness and futility of the concept of an "illegal drug." After all, he traveled around the world in relentless pursuit of the object of his illicit desire.

WILLIAM E. HALL
Federal Correctional Institution
Seagoville, Texas

I WAS SICKENED at the need of Mr. Tosches to work his way through brothels where children and vulnerable young females were offered for a price. By even visiting such places with acceptance, Mr. Tosches encourages crimes against children and young women.

MARY M. MCKEE
Minnetonka, Minnesota

SOMEONE FINALLY SAID what I have been thinking about "wine connoisseurs"

for years. "Just shut up and drink." I laughed out loud.

NATHALIE WILLIAMS
Sarasota, Florida

NICK TOSCHES begins his article with a portrait of pretentious wine "connoisseurs" and then goes on to become precisely the kind of character he has, rather viciously, described, albeit in a different context. It might be more interesting to read what the old-timers in these opium dens have to say about their visitor.

VICKI HAMMOND
Sausalito, California

LONELY IDOL

IN BUZZ BISSINGER'S article "For Love of DiMaggio" [September], the assertion is made that Joe DiMaggio confided to his attorney, Morris Engelberg, that "he hated Frank Sinatra" for acting "as a pimp" in setting up Marilyn Monroe with the Kennedys "in exchange for political favors."

This is absolutely ludicrous. Frank Sinatra was a close friend of Marilyn's and also held Joe DiMaggio in high esteem.



Mr. Engelberg makes this claim at a time when, conveniently, neither of these American heroes is here to comment.

HAL LIFSON
Sherman Oaks, California

AS A BASEBALL NUT I couldn't resist your recent story about Joe DiMaggio.

Joe's legal adviser and confidant gives us an insider's portrait of an American icon as a vain, hypersensitive, and cheap man who cruelly controlled and discarded his entourage of sycophants.

But astute DiMaggio-watchers find nothing new here, except for a few more details. We are hardly shocked to learn that he hated the Kennedys and forever grieved for his ex-wife, Marilyn Monroe.

JOSEPH H. GUSKY
Buffalo, New York

TED WEEMS, the big-band leader, introduced me to Joe DiMaggio at the Chez Paree nightclub in Chicago in 1955. We were having dinner when someone spotted DiMaggio across the room. Ted managed to shake his hand and asked him to meet some friends. DiMaggio smirked all the way through the agonizing procedure of shaking our hands and left without saying good-bye. Until

I read Buzz Bissinger's article, I thought that the smirk was temporary.

BOB BRINDLEY
Belleair Beach, Florida

THE REVELATION in your article that Joe DiMaggio detested Bill Clinton, Frank Sinatra, and the Kennedys will only add to his legendary stature as a man of infinite class.

ROGER R. PHILLIPS
New Canaan, Connecticut

YOUR ARTICLE on Joe DiMaggio touched my spirit. Some may interpret the relationship between the Yankee Clipper and Morris Engelberg as "mercenary," but I see the picture in a different light. I see the two men devoted to each other. While it is true that Mr. DiMaggio did gain financially from his association with Mr. Engelberg, I believe he acquired something much more valuable along the way—a trusted friend.

CORINNE KLEIEGL
Anthem, Arizona

MAN'S COOLEST FRIEND

WE ARE WRITING TO YOU on behalf of my beloved miniature dachshund, Rocky,

who would like to thank your magazine for naming him the "It" dog, not once, but twice, in recent issues. This honor has helped to heal the years of enduring such epithets as "wiener dog," "bratwurst," and "salchicha" (he does live in L.A.).

LYNN HIRSHFIELD AND ELI PEARL
Venice, California

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LUMIÈRE

ROCHAS





Le nouveau parfum de Jean Paul Gaultier



BOBBY ROCKS
Bobby Darin performs a number in the Italian-nightclub scene from the 1961 romantic comedy *Come September*.

FOREVER YOUNG

Among a Brylcreem brigade that included Fabian, Frankie Avalon, and Paul Anka, one talent shone brighter, hotter, and truer. A Bobby Darin revival, 27 years after his heart stopped at age 37, is no sentimental journey: Darin still packs a visceral punch, underscoring the tragedy of his death—and of his life

O

n March 24, 1958, Elvis Presley was inducted into the U.S. Army, his hepcat pompadour and sideburns mowed down in a regulation G.I. haircut. Captured by news photographers under the direction of his manager Colonel Tom Parker, Elvis's turn in the barber's chair was a public ceremony: a symbolic shearing, not only of Elvis—who would return from the service a meek semblance of himself, a mama's boy without a mama (his distraught mother, Gladys, died while he was stationed at Fort Hood, soon to depart for Germany)—but of rock 'n' roll itself. Rock's Tarzan yell was about to be emasculated into a transistorized tweet. In Albert Goldman's biography of Elvis, Presley's removal from the scene was among the many losses rock 'n' roll took in the late 50s: Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens, and the Big Bopper died in a plane crash; Little Richard, hounded by the tax man, scurried to Europe; Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis scandalized the nation by consorting

with minors (Berry was busted for violating the Mann Act); Eddie Cochran was killed in a car accident that injured Gene Vincent; and radio host Alan Freed, apostle of the airwaves, was brought down on payola charges. With these deaths, skids, and partial eclipses, rock's chocolate-vanilla mix—its marriage of black rhythm and blues and white southern swagger—was melted down and bleached into sugar candy. With Freed dethroned, the reigning ambassador to youth became Dick Clark, whose *American Bandstand* showcased the latest crop of "teen twerps" (Goldman's term), wholesome role models who looked as if they had been squirted from the same cake-decorating gun. Unnaturally peppy, they were pop singers, not rock 'n' rollers, their very names sounding carbonated. Fabian. Frankie Avalon. Paul Anka. Bobby Darin. Bobby Rydell. Pat Boone. Connie Francis. Shelley Fabares. It was as if Elvis Presley had sired a litter of squealing albinos.

One name soon separated itself from this Brylcreem bri-



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gade. Born Walden Robert Cassotto, raised in a rough section of the Bronx, Bobby Darin (he picked the surname out of the phone book) came up through the showbiz ranks like a featherweight fighter. He played the Catskills at the age of 15, signed a recording contract at 20, and landed his first Top 40 single at 22 with "Splish Splash," a bathtub aria which he dashed off in 35 minutes and which sold more than 100,000 copies. Subsequent hits included "Dream Lover," "Beyond the Sea," and "If I Were a Carpenter" (the song which asks the baffling musical question "If I were a carpenter, and you were a lady / Would you marry me anyway, would you have my baby?"—what a hypothetical!). Darin's breakthrough number and signature tune was his revival-meeting rendition of "Mack the Knife" from *The Threepenny Opera*, recorded in 1959 despite the mushmouthing advice of Dick Clark, who told him it would alienate his bubblegum fans. Instead, its success made Darin a crossover sensation, broadening his appeal to adults who wouldn't have been caught dead watching Frankie Avalon leave a damp stain. Unlike the disposable items the music industry was manufacturing, the multitalented Darin was a throwback to durable, knock-em-dead blue-ribbon hams such as Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Sammy Davis Jr., and Darin's hero, Frank Sinatra; he sang, did impressions, played instruments, ad-libbed, and danced like a Veg-O-Matic, slicing, dicing, and chopping, one of the few white men capable of executing the James Brown slide step without looking dorky. As brazen as Cassius Clay, Darin had the audacity to herald his own rising star and specify his timetable for success. In interviews, he vowed to be a star by 21, a legend by 25, and, failing that, an institution at 30. His Napoleonic plans to conquer the Copacabana irked reporters and fellow performers. *Time* maga-

zine called him "an immodest boy with modest ability." *The Saturday Evening Post* published a profile called "Little Singer with a BIG EGO," which quoted Sammy Davis Jr. telling Darin, "Let me know when you stop being a legend, so we can start being friends again." Undaunted, Darin answered only to his own drumbeat. "Conceit is thinking you're great; egotism is knowing it," he said.

A great man needs a great lady, and Darin found his in Sandra Dee, a blonde starlet whose Hostess Twinkie success as Gidget and Tammy (*Tammy and the Doctor*, etc.) made her the teen queen of the 50s and early 60s. They met on the set of *Come September*, where Darin glued on to her and wouldn't let go. Before he married Dee in 1960, Darin informed the world that the great search was over: "I've finally found someone more important to me than myself." He must have believed that when two stars mate it's bowling night on Mount Olympus, an exalted thunder. Hubris and immaturity were about to exact an excess toll. The marriage revealed them both as emotional babies. Unworldly, isolated, her movie career defunct (the sexual revolution had stranded Gidget in her sandbox), Dee turned into an alcoholic with a clever mean streak. She would tell Darin his toupee was on crooked just before he went onstage, sending him scurrying back to the dressing room as his fanfare played. In turn, he would ruin her TV appearances by torpedoing her morale before the broadcasts. The tensions escalated beyond head games. Their only son, Dodd Darin, author (with Maxine Paetro) of the memoir *Dream Lovers: The Magnificent Shattered Lives of Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee*, recounts a fight in which Dad slapped Mom so hard she hit the wall and slumped to the floor, and,

Bobby Darin pursued Sandra Dee because she was a golden piece of Hollywood.



HOLLYWOOD WIFE

Darin and Sandra Dee at the Academy Awards, April 17, 1961—four months into their troubled, seven-year marriage.

in a grand understatement, sadly concludes, "They were trying, but they weren't communicating very well." In 1966, Darin and Dee separated, and later divorced.

Darin mustered a modest comeback in the early 70s, headlining his own TV variety series and specials. Once a raucous phenomenon, he was now an accomplished pro, his rough edges smoothed to an acrylic finish. Given the lofty goals he had set for himself early in life, reestablishing himself as a snappy all-around entertainer didn't seem enough. Unlike his fellow former teen heartthrobs Elvis and Sinatra, Darin was unable to break through the twilight. When he died in 1973 at the age of 37, the obituary notices echoed the sad refrain of unfulfilled glory. He had piddled out before reaching the promised land. Each word of its brief obit carrying institutional weight, *Time* magazine seemed to have the final say: "A divorce and a new image gave him a boost, but he never achieved his outspoken ambition 'to become a legend.'"

Time has proven *Time* wrong. More than a quarter of a century after his death, Bobby Darin's legend has never been more alive. In 1990 he was inducted posthumously into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. In 1995, Rhino Records released a four-CD

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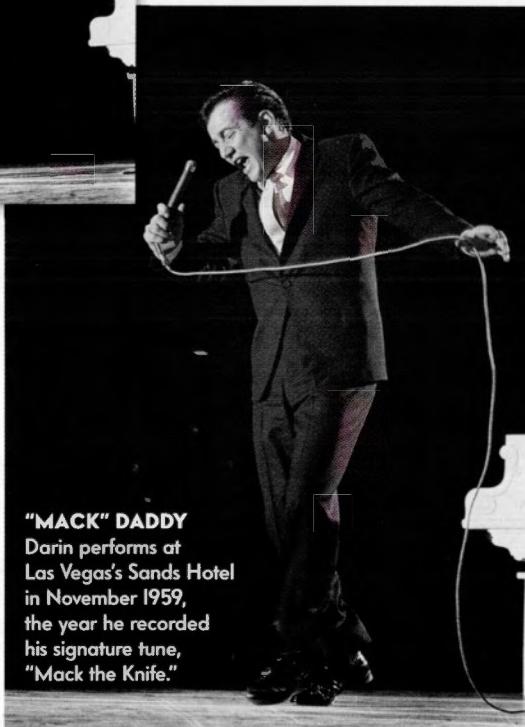
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set, *As Long as I'm Singing: The Bobby Darin Collection*, whose 96 tracks span the full rainbow of his recording career, from up-tempo finger-snapping hits to folk-rock reveries, and inspired serious reconsiderations of his reputation. (Robert Hilburn, the pop-music critic of the *Los Angeles Times*, said the set disclosed Darin as perhaps "the most versatile, ambitious and misunderstood artist of his time.") In 1998, PBS broadcast a documentary called *Bobby Darin: Beyond the Song*, which contained vintage footage of Darin using cribnotes to sing the lyrics of "Rock Island Line" in his first TV appearance and doing a duet with Judy Garland. Earlier this year, a DVD and video of his last TV concert—*Bobby Darin: Mack Is Back!*—was sprung from the archives. On the horizon is the seemingly keen prospect of Kevin Spacey playing the lead in Darin's life story. (No one's going to tell Spacey his Velcro's on crooked without a fight!) The Bobby Darin revival isn't a memory-lane stroll, a golden-oldies bash. The all-out attack he launched as a performer hasn't dated, and we're more aware of the demons that drove him. In 1973 his death seemed a shame. Now, knowing what we know, it has the shape of tragedy.



which battered his heart muscle and exhausted his puny frame. He couldn't roughhouse with other kids, missed months of school, and recuperated for a year in an alpine sanatorium. Suffering a screaming bout of rheumatic fever when he was 13, he overheard the doctor tell his uncle Charlie that he wasn't going to live to see his 16th birthday. The doctor was wrong about the date, but the death sentence stood. Darin spent his entire life racing the calendar, knowing that at any moment his heart might collapse. As his son writes in *Dream Lovers*, "Bobby needed to become a legend by twenty-five because he expected to be dead by thirty."



"MACK" DADDY
Darin performs at
Las Vegas's Sands Hotel
in November 1959,
the year he recorded
his signature tune,
"Mack the Knife."

With no time to spare, Darin couldn't brood in song the way Sinatra did, as if the night would never end, or croon a mellow tune with tonsils dipped in molasses, like Dean Martin or Perry Como (whose sedate cool Darin once blew by asking before they rehearsed a TV duet, "All right, babe, how will it be? Do you want to take the harmony or the mel-

Darin was a throwback to knock-'em-dead blue-ribbon hams such as Sinatra.

Born in 1936, Darin was a hard-luck case of questionable origin. His father was said to be "Big Sam Curly" Cassotto, a penny-ante racketeer and acquaintance of Mob boss Frank Costello. Darin never knew his alleged father, who died in Sing Sing prison before he was born. His mother, Polly, was nearly 50 years old when Bobby was born, and her advanced age was used to explain the condition of an infant so frail that, according to *Dream Lovers*, "neighbors expected the scrawny thing to die in the cardboard box that served as his crib." His mother, his teenage sister, Nina, and her husband, Charlie Maffia, doted on this little bundle of woe, who had difficulty digesting food, suffered from eye troubles, broke his leg at the age of three, and was excruciatingly sensitive to pain. And those were just the warm-up blows. When he was eight, Bobby was struck with rheumatic fever, the first of a series of attacks



ody?"). Darin's meter was running too fast for him to slow down, dim the lights, and quietly milk a ballad. As Will Friedwald writes in his idiosyncratic study *Jazz Singing*, "On slower tempos Darin is a big, friendly dog who wants to jump on your lap when you're trying to do something else." Darin recognized his need for speed, telling reporters, "I'm a saloon performer, a nightclub animal. The super-energizing source for me is the kind of performing which I want to be perfect." He sought to cram in as much as he could without manhandling the material. At his best he did a virtuoso job of taming animal spirits and making them jump through hoops.

Audiences loved his live act, and critics discerned the craft in his vocal salesmanship. At his nightclub peak he had the unstoppable force of a James Cagney, with a smile equally disarming. The jazz critic and music historian Gene Lees wrote, "When [Darin] breaks in a new tune, he talks about working out the 'choreography' for it. And he does indeed move

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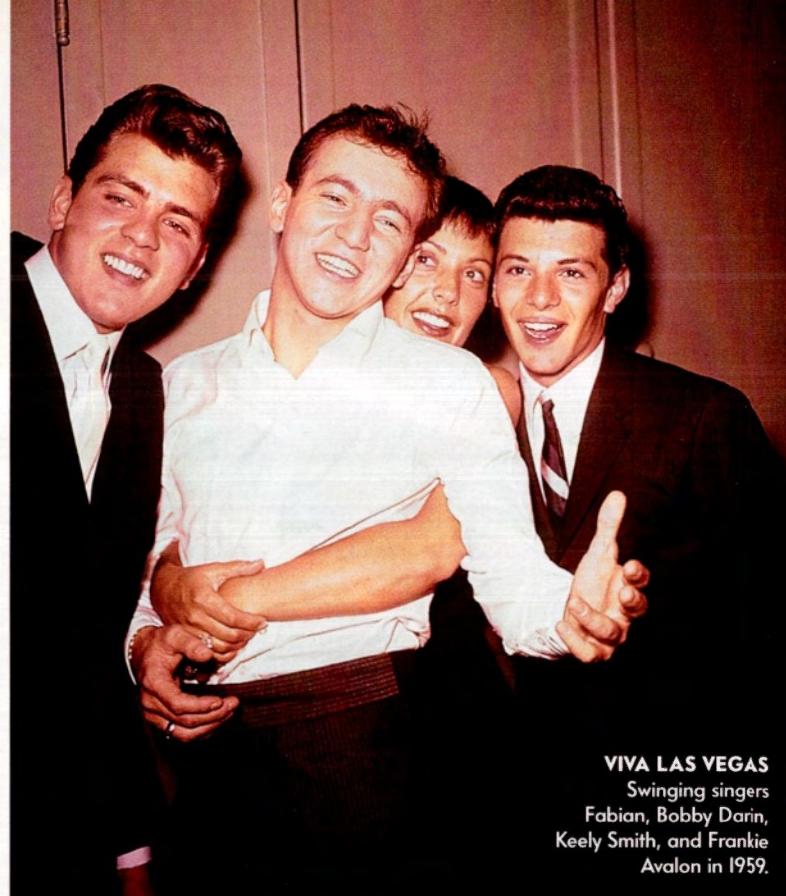

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like a dancer. He has a loose-limbed agility that permits him to intermix shuffles, kicks, and countless eccentric steps the semantics of which probably died with vaudeville." Revived by Darin, these fancy moves were given a soul transfusion through the influence of black marvels such as Louis Armstrong, James Brown, and Sammy Davis Jr. "Rhythmically, Darin is the most successful of all fusionists," Friedwald wrote in *Jazz Singing*, "for early on he found the X that marked the spot where swing and R&B could meet." In his restless ambition, Darin would stray from that spot, and spend his last few years trying to reclaim it.

As a recording artist Darin never surpassed the hat trick of his jukebox classics "Dream Lover," "Mack the Knife," and "Beyond the Sea," released in 1959 and 1960. They are the songs with which he is still most identified. His follow-up singles found him putting his brassy stamp on old standards such as "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey," "Lazy River," and "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby." Riverboat music! In *Jazz Singing*, Friedwald says Darin "limited his importance to good music by deserting it so early." Perhaps, but I blame another culprit for his hamstring pull. I blame Hollywood, that hussy.

Like Elvis Presley, Darin wasn't satisfied being a chartbuster. He wanted to be a movie star. "The



VIVA LAS VEGAS

Swinging singers
Fabian, Bobby Darin,
Keely Smith, and Frankie
Avalon in 1959.

"Conceit is thinking you're great; egotism is knowing it," Bobby Darin said.

pictures are my first love," he told *Newsweek* in 1962. "I've attacked the movies with the same ferocity I did other things." After some horsing around, that is. On the set of his second film, *Come September*, he showed up late—"He was used to having the party start when he got there," his son writes in *Dream Lovers*—and played stupid pranks that hampered production. Ross Hunter, the producer of Dee's *Tammy Tell Me True* and *Tammy and the Doctor*, claims that Darin pursued Dee because she was a golden piece of Hollywood. "He did not want a wife to be a wife. He wanted a movie star, and he always had." Although Darin was a team player in the war drama *Hell Is for Heroes* (whose director, Don Siegel, called him "a fine actor, an underestimated actor"), earned an Oscar nomination for his performance in *Captain Newman, M.D.* with a harrowing flashback monologue that put to shame Gregory Peck's inane pandering in the title role, and tackled the role of a racist bigot in *Pressure Point*, he had more talent than taste or opportunity. He never became as egregious a moosehead on-screen as Elvis—who betrayed the sullen promise of his performance in Don Siegel's *Flaming Star* by coasting through a series of cheapo musicals, where he presided over Hawaiian luaus and invited an apathetic nation to "Do the clam"—but he made schnooky faces in comedies such as *If a Man Answers* and *That Funny Feeling*, dim-bulb efforts to turn him and Sandra Dee into the junior-division Rock Hudson–Doris Day. Like Elvis, Darin frittered away his musical capital by letting the movie studio distract him from the recording studio. Darin's most grievous film folly was *The Vendors*, which he wrote, directed, produced, scored, and funded with \$350,000 of his own money. The tender saga of a druggie folksinger and the hooker who shares his personal space, *The Vendors*, filmed in 1969–70, sounds as if it belongs in the same spittoon of in-your-face cinéma vérité as Norman Mailer's *Maidstone* and the films

of John Cassavetes (who directed Darin in *Too Late Blues*). We'll never know, because the film was such an unsalvageable dud—"I'm one of the few people who have seen *The Vendors*," Dodd Darin reports in *Dream Lovers*, "and it is bad"—that it couldn't nab a distributor. As they say in Hollywood, it died in the can. Although Darin shrugged off its failure, at this point in his life he couldn't afford to bury any more mistakes. He was already living in a trailer.

To explain how Bobby Darin, who once owned a Beverly Hills home complete with tennis court and pool, ended up living in a land-level submarine (that's what trailers are like), it's necessary to backtrack a bit. The year is 1968. Vietnam. Race riots. Campus revolts. Nixon's five-o'clock shadow looming across the White House lawn. Tweaking your bow tie and checking your cuff links backstage suddenly seems passé and absurd. The ghettos are burning, and you're out there doing a Sammy Cahn medley? The times call for direct involvement. A natural ally of the downtrodden, having faced so much poverty and adversity in his childhood, Darin began to campaign as a liberal activist and became a familiar of the Kennedy clan. (A year earlier he had donated his time to a telethon sponsored by Ethel Kennedy, where he became buddies with the Washington journalist Barbara Howar.)

One night in New Jersey, where Darin was playing a club date, his sister Nina said she needed to have a talk with him. Are you going to continue pursuing politics? she asks. Yes, he says. Well, then, there's something you should know: I'm not your sister, I'm your mother. The woman Bobby had been told all his life was his mother, Polly, was actually his grandmother. For reasons too obscure and byzantine to unravel, Nina felt she had to keep her maternity secret all those years. According to

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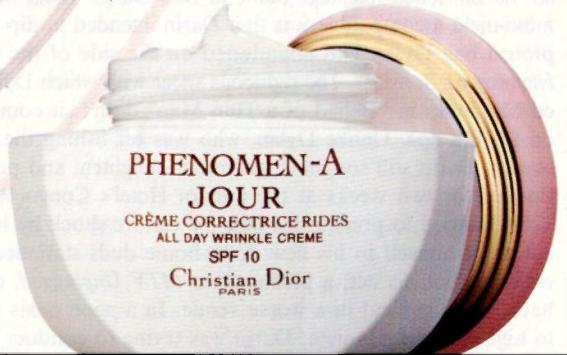
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his son's reconstruction of the event, Darin's response to this bombshell was "My whole life has been a lie." A man who prided himself on knowing the score, he had been the dupe of deception. And a major piece of the puzzle remained missing—Nina refused to reveal the name of his real father.

Amystery father, a surprise mother: it was a one-two soap-opera punch that would have made anyone wig. But instead of taking up permanent fetal position on a therapist's couch, Darin, reckoning that private lies and political lies were symptoms of the same social sickness, redoubled his efforts on behalf of change, supporting Robert Kennedy's presidential bid. The cruellest blow to Darin's personal faith was delivered when Bobby Kennedy was assassinated in Los Angeles in the summer of 1968. Kennedy's murder stunned Darin perhaps even more than the news about his real mom—because Nina's confession opened a hole in the past, while Kennedy's death tore a hole in the future. A year later, Darin chucked it all and moved to Big Sur.

Darin said that Big Sur was his Walden Pond, noting that his first name was Walden, after all. I wonder if he hadn't another model in mind. After Bob Dylan cracked up his motorcycle in 1966, he did a J. D. Salinger vanishing act into the sheltering woods, an asylum that cloaked him in another layer of mystique and inspired lurid speculation ("He's become a complete vegetable," I remember hearing in high school). While Dylan was removed from the scene, psychedelia fanned its peacock feathers. When word came that Dylan was recording a new album, fans and commentators wondered how it would fare against the splendor of the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper*, with its modernist-graveyard cover art and montage-collage song cycle (building to the resonating death chord of "A Day in the Life"), or the multitudinous rumble of Jefferson Airplane's *After Bathing at Baxter's*.

Darin vowed to be a star by 21, a legend by 25, and an institution at 30.

Dylan brilliantly deflected the challenge by releasing *John Wesley Harding*, a parchment scroll of mythopoeia that seemed to drift earthward out of a gray sky. The album's spare, anonymous, nowhere sound gave the allegorical lyrics a stark platform.

In Big Sur, Darin devised a similar simplicity to confront chaos. He recorded message songs with a twang, trading in his sharp threads for folk-rock denim. To blend further into Bob Dylan, he shortened his stage name to Bob Darin. What made the mind-meld incompatible was that Darin intended to dip into the protest bag Dylan had abandoned on the side of the road of *Highway 61 Revisited*. The righteous sneer with which Dylan baited Mr. Jones in "Ballad of a Thin Man" didn't sit comfortably on Darin's lips. Unlike Dylan, who was off fishing the cosmic stream, Darin still sought to entertain, enlighten, and persuade. Booked for two weeks at the Sahara Hotel's Congo Room in 1969, he tried to prepare his fans for culture shock by having a cutout of himself in his new down-home duds stationed at the entrance, but his act, a precursor to *MTV Unplugged*, couldn't have been unveiled in a worse venue. In a neon oasis devoted to high-rolling hedonism, Darin was trying to conduct a musical teach-in. He even shrugged off pleas to sing "Mack the Knife." That was the old him. The new him was harvesting a different groove. His former manager Steve Blauner recalls in *Dream Lovers*, "There he was, with the jeans, with four pieces behind him. It was the smallest band in the history of Vegas. And this was not a lounge. This was the main room. And Bobby was brilliant." Didn't matter. Expecting the old ring-a-dinging, the audience voted with their feet, fleeing to the waiting arms of the slot machines.

Darin wasn't stupid or stubborn. He adjusted his act and wardrobe in subsequent bookings, trying to forge ahead while satisfying his fans' expectations. Two videos recorded in the 70s, *The Darin Invasion* and *Mack Is Back!*, document him shifting between the demands of being both showman and troubadour as if balancing on a pair of skis. *The Darin Invasion*, a 1970 television special shot in Toronto, opens with a rousing "Your Love Keeps Lifting Me Higher," the arrangement building roof after roof for him to raise. The bombast of the show's big numbers, a hybrid of Vegas horn attack and countercultural chorus (his backup singers are a multiculti mix of white hippie chicks and soul mamas), yields to a mellowing-out as a young Linda Ronstadt, with her sweetie-pie face and Elsie-the-cow eyelashes, croons, "For a Long, Long Time," and Darin takes his leave with "If I Were a Carpenter" and his own socially conscious ditty, "Simple Song of Freedom." *Mack Is Back!*, an NBC special taped nine months before Darin's death, is even more of a straddle. Looking dapper in his tux and patent-leather shoes, without an ounce of fat on his lean frame or a speck of rust in his livery, Darin obliges with his old favorites only to subvert them or toss them aside. "Beyond the Sea" drains off into a long coda ("... ta-ta, H₂O"), the band patiently vamping as Darin kids his way through various impressions and snatches of other songs. Despite the title *Mack Is Back!*, "Mack the Knife" wasn't performed as part of the concert, but was lip-synched separately and tacked on at the end like a nervous afterthought. Darin's musical dexterity in *Mack Is Back!* sends up caution flags, too. As if to prove he can handle every idiom like a hot pair of dice, Darin wastes his snap on material that doesn't do anything for him, such as Johnny Rivers's "Midnight Special" and the syrup drip of "Help Me Make It Through the Night." Trying on so many different musical hats, he neglected the great

lesson Sinatra taught, which is: If you can't make a song distinctively yours, lose it; otherwise, you're just carrying someone else's luggage. Darin may have felt he needed to pave the comeback trail with cover versions to win acceptance from a (slowpoke) mainstream audience which is happiest hearing something it has heard before. Like the Kennedys, he was a pragmatic idealist—a shrewd dreamer.

It was during the taping of the Toronto special that Darin's heart, always delicate, began to jackhammer on him. He was so battered with heart murmurs and fibrillations—his heart beating up to 160 times a minute, about twice the normal rate—that he crumpled backstage, unable to stand. He underwent an advance procedure called cardioversion, which involved the use of anticoagulants and a synchronized defibrillator (which, as his son explains, "essentially stops the heart, then shocks it into the proper rhythm"). Darin did a two-week run at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas, where after his last show they had an ambulance waiting ready to rush him into open-heart surgery. After the successful operation, he mended for six weeks and went back on the road, playing a return engagement at the Desert Inn. His career was on an upswing. He headlined an NBC summer variety series in 1972 that was picked up for the fall and did a rave stint at the Copa. Maybe he would break through the twilight after all. "Just when things couldn't be any better," Dodd Darin writes in *Dream Lovers*, "my dad made a tragic mistake. He went to the dentist to have his teeth cleaned. Heart patients are supposed to take antibiotics when having dental work done, as a preventive against bacteria invading the bloodstream....

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For reasons known only to my father, he didn't take the antibiotics. And he went off his anticoagulants as well."

Was it reckless confidence or an unconscious desire to let go? It defies logic that a chess buff like Darin—who was such a devout convert that he set up tournaments and tried to solve chess problems on his variety show!—could be that sloppy and heedless. Whatever the explanation, Darin gambled with his health and lost. Months later he was diagnosed with septicemia—blood poisoning caused by a bacterial infection the antibiotics would have prevented. He also developed blood clots on the brain as a result of abandoning the anticoagulants. The last year of his life was a tailspin of fear, anguish, hospital visits, and mental dissociation. Darin, who possessed a politician's memory (he could work a room and tick off every person's name afterward), began repeating himself, resisting treatment, forgetting dates, and jabberwocking, a mortifying dénouement for a man who had always maintained tight control. On December 20, 1973, Darin died of heart failure following surgery. His survivors behaved like hapless bystanders. There was no funeral service, no viewing (his remains were donated to the U.C.L.A. Medical Center), no proper mourning. The actor Jackie Cooper and his wife invited some of Darin's friends over to their house, where the guests got loaded and watched a tape of Darin's final NBC show. His ex-wife Sandra Dee, their son, Dodd, and Darin's sister Vee spent Christmas together, sharing a meal of Kentucky Fried Chicken. It doesn't get much grimmer than that.

Poverty has more than compensated for this sad sayonara. Bobby Darin's abbreviated life has gained the flashing glory of Romantic myth, his lobby photo joining that gallery of young idols from Keats, Shelley, Byron, and Wilfred Owen to Buddy Holly, James Dean, Janis Joplin, and Kurt Cobain who were snuffed out before reaching full altitude. The sight of Darin cutting loose in documentary footage is a constant amazement. We respond not

only to what he was and might have become, but also to what he represented. He was an entertainer when entertainment meant putting oneself on the firing line, doing battle with drunks, hecklers, jealous boyfriends, and crooked club owners. Today entertainers keep themselves under a protective seal, and performers barely perform. Once a stand-up comic gets a sitcom or movie deal, it's too déclassé for him or her to work clubs again. Who needs the aggravation, that battery of sweaty, backslapping hands? Rock stars can become equally pristine. Once they move into the mansion, years may go by before they re-emerge with a new tour or album (which is usually overproduced down to the finest nose-hair quiver). The most glittering divas—Barbra Streisand, Diana Ross—only caress the mike when they're embarked on yet another farewell tour, while cabaret stars such as Karen Akers and Andrea Marcovicci are relegated to boutique niches. The impact of a big-scale live show, the smack of talent in the flesh, the excited word of mouth that drew audiences to see Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis when they started, or Bette Midler at the baths, all seem quaint in an age of Internet feeds and Napster downloading. Catching a live act means occupying "meatspace," and too many of us are busy evolving into cyberspace ghosts, haunting our favorite sites. Because the body is disengaged in cyberspace, a floating phantom limb, adrenaline has nowhere to travel, excitement nowhere to resound. Bobby Darin's body and soul remind us, with a jolt, of everything we're missing, of our longing to dispense with intermediaries and be intimately, passionately, metabolically wowed.

Which makes me skeptical about the prospect of a Bobby Darin biopic. An original is always tough to duplicate. For every passable impersonation of a music sensation (Gary Busey in *The Buddy Holly Story*), there's a fumbled ball (Forest Whitaker as Charlie Parker in *Bird*), or a blatant travesty (Dennis Quaid's duck-assed Jerry Lee Lewis in *Great Balls of Fire*). Perhaps the most seamless depiction of a pop presence was Tim McIntire's Alan Freed in *American Hot Wax*, where McIntire, tugboating

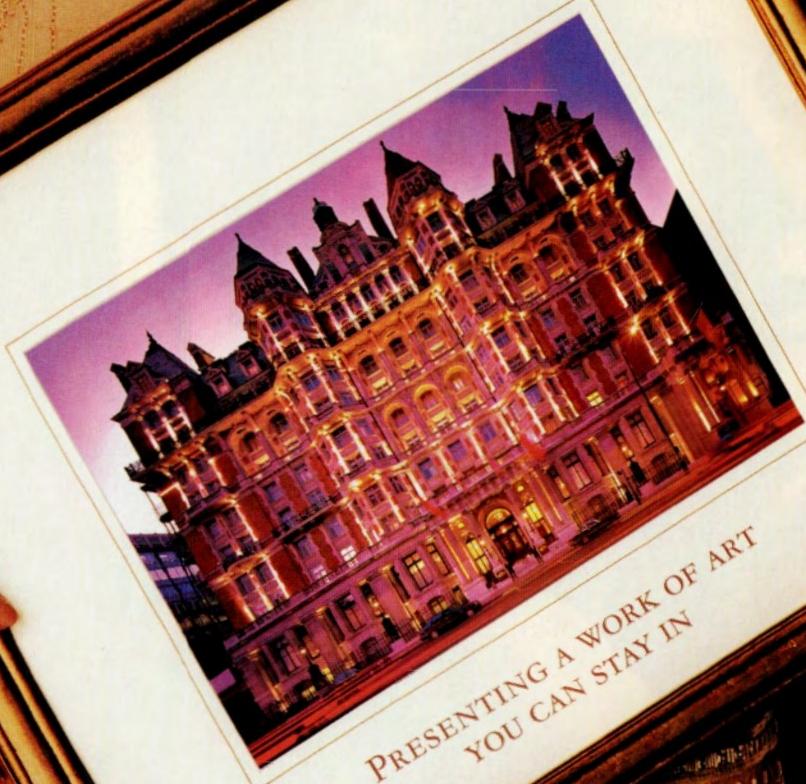
Bobby Darin wasn't satisfied being a chartbuster. He wanted to be a movie star.

THE KING AND I

Bobby Darin with his fellow movie star, singing sensation, and heartthrob Elvis Presley, circa 1961.



from D.J. booth to recording studio with entourage in tow, seemed as natural and nocturnal as the moon. Since Freed wasn't a musical performer, McIntire wasn't required to compete with his subject under the spotlight. For an actor to do Bobby Darin, however, he'd have to be able to dazzle as a singer-dancer-musician-actor-jokester. Kevin Spacey has the charisma and laser focus, and is a brilliant impressionist, but he's older now than Darin was when he died, and he doesn't have Darin's transforming smile. (Spacey's smile is a small click-device.) And who could play Sandra Dee? It would be hard to resist presenting her perplexed, virginal pout and wind-resistant bouffants as kitsch artifacts. Producers would probably want to twirl Britney Spears into cotton candy for the part. To return these dream lovers to their 60s dollhouse would be a retro undertaking, and Bobby Darin isn't retro, he's right-now. The jubilant ring of his voice busts through the past, providing a clear, direct link between him and the listener, undiminished by time or fashion. Because Darin knew he would die young, he lived his whole life in the present tense. That, on record, disc, and tape, is where he still prevails. Death was just another door he slammed behind him. □



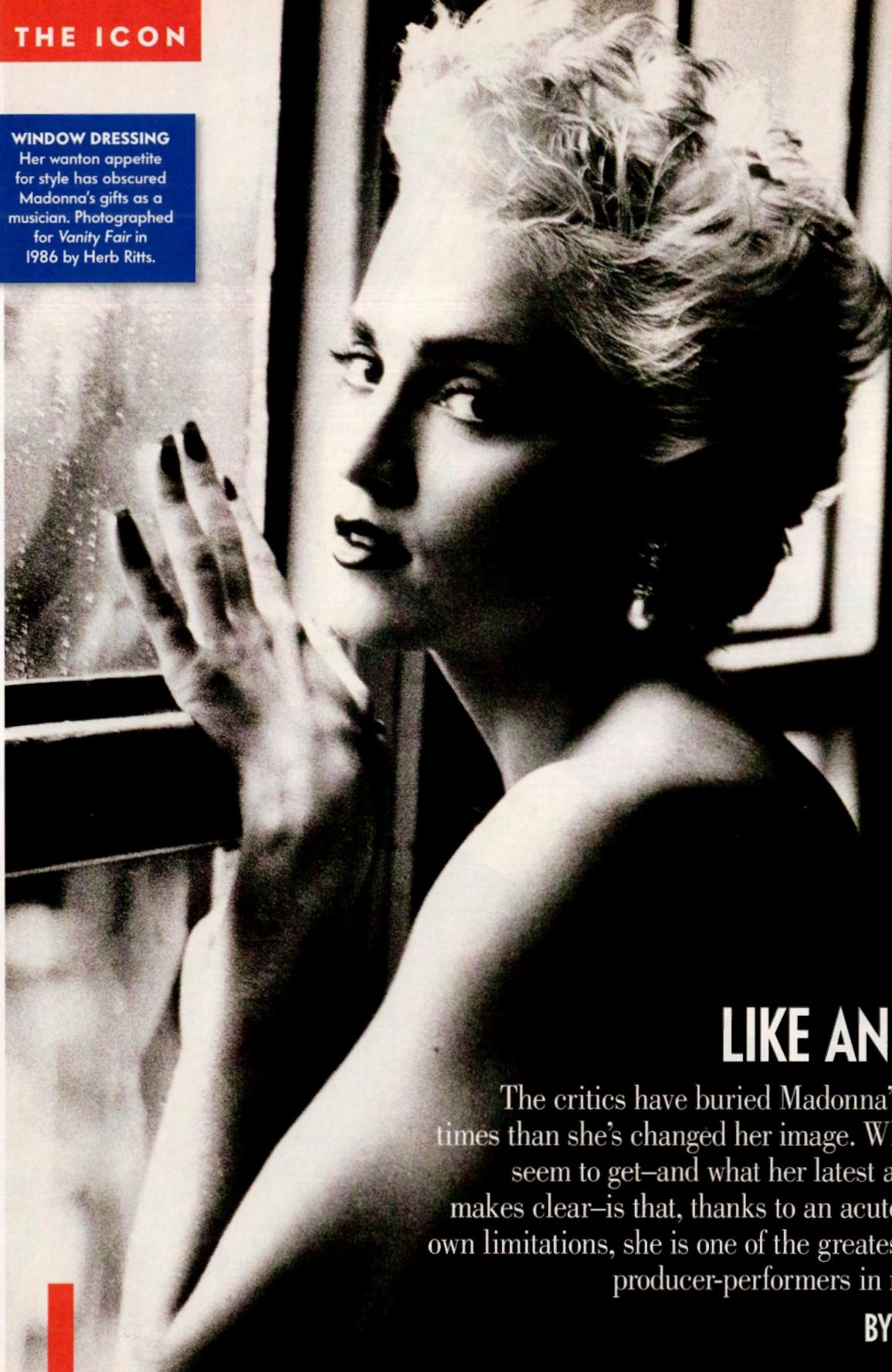
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WINDOW DRESSING

Her wanton appetite for style has obscured Madonna's gifts as a musician. Photographed for *Vanity Fair* in 1986 by Herb Ritts.



LIKE AN ARTIST

The critics have buried Madonna's career more times than she's changed her image. What they don't seem to get—and what her latest album, *Music*, makes clear—is that, thanks to an acute grasp of her own limitations, she is one of the greatest songwriter-producer-performers in recent history

BY STEVEN DALY

In the beginning there was the Boy Toy, the Material Girl, the born-again virgin with the wedding dress hitched up around her waist; then came the Sean Penn tabloid inferno, the ambiguities with Sandra Bernhard, the Warren Beatty im-

broglio, Dennis Rodman; and, of course, the conical Gaultier bras, the *Sex* book, the \$5 million Pepsi-ad debacle, the Letterman implosion; lately we've had the painted Kabbalistic novitiate, the Harrods-bought accent, and the spectacle of "Ma-

terial Mom" Madonna as Style Queen of All London.

Each and every one of Madonna's dramatic shape-shifts could almost have been designed to distract us from the essential truth about the woman: not some tawdry

BOUDOIR



Vivienne
Westwood

secret from her seedy East Village past, not gruesome sexual proclivities or repellent personality traits, but rather the curious fact that Madonna Louise Ciccone stands as one of the great songwriter-producer-performers of recent times. And yet, where this particular disco strumpet is concerned, "music" is the love that dare not speak its name.

In keeping the tabloids and the fanzines frothing, Madonna has managed to veil what is, in the final reckoning, her prime asset. Because even at those Madonna Moments when her name is on everyone's lips, people rarely speak of the star's musical alacrity—her masterly way with a hook, her uncanny ability to pick the perfect collaborators, her unerring instinct for the next pop-cultural mood swing. More likely they're calculating how many months she has before she is "over."

Yes, this artist can be cynical; she is more concerned with marketing her image than is your average Rock and Roll Hall of Famer; and her career may even have been, as music critic Greg Kot once noted, "one long hustle." But if that were all Madonna had to offer, would she have outlasted every one of her early-80s chart contemporaries—from Cyndi Lauper and Duran Duran to Prince and Michael Jackson—and still be making music more vital than that of kids half her age?

Had Madonna been a male performer blessed with the same assets, she would surely have critical respect to burn at this stage in her career. Look, for instance, at George Michael before his sudden descent into musical obscurity: the second he ditched his early-80s boy band Wham! to write a couple of decent tunes and the odd semi-smart line, Michael was being mentioned in the same breath as classic rock stalwarts like Elton John and Paul McCartney.

Whenever guardians of pop-cultural taste decide who next to ratify as a blue-



GREIL MARCUS DON'T PREACH

She's got the hardest-working hair in show business, but from a rock critic's perspective, Madonna has never fit into an acceptable female stereotype—she's neither Pottery Barn folkie nor blues mama in recovery. Above, the singer in various guises over the years between 1984 and 1990.

chip musical talent, Madonna's name never gets mentioned. Her credibility is found lacking on two counts. As a woman she fits into no acceptable stereotype: Madonna is neither pitifully self-immolating nor conventionally defiant; she is neither an earnestly strumming Pottery Barn folkie nor a blues mama in recovery. Plus, most of Madonna's best work has been dance music, a frivolous form with roots in gay, Latino, and black culture. The rock establishment has never had an easy time with dance music—think of the "Disco Sucks" backlash, with its homophobic overtones—and is suspicious of the genre's hunger for con-

stant innovation. Rock has become a pension scheme where predictability is interpreted as *reliability*; Madonna operates in a far more dangerous world, where overnight your groove can become a rut.

The early signs were not, it is true, promising. Yes, this Michigan-born trouper did show impressive chutzpah when in 1984 at the age of 26 she flounced across the stage of *Solid Gold* performing "Lucky Star," which would become her initial top-five hit, and she was adept at co-opting all the street styles and dance moves of the day. Still, a few beat-box pirouettes and some thrift-store glad rags borrowed from London club kids (who, incidentally, disdained her) did not a long career portend. The hits from her debut album—and there were three of them, all self-written—were reasonably toothsome dance-pop fodder, but it seemed as if Madonna's own lucky star would

surely be on the wane before you could say "Bananarama."

As if Madonna would ever let that happen. No sooner had her image as Cyndi Lauper's slutty little sis formed in the public mind than she opted on her next album to subsume her musical identity: in came a crew of old pros who would hoist her to the next level, and help her to defy the built-in obsolescence of the pop diva. Both of the defining mega-hits from *Like a Virgin*—the swaggering title track and the brazen "Material Girl"—were written by seasoned songwriting teams, and the record was produced by Nile Rodgers (the eminence behind disco demigods Chic and David Bowie's *Let's Dance* album). Though *Like a Virgin* was patchy in the extreme, the visual assault that accompanied the record ensured that Madonna would quickly attain the icon status she knew she was destined for. It says everything about the singer's pragmatic will to power that she entered the pantheon with off-the-rack music and a gun-for-hire producer. Madonna was showing that rarest

*CHAUMET SPIRIT
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of qualities in a young pop performer: an understanding of one's limitations. Still, she would take it from here, thank you very much.

Henceforth, Madonna would make a virtue of her voice, which was something of a throwback to the kind of adenoidal adolescents who once pouted and preened in front of Phil Spector's Wall of Sound. The record that gave modern context to that girlie archetype was "Into the Groove," the anthem from Madonna's one decent movie, *Desperately Seeking Susan*. This raw, exhilarating single also confirmed Madonna's pop-classicist instincts, which have brought her 12 No. 1 hits in the U.S. alone. Madonna's singles have that ineffable quality that can transmute the most mundane moments of everyday life into something altogether more exalted. Whether you are in a shopping mall, parking garage, strip club, or video arcade, overhearing a Madonna chorus brings upon you a kind of urban satori. Like any great pop performer, she naturally embodies William Blake's words "exuberance is beauty." The critics' diffident responses have tended to confirm Willie Dixon's hoary aphorism: "The men don't know, but the little girls understand."

It was on 1986's *True Blue* that Madonna kicked off the training wheels and emancipated herself as a versatile talent with few peers. As co-producer and co-composer of each song on the album, Madonna showed the world she could do it all, though one is hard-pressed to ascertain Madonna's precise creative role—aside from being the *auteur* of her own fame—in the collaborations that are her records. She is known to be a harsh taskmistress, and *True Blue* proved once again that she has an acute understanding of her limitations, since her still rather shrill voice was swathed in as much studio stardust as money could buy.

The album's "Live to Tell" was a classic ballad by any standard, with an as-



NOT TO SOUND PRETENTIOUS, BUT ...

Like any great pop performer, Madonna embodies William Blake's words "exuberance is beauty." Critics' diffident responses have confirmed Willie Dixon's axiom: "The men don't know, but the little girls understand." Above, the singer in various incarnations between 1991 and 1996.

cending chorus to put ingrained soft-rock songsters to shame. "La Isla Bonita" may have been an ersatz—as the lyric has it—"Spanish lullaby," but it still has more charm than anything that strenuously witless "Latin explosion" stars such as Ricky Martin and Enrique Iglesias have ever recorded. The string-driven "Papa Don't Preach" (to which Madonna only added some lyrics) was a little sonic movie that demonstrated the artist-producer's perfect grasp of scale and feel. Even *True Blue*'s throwaway hits were impressive: the title song was a slick and spunky paean to the chaste girl groups of yore, and the unstoppable

"Open Your Heart" restated Madonna's clubland affiliations with a vengeance.

As her gleaming new singles bestrode the charts month after month, Madonna's brash persona and sexed-up P.R. machinations were fueling antipathy in the media and among the non-record-buying public. But there was no way in, no visible chink in her armor.

In the context of Madonna's sundry misadventures in Hollywood, and her 1989 divorce from Sean Penn, that same year's album, *Like a Prayer*, was cast almost as a comeback record. The chinks were beginning to appear, and the critics were sharpening their swords. (She'll be over before you can say *Shanghai Surprise!*) As ever, the new Madonna album came with plenty of peripheral distractions—primarily the hastily withdrawn Pepsi ad, with its OneCal blasphemy, and the similarly naughty

music video for the single "Like a Prayer," in which the performer canoodled with a black Christ figure. For all that, the song itself stands as perhaps the high point of Madonna's career, using a gospel choir to elevate her heavenly pop chorus to near-orgasmic heights. "Like a Prayer"'s instrumental track was as powerful as anything else being made at the time, in any genre you might name. Abandoning an electronic approach to dance music, the record shook with organic energy, from the gospel choir to the asymmetrical bass line to the strangled, hard-rock guitar solo. As always—in a year when New Kids on the Block and Paula Abdul were ruling the charts—Madonna was at least one think ahead of everyone else.

Staking Madonna's claim to further MTV time were the retro-soul dance hit "Express Yourself," and "Cherish," another succulent piece of gourmet bubblegum. *Like a Prayer*'s patches of faux-psychadelic Princely weirdness were a rare lapse in taste from a woman known for jumping on the right bandwagons

*CHAUMET SPIRIT
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NOUVEL ELDORADO

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and leaping off without getting caught under the wheels. This knack was reaffirmed by her 1990 No. 1 hit, "Vogue," which became that summer's anthem by co-opting house music and a dance style long entrenched in New York's black gay culture.

Madonna's next full studio album was 1992's *Erotica*, which brought her to an interesting juncture in her career. Rarely has a pop musician invited more opprobrium than Madonna did when she accompanied this sex-themed album with the show-all book *Sex* and an appearance in the shoddily exploitative movie thriller *Body of Evidence*. Critics gloated as they toe-tagged and body-bagged the career of the now aging Material Girl, who was said to have finally and fatally miscalculated the *Zeitgeist*. As the strident consensus reached a crescendo, Geraldo Rivera even devoted an episode of his talk show to the issue: "Madonna: Is She Still on Top or Over the Hill?"

And yet. However questionable the wisdom of baring one's nethers in the company of Vanilla Ice, Naomi Campbell, and Willem Dafoe, the musical portion of Madonna's carnal buffet was actually quite good. *Erotica* may not have made as great an impact as some of her earlier work—it sold a comparatively modest two million copies—but its velvet and leather boudoir textures were clearly the product of a mature musical mind. *Erotica* could even be Madonna's lost classic (then again, let's not push our luck).

Undaunted by the tide of public opinion, Madonna returned to the boudoir with 1994's *Bedtime Stories*, a mature and confident album which, had it been made by a newer or more "credible" artist, would doubtless have been lavished with praise. But Madonna? Wasn't she finally over? Well, no. Not as long as she had the sure-handed songcraft to compose—with hot R&B producer Dallas Austin—the spare and slinky "Secret," or to collaborate with platinum R&B don Babyface on



I (CO-) WRITE THE SONGS

Aside from being the auteur of her own fame, Madonna's precise creative role is hard to ascertain in the collaborations that are her records. On the back cover of her latest CD she appears baffled by a guitar, but she's known to be an exacting taskmistress in the studio. Above, in multiple guises between 1995 and 2000.

the sweetly dolorous ballad "Take a Bow." Plus, Madonna's ever attuned cultural antennae picked up the normally irritating techno-sprite Björk, from whom Madonna commissioned the song "Bedtime Story," which she spun into a lush and seductive dreamscape.

Although its cultural significance was not deemed to be profound, *Bedtime Stories* contained enough sublime moments to receive decent notices. Madonna may have fallen short of her own iconic standards, but it was becoming apparent even to skeptics that her music could not be ignored.

Mistakes, she's made a few. And they usually come when Madonna attempts to graduate from the pop playground to a more respectable stage, a stage where seasoned Broadway composers will provide the material and let one get on with the serious business of being a true superstar in the manner of, say, a Barbra Streisand. However, just as Madonna's arboreal acting performances have denied her a legitimate Hollywood career, her stabs at music that is sophisticated by mid-century pop standards have led to artistic dead ends.

In 1990 she recorded the soundtrack to Warren Beatty's pointless and overblown *Dick Tracy* remake, a movie in which she also starred. Madonna's attempt to morph her theatrical pop persona into that of a sultry radio-age chanteuse was abetted by Stephen Sondheim, who pitched in a couple of "classy" torch songs. On paper, this was an interesting combination.

On CD—agony. The songs were not only contrived but also badly executed, and Madonna's voice was exposed for the lightweight instrument that it was.

Then there was *Evita*, a movie role for which Madonna campaigned long and hard and publicly; she even took her 98-pound vocal cords to the gym, the better to wade through Andrew Lloyd Webber's treacle pudding of a score. The thought of those docile, moneyed, theatergoing masses—or perhaps an Oscar—must have clouded Madonna's musical judgment, because she herself is a better writer than the run of modern Broadway drones. *Evita* may have been a technical and even financial success, and earned Madonna a Golden Globe in the bargain, but for all that the moribund musical did for her, Madonna's energies would surely have been better employed trawling the clubs for the next hot remixer to baptize in the mainstream.

The lesson here is that there are no bespoke songwriters today who can get Madonna where she wants to go. Pop music is now a game for the very young, and for

the technicians who inflate them to life-size—it is a demographically closed set, just as in youth-addled Hollywood. Amid this fast-food climate, it is Madonna, now 42, who paradoxically harks back to pop's golden age, when hit records were made for kids by clever adults.

And still they come, the wave upon annual wave of barely pubescent girls who want to be Madonna. And year after year, in their ever more adept hiring of hairstylists and makeup personnel and production staff, they come a little closer to equaling their role model. Most of these canaries do remember to pay homage to Mama Madonna, praising the business sangfroid, image management, and marketing savvy that have kept her on the top perch these many years. Yet they, too, miss the point. One does not engage the public's interest for 16 years by simply second-guessing it and efficiently reheating the pop modes of the day. One has to connect with the audience—there has to be *jouissance* to go with the *puissance*. And there has to be, above all, an instinctive grasp of the pop aesthetic. And thanks to happy accidents of birth, timing, and training (particularly in the ways of gay culture), Madonna has that commodity in spades. The rest do not—which is why they will always be The Rest.

It was on 1998's *Ray of Light* album that Madonna finally recognized her own strengths, and returned to the dance floor that had borne her. Even as she entered her fifth decade, Madonna realized that she could still connect with clubgoers, the most demanding audience of all. Always more astute in her choice of musical partners than in her choice of swains and armpieces, she exercised her *droit de señorita* by hiring producer William Orbit, known mainly on the British techno scene and for an album with Britpop avatars Blur. The real stroke of genius was to pair Orbit's digital dexterity with the proven pop expertise of her

longtime collaborator Patrick Leonard ("Like a Prayer," "Open Your Heart," "Live to Tell").

As ever, the trimmings around *Ray of Light* were just right for the times: Madonna in "natural"-look mode, flaunting her assets in a plain white tank top, thrashing her low-maintenance mane around in the hyperkinetic video for the title song, and elsewhere vampiric in Gothic and "spiritual" drag (none of which was to be taken any more seriously than her Boy Toy belts of yore). The collective chemistry among Orbit, Leonard, and Madonna truly sparked—this was perhaps the first Madonna album

cert video) came almost *despite* the artist who made it.

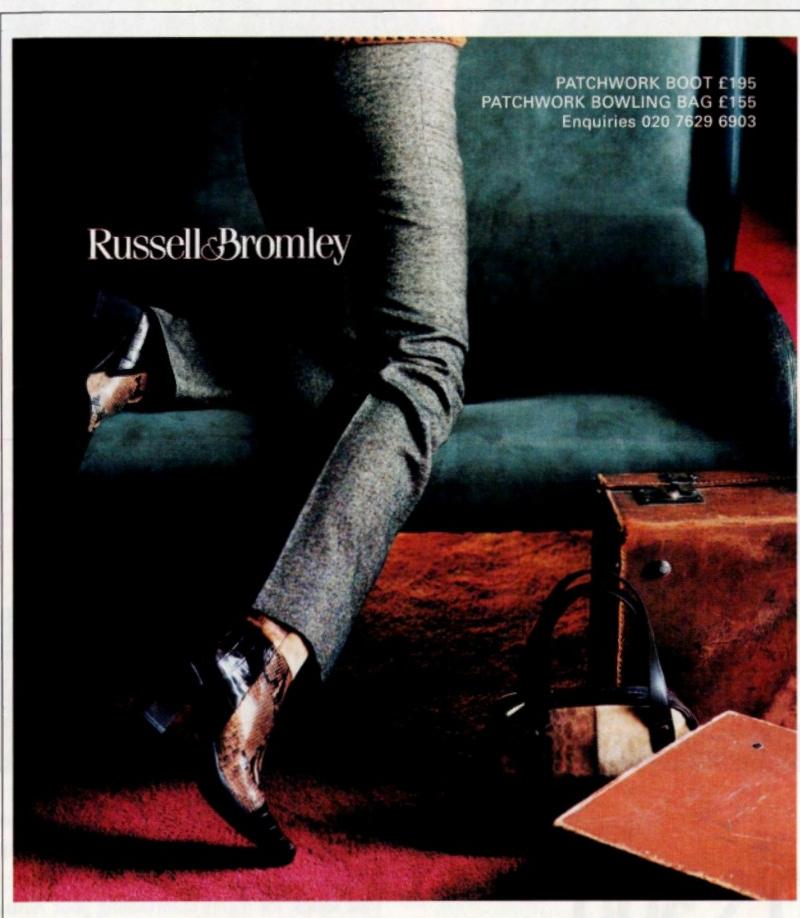
On Madonna's latest album, the just-released *Music*, the dominant producer is Mirwais Ahmadzai, a late-30s Parisian knob twiddler of obscure, exquisitely hip provenance. The record's barnstorming and eponymous first single recalls the kind of tacky electro-funk that characterized the era of Madonna's original self-invention. Only this time, as the singer coos sexy dance-floor clichés—"I like to boogie-woogie"—over brash and funky synthesizer riffs, she is cowed in quotation marks as big as angels' wings.

She is only flirting with banality, like the true pop artist she is. "*Music*" is Madonna's self-portrait done Warhol-style.

Elsewhere on the new album, in seemingly random fashion, Ahmadzai stretches and bends the star's vocals through his digital kaleidoscope, spitting them out in rainbow-colored jump-cut shards. The next minute he strips everything down to acoustic guitar, bone-dry vocal, and drum machine for an effect that is almost sonically naïve, in the way that only sophisticates can be naïve. *Music* engenders that particular reaction without which the pop industry and the fashion scene would stagnate and die: "God, that sounds/looks ugly . . . She must know something!" To quote the title of another new Madonna song, she

has once again conjured up an "Impressive Instant." It's hard to think of a mainstream artist who would take as many gleeful risks at this stage in her career.

By calling her latest work *Music*, Madonna might well be issuing a pointed rebuke to the boy-zone rock critics who have shortchanged her so these many years, a final reminder to those who've interpreted her every new beat as a death knell. So, as Madonna nurses her second child and watches *le tout Londres* kneel to kiss her ring, no one is saying she's over. If anyone decides when that moment has come, it will be the erstwhile Material Girl herself. □



where the music managed to overshadow the visual ancillaries. Orbit's pulsing electro skeleton was girded with scratchy New Wave guitars and resonant melodies to create a soundscape that was more capital-M Modern than next month's *Wallpaper*. Led off by the joyously hard-charging title track and colored by Eastern modalities and future-tech filigree, *Ray of Light* was received as a triumph, an artistic coming-of-age, a consummate suite of adult mood music. Even so, all the praise and the Grammys (for best dance recording, best pop album, and best music video, short form—her only previous win had been for a 1991 con-

THE BEST OF THE BEST

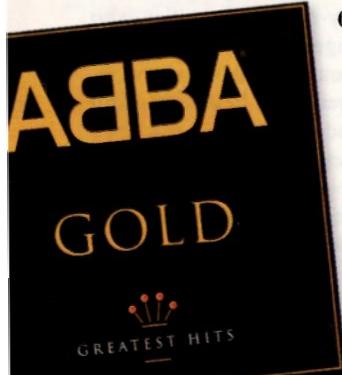


COSTELLO'S 500

From Abba to Zamballarana, and from Mozart to Eminem, one of rock's finest talents has identified 500 albums

essential to a happy life.
It was a long, tortuous
undertaking, but the
man knows music—and
his aim is true

BY ELVIS COSTELLO



I had intended to add a word or two of praise or explanation after each entry on this list. I made a sparkling start.

ABBA: *Abba Gold*

Fast songs: for nights entertaining your Australian friends, or playing with the dressing-up box. Slow songs: a pop-music version of Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage*.

Then I thought, That's enough of that nonsense. How many times can you write "Superb," "Beautiful," "Stomping," or "Absolutely tangerine" before it loses all meaning? How many times do you need to read: "Masterpiece"? Or, better still: "Masterpiece . . . ?"

Instead, I decided to also name the tracks that make these albums special to me. So, if nothing is written, head straight for the title track or assume that the whole damned thing is irresistible. When in doubt, play Track 4—it is usually the one you want.

Here are 500 albums that can only improve your life. Many will be quite familiar, others less so. Ever needed to get rid of unwanted guests in the early hours? Just reach for Dirk Bogarde's *Lyrics for Lovers*, on which the actor inhales audibly on his cigarette before reciting Ira Gershwin's "A Foggy Day" amid a swathe of violins. Then there are the good records.

It was impossible to choose just one title by Miles Davis, the

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT RISKO

NOVEMBER 2000

ISSEY MIYAKE

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like sandalwood, sandalwood like
know-how like the past.
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water or preservatives, but it has a life of its own.
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It's always the same, no smell changes with age.
It can
be shared with others, yet it's also quite personal.

Smell, the perfume of consciousness.

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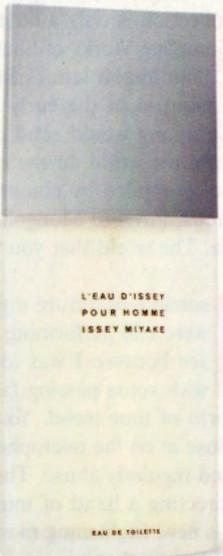
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is a well-balanced fragrance. It contains no alcohol, no
water or preservatives, but it has a life of its own.
It smells like a spiciness, but there's also a sort of woodiness.
It's always the same, no smell changes with age.
It can
be shared with others, yet it's also quite personal.

Indigo and tobacco, incense
like sandalwood, sandalwood like
know-how like the past.
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L'EAU D'ISSEY POUR HOMME

A SPICY AND WOODY FRAGRANCE

Beatles, Joni Mitchell, Dylan, Mingus, etc. How can you say *Miles Ahead* is "in" and *Sketches of Spain* is "out"? It looked that way for a while. I knew I would need the space for *In a Silent Way* and *On the Corner*. In the end *Sketches of Spain* did make it, but only at the expense of *Someday My Prince Will Come*. That is the pleasure of a list like this. Everyone will disagree with your choices.

Sometimes an album contains just one indispensable song. *Shot of Love* may not be your favorite Bob Dylan record, but it might contain his best song: "Every Grain of Sand." Other albums are like sets of chairs. You can't break them up. This is true of the Band's first two records and also of Tom Waits's trilogy of albums, which began with *Swordfishtrombones*.

There are plenty of "Best of" and "Greatest Hits" collections. That's not just taking the easy way out. Many of these people really only made "singles." No one "album" will give you all the Smokey Robinson and the Miracles or George Jones songs that you need. I've also gone for some less well-known titles by famous artists, but they are records that dig a little deeper.

You should be able to find most of this music, but you may have to go out of your way to locate the records of David Ackles, perhaps the greatest unheralded American songwriter of the late 60s.

This is also a list of where I began and where I stopped listening. There are huge gaps and blind spots. Unsurprisingly, I favor songwriters over players, but any hit parade of great singers would have to include Johnny Hodges. Making this list made me listen all over again.

If your shelf can stand it, I recommend a few boxed sets. *Anthology of American Folk Music*, compiled by the great Harry Smith from rare 78s, seems like a trip to another planet, yet it is really just humans singing and playing in the not-so-distant past. The RCA Ellington set runs to 24 CDs, and the Schubert lieder collection is only a little smaller, but they are a bit like having a Complete Works of Shakespeare close at hand.

The Yazoo label's Secret Museum of Mankind series gives a glimpse of the early days, when HMV or the Gramophone Company would send out recording engineers to gather music from the world for the new, curious audience. These editions are not compiled by country. So, they may begin in the Society Islands, travel to Mongolia via Bulgaria, and end up in Nova Scotia. The world that you will hear probably isn't there anymore.

I sometimes torture myself by considering all the musicians who were still performing during my lifetime but whom I failed to see because I was too stupid, too timid, or too preoccupied with some passing fancy. Records can fix some of that. It's a form of time travel. You can hear Lester Young or Bing Crosby close in on the microphone in a way that we now take for granted and regularly abuse. The 30s recordings of Stravinsky reveal him directing a band of musicians who are clinging to the edges of his new, frightening music. Ornette Coleman's "Peace" is a thing of beauty that was once a minor outrage.

The classical recordings are listed by composer; that is not to say that any version of that piece will do. Great vintage recordings sit alongside new releases by artists whom you can actually hear in concert. These are the performers who opened up this music to me. In the end, it is the music of forgiveness in the last act of *Le Nozze di Figaro* or the way an incomplete Schubert sonata breaks off in a devastating way that matters more than whether the performance was captured digitally or with some sealing wax and a knitting needle. There is a song setting by Hugo Wolf, "Alles Endet, Was Entsteht." The text concludes:

"We too were men joyful and weary like you, and now we are lifeless, we are only earth, as you see. All that is created must end. All, all around us must perish."

These words are by Michelangelo.

The minute this list goes to press I will think of 20 records

that I left out. There are no comedy records, unless you count Louis Armstrong's magnificent nine-minute performance of all of the verses of "Let's Do It." In fact, no real spoken-word recordings are included—it was too hard to choose among Richard Pryor, T. S. Eliot, and Bill Hicks. Groucho Marx makes it on the strength of his rendition of "Lydia, the Tattooed Lady."

If you look in the C's, you won't find anything with my name on it. This is not false modesty. There are at least 500 records better than everything that I've made. I do make a few walk-on appearances as vocalist or producer.

You will see that some very famous names are missing completely. There is nothing at all by Led Zeppelin, the Doors, Michael Jackson, or Sting. You may love them. They just don't do it for me. There's not too much disco or dance, except the mighty Chic. If you want something from Los Angeles in the early 70s, I suggest you purchase the first Jackson Browne record; it will save you buying all those Eagles albums. The "Fleetwood Mac" herein is the great group led by Peter Green, not the Californian mob with Stevie Nicks. There is nothing to speak of from the 80s, the decade that music forgot, except for Robert Wyatt. Not many "Divas," except for Callas and Aretha.

As for the hit records of today, maybe some of them will sound just fantastic in 20 years' time. It's your life. So! No Marilyn, Puffy, Korn, Eddie Money—sorry, Kid Rock—Limp Bizkit, Ricky, Britney, Backstreet Boys, etc., etc.

The best record of today that I could find was *The Marshall Mathers LP*, by Eminem, faster, funnier, and, in an odd way, more truthful than most records. It's up there with the best of *The Simpsons*, and I mean that as the highest compliment.

There are probably songs being composed right now that will eclipse every entry on this list in somebody's heart or mind. It is my experience that music is more like water than a rhinoceros. It doesn't charge madly down one path. It runs away in every direction.

500 ALBUMS YOU NEED

ABBA: *Abba Gold* (1992), "Knowing Me, Knowing You."

DAVID ACKLES: *The Road to Cairo* (1968), "Down River"; *Subway to the Country* (1969), "That's No Reason to Cry."

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY: *The Best of Cannonball Adderley* (1968), "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy."

AMY ALLISON: *The Maudlin Years* (1996), "The Whiskey Makes You Sweeter."

MOSE ALLISON: *The Best of Mose Allison* (1970), "Your Mind Is on Vacation."

ALMAMEGRETTA: *Lingo* (1998), "Gramigna."

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: *The*



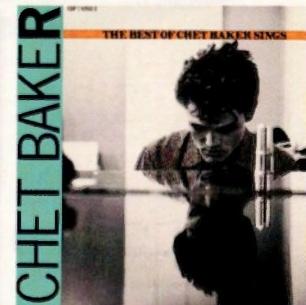
Complete Hot Five and Hot Seven Recordings (2000), "Wild Man Blues," "Tight Like This."

FRED ASTAIRE: *The Astaire Story* (1952), "They Can't Take That Away from Me."

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH: *The Well-Tempered Clavier* (Edwin Fischer; 1934); *The Six Cello Suites* (Pablo Casals; 1936); *Six Partitas* BWV 825–830 (Andras Schiff; 1984); *Mass in B Minor* (conductor: Otto Klemperer; 1999).

BURT BACHARACH: *The Look of Love: The Burt Bacharach Collection* (1998), "Alfie."

CHESTER BAKER: *The Best of Chet Baker Sings* (1989), "The Thrill Is



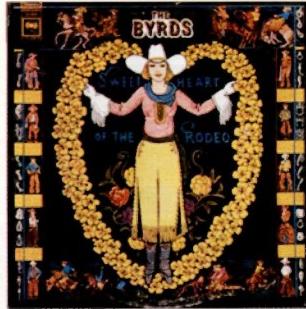
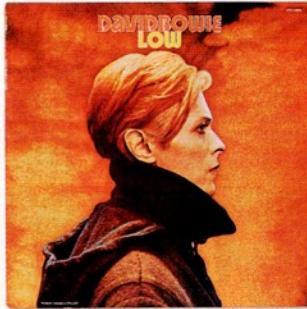


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Gone," "You Don't Know What Love Is"; *Broken Wing* (1978).

THE BAND: *Music from Big Pink* (1968), "Tears of Rage"; *The Band* (1969), "The Unfaithful Servant."

DAVE BARTOLEMEW: *The Monkey* (1985).

BÉLA BARTÓK: Six String Quartets (Emerson String Quartet; 1988).

CECILIA BARTOLI: *If You Love Me, 18th Century Italian Songs* (1992), Alessandro Parisotti—"Se Tu M'Ami," Antonio Vivaldi—"Sposa son disprezzata."

COUNT BASIE: *The Atomic Mr. Basie* (1957), "Li'l Darlin."

THE BEACH BOYS: *Pet Sounds* (1966), "Don't Talk (Put Your Head on My Shoulder)," "God Only Knows"; *Carl and the Passions—So Tough* (1972), "Cuddle Up"; *Holland* (1973), "The Trader"; *Good Vibrations: Thirty Years of the Beach Boys* (boxed set; 1993), "Surf's Up," "Wonderful."

BEASTIE BOYS: *Paul's Boutique* (1989), "Shadrach."

THE BEATLES: *With the Beatles* (1963), "You Really Got a Hold on Me"; *A Hard Day's Night* (1964), "Things We Said Today"; *Help!* (1965), "You've Got to Hide Your Love Away"; *Rubber Soul* (1965), "Girl"; *Revolver* (1966), "And Your Bird Can Sing," "For No One"; *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (1967), "A Day in the Life"; *The Beatles* (White Album; 1968), "I'm So Tired"; *Past Masters, Vol. 2* (1988), "Paperback Writer," "Rain."

BECK: *Odelay* (1996), "The New Pollution."

BEE GEES: *Best of Bee Gees* (1969), "To Love Somebody."

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN: *Otto Klemperer Live at the Concertgebouw* (1954), Symphony No. 9; Piano

Sonatas Op. 109, 110, 111 (Sviatoslav Richter; 1965); *Symphony No. 7* (conductor: Carlos Kleiber; 1975); *Late Quartets* (Budapest String Quartet; 1997); *Violin Concerto* (soloist: Yehudi Menuhin; 1997).

DEREK BELL: *Derek Bell Plays with Himself* (1981).

TONY BENNETT and BILL EVANS: *The Tony Bennett Bill Evans Album* (1975), "Some Other Time."

ALBAN BERG: *Violin Concerto* (soloist: Anne-Sofie Mutter; 1993).

HECTOR BERLIOZ: *Damnation of Faust* (conductor: John Eliot Gardiner; 1987).

AGNES BERNELLE: *Father's Lying Dead on the Ironing Board* (1995).

LEONARD BERNSTEIN: *West Side Story* (1957).

CHUCK BERRY: *Chuck Berry's Golden Decade* (1967), "Don't Lie to Me."

BJÖRK: *Debut* (1993), "Venus as a Boy"; *Post* (1995), "Hyper-ballad."

RUBÉN BLADES: *Buscando America* (1984).

BOBBY BLUE BLAND: *Two Steps from the Blues* (1961).

BLONDIE: *The Best of Blondie* (1981), "In the Flesh."

BLUR: *13* (1999), "No Distance Left to Run."

DIRK BOGARDE: *Lyrics for Lovers* (1960), "A Foggy Day."

DAVID BOWIE: *Hunky Dory* (1971), "Life on Mars?"; *Station to Station* (1976), "Wild Is the Wind"; *Low* (1977), "Always Crashing in the Same Car"; *Heroes* (1977), "Joe the Lion."

JOHANNES BRAHMS: *Ein Deutsches Requiem* (conductor: Otto Klemperer; 1962).

JOHNNY BRISTOL: *Hang On in There Baby* (1974).

BENJAMIN BRITTEN: *Serenade*

for Tenor, Horn and Strings (soloist: Ian Bostridge; 1996).

CHARLES BROWN: *Driftin' Blues: The Best of Charles Brown* (1992), "Black Night."

CLIFFORD BROWN: *Clifford Brown with Strings* (1955), "Yesterdays."

JAMES BROWN: *Live at the Apollo* (1963), "I Found Someone"; *Star Time* (boxed set; 1991), "Talkin' Loud & Sayin' Nothing."

JACKSON BROWNE: *Jackson Browne (Saturne Before Using)* (1972), "My Opening Farewell."

ANTON BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 9* (conductor: Gunter Wand; 1990).

JEFF BUCKLEY: *Grace* (1994), "Corpus Christi Carol."

HAROLD BUDD and BRIAN ENO: *Ambient 2: The Plateaux of Mirror* (1980), "Above Chiangmai."

BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD: *Retrospective: The Best of Buffalo Springfield* (1969), "Expecting to Fly."

BULGARIAN STATE RADIO & TELEVISION FEMALE CHOIR: *Le Mystere des Voix Bulgares* (1990).

T BONE BURNETT: *Proof Through the Night* (1983), "Fatally Beautiful"; *T Bone Burnett* (1986), "River of Love"; *The Talking Animals* (1988), "Image."

THE BYRDS: *Younger than Yesterday* (1967), "So You Want to Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star"; *The Notorious Byrd Brothers* (1968), "Goin' Back," "Artificial Energy"; *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* (1968), "Hickory Wind."

JOHN CALE: *Music for a New Society* (1982), "Taking Your Life in Your Hands."

MARIA CALLAS: *Five Heroines—Operatic Extracts* (1990), "Vissi d'arte."

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND HIS MAGIC BAND: *Trout Mask Replica*

(1969), "The Dust Blows Forward 'n' the Dust Blows Back"; *Clear Spot* (1972), "Big Eyed Beans from Venus."

HOAGY CARMICHAEL: *Hoagy Sings Carmichael* (1956), "Rockin' Chair."

JAMES CARR: *At the Dark End of the Street* (1987), "Pouring Water on a Drowning Man."

JOHNNY CASH: *The Essential Johnny Cash* (1992), "I Still Miss Someone."

JUNE CARTER CASH: *Press On* (1999), "Tiffany Anastasia Lowe."

RAY CHARLES: *Modern Sounds in Country and Western Music* (1962), "You Don't Know Me"; *A Life in Music* (1982), "I Believe to My Soul," "Just for a Thrill."

CHIC: *Chic's Greatest Hits* (1979), "My Forbidden Lover."

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN: *Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 2* (pianist, conductor: Krystian Zimerman; 1978).

THE CLASH: *London Calling* (1979), "Rudie Can't Fail"; *The Singles* (1991), "(White Man) In the Hammersmith Palais."

PATSY CLINE: *Greatest Hits* (1973), "Sweet Dreams."

THE COASTERS: *The Ultimate Coasters* (1986), "Shoppin' for Clothes."

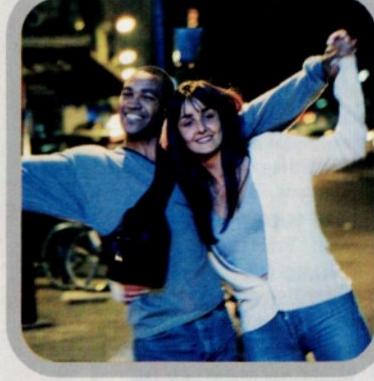
LEONARD COHEN: *The Best of Leonard Cohen* (1976), "Who by Fire"; *More Best Of* (1997), "The Future," "Tower of Song."

ORNETTE COLEMAN: *The Shape of Jazz to Come* (1959), "Peace."

JOHN COLTRANE: *My Favorite Things* (1961), "Every Time We Say Goodbye"; *The Impulse! Years* (1993), "A Love Supreme."

RY COODER: *Paradise and Lunch* (1974), "Married Man's a Fool."

SAM COOKE: *Night Beat* (1963),



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DON COVAY: *Checkin' In with Don Covay* (1989), "It's Better to Have than Not Have."

NOËL COWARD: *The Master's Voice: His HMV Recordings* (1993), "The Stately Homes of England."

BING CROSBY: *His Legendary Years* (1993), "Gigi."

DAVID CROSBY: *If I Could Only Remember My Name* (1971), "Laughing."

CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG: *Déjà Vu* (1970), "Helpless."

CROWDED HOUSE: *Temple of Low Men* (1988), "Into Temptation."

D'ANGELO: *Voodoo* (2000), "Devil's Pie."

MILES DAVIS: *Birth of the Cool* (1956), "Boplicity"; *Miles Ahead* (1957), "My Ship"; *Porgy and Bess* (1958), "Bess, You Is My Woman Now"; *Kind of Blue* (1959), "All Blues"; *Sketches of Spain* (1960); *My Funny Valentine* (1964); *In a Silent Way* (1969), "Shhh"; *On the Corner* (1969), "New York Girl."

MILES DAVIS and STAN GETZ and LEE KONITZ: *Conception* (1975), "Ezz-thetic."

CLAUDE DEBUSSY: *Pelléas et Mélisande* (conductor: Claudio Abbado; 1992); *Preludes* (Krystian Zimerman; 1994).

ALFRED DELLER: *William Byrd and His Age* (1956), "Ye Sacred Muses."

DESTINY'S CHILD: *The Writing's on the Wall* (1999), "Say My Name."

BO DIDDLEY: *His Best* (1997), "Crackin' Up."

DR. JOHN: *Dr. John's Gumbo* (1972), "Junko Partner."

ERIC DOLPHY: *Outward Bound* (1960), "G.W.); *Iron Man* (1969), "Come Sunday."

LEE DORSEY: *Ride Your Pony* (1966), "Get out of My Life, Woman," "Wonder Woman"; *Yes We Can* (1970), "Tears, Tears and More Tears."

JOHN DOWLAND: *Awake Sweet Love* (The Deller Consort; 1965), "Flow My Tears"; *Dowland: The Collected Works* (Consort of Musicke; 1980), *A Pilgrimes Solice*.

JOHN DOWLAND and WILLIAM BYRD: *Night's Black Bird* (Fretwork; 1989).

HENRI DUPARC: *Melodies* (baritone: Bernard Kruysen; 1971), "Phidyle."

JIMMY DURANTE: *September Song* (1963).

IAN DURY: *New Boots and Panties!!* (1977), "Sweet Gene Vincent."

DYKE AND THE BLAZERS: *So Sharp* (1983).

BOB DYLAN: *Bringing It All Back Home* (1965), "Subterranean Homesick Blues"; *Blonde on Blonde* (1966), "Most Likely You Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine"; *John Wesley Harding* (1968), "All Along the Watchtower"; *Planet Waves* (1974), "Dirge"; *Blood on the Tracks* (1974), "You're a Big Girl Now"; *The Basement Tapes* (1975), "Nothing Was Delivered"; *Shot of Love* (1981), "Every Grain of Sand"; *Time out of Mind* (1997), "Not Dark Yet"; *Bob Dylan Live 1966: The Royal Albert Hall Concert* (1998), "Like a Rolling Stone," "I Don't Believe You."

EDWARD ELGAR: *Symphony No. 1* (conductor: Edward Elgar; 1957); *Cello Concerto* (Jacqueline Du Pré; 1965).

DUKE ELLINGTON: *Anatomy of a Murder* (1959), "Haupe"; ... And His Mother Called Him Bill (1968), "Blood Count"; *The Centennial Edition: The Complete RCA Victor Recordings* (boxed set; 1999), "East St. Louis Toodle-oo," "In a Sentimental Mood," "Tonk."

DUKE ELLINGTON with CHARLES MINGUS and MAX ROACH: *Money Jungle* (1962), "Wig Wise."

EMINEM: *The Marshall Mathers LP* (2000), "The Way I Am."

THE BILL EVANS TRIO: *Waltz for Debby* (1961), "Waltz for Debby."

THE GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA: *Out of the Cool* (1960), "Where Flamingos Fly."

THE EVERLY BROTHERS: *It's Everly Time* (1960), "Sleepless Nights."

THE FAIRFIELD FOUR: *I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray* (1997), "There Must Be a City."

MARIANNE FAITHFULL: *Blazing Away* (1990), "Strange Weather."

GEORGIE FAME: *Sound Venture* (1966), "Funny How Time Slips Away."

GABRIEL FAURÉ: *L'Horizon Chimérique* (baritone: Gerard Souzay; 1999).

MORTON FELDMAN: *Madame Press Died Last Week at Ninety*

(1991) (conductor on "American Elegies": John Adams).

ELLA FITZGERALD: *Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Cole Porter Songbook* (1956), "Miss Otis Regrets."

ELLA FITZGERALD and LOUIS ARMSTRONG: *The Complete Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong on Verve* (1997), "Let's Do It."

FLEETWOOD MAC: *Greatest Hits* (1971), "Man of the World."

THE FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS: *The Gilded Palace of Sin* (1969), "Juanita."

THE FOUR TOPS: *Anthology* (1974), "Bernadette," "Seven Rooms of Gloom."

ARETHA FRANKLIN: *I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You* (1967), "Do Right Woman—Do Right Man," "Dr. Feelgood (Love Is a Serious Business)," "Soul Serenade," etc., etc.; *Aretha's Gold* (1969), "I Say a Little Prayer," "Chain of Fools," "(You Make Me Feel Like) A Natural Woman"; *Amazing Grace* (1972).

BILL FRISSELL: *Quartet* (1996), "Egg Radio."

FUGEES: *The Score* (1996), "Ready or Not."

FUNKADELIC: *One Nation Under a Groove* (1978).

MARVIN GAYE: *Super Hits* (1970), "The End of Our Road"; *What's Going On* (1971); *Let's Get It On* (1973); *Here, My Dear* (1979), "When Did You Stop Loving Me, When Did I Stop Loving You."

MARVIN GAYE and TAMMI TERRELL: *Greatest Hits* (1970), "You Ain't Livin' till You're Lovin'."

STAN GETZ: *Stan Getz Plays* (1952), "Stella by Starlight."

STAN GETZ and ASTRID GILBERTO: *Getz/Gilberto* (1963), "Desafinado (Off Key.)"

DIZZY GILLESPIE: *Perceptions* (1961), "The Sword of Orion."

ALLEN GINSBERG: *The Lion for Real* (1989).

GRAHAM CENTRAL STATION: *Release Yourself* (1974).

GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE and THE SUGAR HILL GANG: *Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five vs. the Sugar Hill Gang* (1997), "The Message."

JOSEPH HAYDN: *Complete Piano Sonatas* (Alfred Brendel; 1987); *String Quartets* (Quatuor Mosaïques; 1990).

TUBBY HAYES: *Tubby's Groove* (1959), "Embers."

RICHARD HELL AND THE VOIDOIDS: *Blank Generation* (1977), "New Pleasure."

JIMI HENDRIX: *Smash Hits* (1968), "Wind Cries Mary"; *Electric Ladyland* (1968), "Crosstown Traffic"; *Live at Woodstock* (1994), "Star Spangled Banner."

THE HEPTONES: *Night Food* (1976), "I've Got the Handle."

DAN HICKS AND HIS HOT LICKS: *Last Train to Hicksville ... the Home to Happy Feet* (1973), "It's Not My Time to Go."

LAURYN HILL: *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill* (1998), "Ex-Factor."

JOHNNY HODGES: *Passion Flower* (1995), "Day Dream."

BILLIE HOLIDAY: *Lady in Satin*

GRATEFUL DEAD: *Workingman's Dead* (1970), "Dire Wolf";

American Beauty (1970), "Box of Rain"; *Europe '72* (1972), "Tennessee Jed"; *Wake of the Flood* (1973), "Stella Blue."

AL GREEN: *Call Me* (1973); *You Say It! Raw! Rare! and Unreleased!* (1990), "I'm a Ram."

EDWARD GRIEG: *Lieder* (soloist: Anne Sofie von Otter; 1993), "Haugtussa."

CHARLES HADEN and HANK JONES: *Steal Away* (1995), "Hymn Medley: Abide with Me, etc."

MERLE HAGGARD: *The Best of the Best of* (1972), "No Reason to Quit."

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL:

Marian Cantatas (mezzo-soprano: Anne Sofie von Otter; 1994); *Heroes* (countertenor: Andreas Scholl; 1999), "Ombra mai fu" from *Serse*.

TIM HARDIN: *Tim Hardin* (1966), "Hang On to a Dream."

SLIM HARPO: *The Best of Slim Harpo* (1997), "I'm a King Bee."

EMMYLOU HARRIS: *Elite Hotel* (1976), "One of These Days."

PJ HARVEY: *Rid of Me* (1993), "50 Ft. Queenie."

COLEMAN HAWKINS: *Body and Soul* (1988); *Rainbow Mist* (1993), "Yesterdays."

JOSEPH HAYDN: *Complete Piano Sonatas* (Alfred Brendel; 1987); *String Quartets* (Quatuor Mosaïques; 1990).

TUBBY HAYES: *Tubby's Groove* (1959), "Embers."

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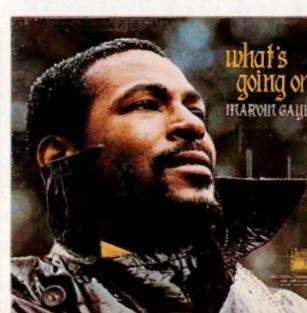
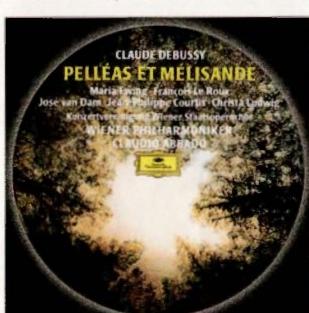
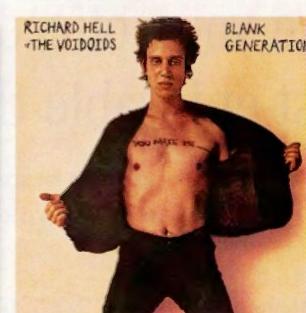
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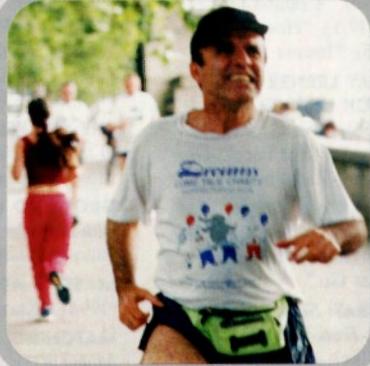
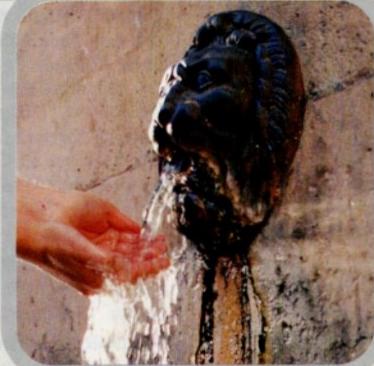
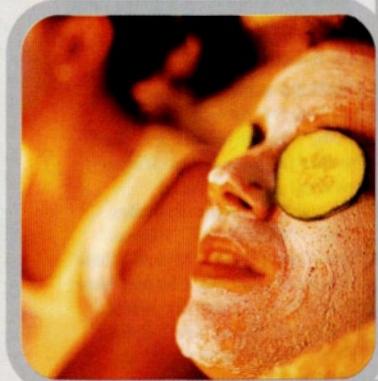
DAN HICKS AND HIS HOT LICKS: *Last Train to Hicksville ... the Home to Happy Feet* (1973), "It's Not My Time to Go."

LAURYN HILL: *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill* (1998), "Ex-Factor."

JOHNNY HODGES: *Passion Flower* (1995), "Day Dream."

BILLIE HOLIDAY: *Lady in Satin*





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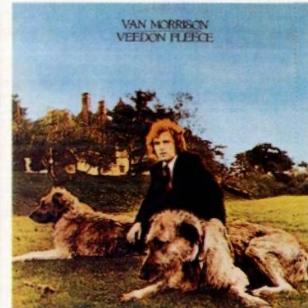
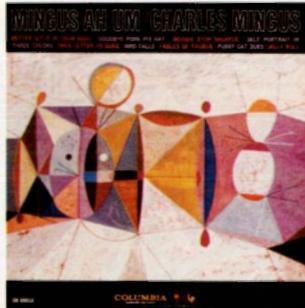
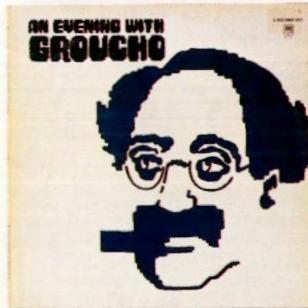
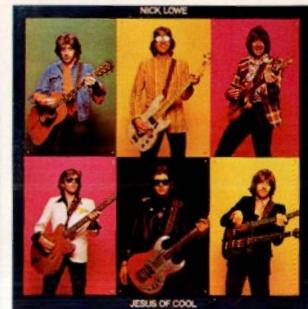
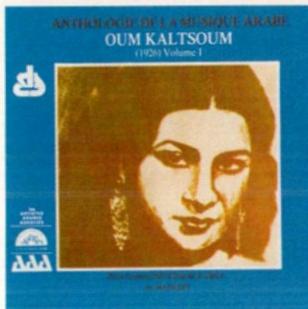
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(1958), "Glad to Be Unhappy," "I'm a Fool to Want You"; *The Billie Holiday Story* (1972), "The Man I Love," "Body and Soul"; *The Complete Decca Recordings* (1991), "Don't Explain."

THE HOLLIES: *The Best of the Hollies* (1978), "Look Through Any Window."

HOWLIN' WOLF: *His Best* (1997), "Hidden Charms."

THE ISLEY BROTHERS: *Super Hits* (1976), "Behind a Painted Smile."

CHARLES IVES: *The Unanswered Question for Orchestra* (conductor: Leonard Bernstein; 1998).

JACKSON 5: *Greatest Hits* (1971), "I Want You Back."

THE JAM: *All Mod Cons* (1978).

SKIP JAMES: *The Complete Early Recordings of Skip James* (1994), "Devil Got My Woman."

LEOŠ JANÁČEK: String Quartets (Talich Quartet; 1994).

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE: *Crown of Creation* (1968), "Greasy Heart."

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN: *Psychocandy* (1985), "You Trip Me Up."

ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM: *Jazz Masters 13* (1995), "Insensatez."

LITTLE WILLIE JOHN: *Free at Last* (1970), "Leave My Kitten Alone," "Need Your Love So Bad."

ROBERT JOHNSON: *Complete Recordings* (1990), "Love in Vain."

GEORGE JONES: *Anniversary: Ten Years of Hits* (1982), "The Grand Tour"; *Cup of Loneliness: The Classic Mercury Years* (1994), "Mr. Fool," "Window Up Above," "Relief Is Just a Swallow Away."

OUM KALTSOUM: *Anthologie de la Musique Arabe, Vols. 1-8* (1989).

THE KINKS: *The Ultimate Collection* (1989), "Waterloo Sunset," "Dead

End Street," "Where Have All the Good Times Gone?"

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK: *The Inflated Tear* (1968).

ERICH KORNGOLD: *From the Operas of Erich Korngold* (1993), "Glück das Mir Verblieb" from *Die Tote Stadt* (conductor: Erich Korngold).

THE LA'S: *The La's* (1990), "There She Goes."

PEGGY LEE: *Miss Peggy Lee* (1998), "Don't Smoke in Bed."

JOHN LENNON: *Plastic Ono Band* (1970), "I Found Out"; *Imagine* (1971), "How?"; *Shaved Fish* (1975), "Instant Karma!"

ALAN JAY LERNER AND FREDERICK LOEWE: *My Fair Lady* (1956), "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face"; *Gigi* (1958), "I'm Glad I'm Not Young Anymore."

JERRY LEE LEWIS: *Rockin' My Life Away* (1991), "Rita Mae," "Don't Let Go."

LITTLE FEAT: *Sailin' Shoes* (1972), "Willin'"; *Feats Don't Fail Me Now* (1974), "Rock and Roll Doctor."

LITTLE RICHARD: *Here's Little Richard* (1957), "Slippin' and Slidin'" (Peepin' and HIDIN'); *The Explosive Little Richard* (1967), "Commandments of Love."

THE LOUVIN BROTHERS: *When I Stop Dreaming: The Best of the Louvin Brothers* (1995), "My Baby's Gone."

THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL: *Anthology* (1990), "Six O'Clock."

NICK LOWE: *Jesus of Cool* (1978), "36 Inches High"; *The Impossible Bird* (1994), "Shelley My Love."

DONAL LUNNY: *Donal Lunny* (1987), "Declan."

LORETTA LYNN: *The Best of Loretta Lynn* (1999), "One's on the Way."

MACHITO AND HIS AFRO-CUBANS: *Cubop City* (1992), "Si Si, No No."

MADNESS: *The Rise and Fall* (1982), "Tomorrow's Just Another Day."

GUSTAV MAHLER: *Symphony No. 1* (conductor: Klaus Tennstedt; 1968); "Kindertotenlieder & Lieder Eines Fahrenden Gesellen."

THE MAMAS AND THE PAPAS: *A Gathering of Flowers* (1970), "I Saw Her Again Last Night."

AIMEE MANN: *Whatever* (1993), "4th of July."

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS: *African Herbsman* (1972), "Small Axe"; *Natty Dread* (1975), "Lively Up Yourself."

THE MARVELETTES: *The Return of the Marvelettes* (1970), "No More Tear-Stained Make-Up."

GROUCHO MARX: *An Evening with Groucho* (1972), "Lydia, the Tattooed Lady."

MASSIVE ATTACK: *Protection* (1994), "Karmacoma."

MATCHING MOLE: *Matching Mole* (1972), "O Caroline."

CURTIS MAYFIELD: *The Very Best of Curtis Mayfield* (1996), "Move On Up," "(Don't Worry) If There's a Hell Below We're All Going to Go."

CURTIS MAYFIELD

and THE IMPRESSIONS: *The Anthology 1961-1977* (1992), "Keep on Pushing," "I'm So Proud."

PAUL McCARTNEY: *McCartney* (1970), "Maybe I'm Amazed"; *Flaming Pie* (1997), "Little Willow."

KATE AND ANNA

MCGARRIGLE: *Kate and Anna McGarrigle* (1975), "Go Leave."

TOMMY McLAIN: *The Essential Collection* (1997), "Sweet Dreams."

THE METERS: *The Best of the Meters* (1975), "Cissy Strut."

MINA: *Gli Anni d'Oro* (1984), "Un Bacio e Troppo Poco."

CHARLES MINGUS: *Blues and Roots* (1959); *Mingus Ah-Um* (1959), "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat"; *Pre-Bird* (also known as *Mingus Revisited*) (1960), "Weird Nightmare"; *Mingus at Antibes* (1960), "What Love?"; *Mingus Plays Piano* (1963), "Myself When I Am Real"; *Let My Children Hear Music* (1971), "Don't Be Afraid, the Clown's Afraid Too"; *Epithaph* (1990), "The Children's Hour of Dream."

JONI MITCHELL: *Blue* (1971), "The Last Time I Saw Richard"; *For the Roses* (1972), "Cold Blue Steel and Sweet Fire"; *Court and Spark* (1974), "Down to You"; *The Hissing of Summer Lawns* (1975), "Shades of Scarlet Conquering"; *Hejira* (1976), "Amelia"; *Taming the Tiger* (1998), "Man from Mars," "Stay in Touch."

THE MODERN LOVERS: *The Modern Lovers* (1976), "Pablo Picasso," "Someone to Care About."

THELONIOUS MONK: *Genius of Modern Music, Vol. 1* (1951), "Off Minor"; *Brilliant Corners* (1957); *Monk's Music* (1958), "Abide with Me," "Off Minor."

BILL MONROE: *The Music of Bill Monroe* (1994), "Walls of Time."

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI: *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* (conductor: John Eliot Gardiner; 1993).

MOONDOG: *The Story of Moondog* (1957).

VAN MORRISON: *Astral Weeks* (1968), "Beside You"; *Moondance* (1970), "Into the Mystic"; *His Band and Street Choir* (1970), "Street Choir"; *Veedon Fleece* (1974), "Linden Arden Stole the Highlights."



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THE BEST OF THE BEST

JELLY ROLL MORTON: *Birth of the Hot* (1995), "Dead Man Blues," "Wolverine Blues."

THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION: *We're Only in It for the Money* (1968), "Who Needs the Peace Corps?"

THE MOVE: *The Best of the Move* (1974), "Blackberry Way."

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 20 (pianist: Clifford Curzon; 1970); *Requiem* (conductor: John Eliot Gardiner; 1986); *Quartets Dedicated to Haydn* (Quatuor Mosaïques; 1991); *La Clemenza di Tito* (conductor: John Eliot Gardiner; 1993); *Le Nozze di Figaro* (conductor: Karl Bohm; 1993).

MODEST MUSSORGSKY: *Songs and Dances of Death* (soloist: Sergei Leiferkus; 1995).

ROY NATHANSON: *Fire at Keaton's Bar and Grill* (2000), "Bend in the Night."

OLIVER NELSON: *The Blues and the Abstract Truth* (1961), "Stolen Moments"; *Straight Ahead* (1961), "Images."

WILLIE NELSON: *Stardust* (1978), "Moonlight in Vermont."

BOB NEUWIRTH: *Back to the Front* (1988), "Annabelle Lee."

AARON NEVILLE: *Greatest Hits* (1990), "Tell It Like It Is."

RANDY NEWMAN: *Randy Newman* (1968), "Cowboy"; *Sail Away* (1972); *Good Old Boys* (1974); *Trouble in Paradise* (1983), "Real Emotional Girl."

NEW YORK DOLLS: *New York Dolls* (1973), "Personality Crisis."

NIRVANA: *Nevermind* (1991), "Lithium."

LUIGI NONO: *Fragmente-Stille an Diotima* (LaSalle Quartet; 1983).

NRBQ: *NRBQ* (1969), "Rocket #9."

LAURA NYRO and LABELLE: *Gonna Take a Miracle* (1971), "The Bells."

ROY ORBISON: *The Orbison Way* (1966), "Crawling Back."

AUGUSTUS PABLO: *El Rockers* (2000), "Black Gunn."

GIOVANNI PALESTRINA: *Missa Viri Galilaei* (direction: Philippe Herreweghe; 1992).

CHARLIE PARKER: *The Complete Savoy Studio Sessions* (1978), "Ko-Ko."

VAN DYKE PARKS: *Discover America* (1972), "Jack Palance."

GRAM PARSONS: *GP* (1973), "We'll Sweep Out the Ashes in the Morning"; *Grievous Angel* (1974), "Hearts on Fire."

ANN PEEBLES: *I Can't Stand the Rain* (1974).

DAN PENN: *Nobody's Fool* (1973), "Raining in Memphis."

DAN PENN AND SPOONER OLDHAM: *Moments from This Theater* (1999), "It Tears Me Up."

SAM PHILLIPS: *Martinis and Bikinis* (1994), "Same Rain."

THE POGUES: *Rum, Sodomy & the Lash* (1985), "The Old Main Drag," "I'm a Man You Don't Meet Every Day."

DULCE PONTES: *Caminhos* (1998), "O Infante."

IGGY POP: *The Idiot* (1977), "Nightclubbin'"; *Lust for Life* (1977), "Some Weird Sin."

PORISHEAD: *Dummy* (1994), "Sour Times," "Glory Box"; *Portishead* (1997), "Western Eyes."

FRANCIS POULENC: *Melodies* (baritone: Pierre Bernac; 1950), "Hotel."

BUD POWELL: *The Best of Bud Powell on Verve* (1994), "April in Paris."

ELVIS PRESLEY: *The Sun Sessions* (1976), "Blue Moon of Kentucky"; *The Memphis Album* (1987), "Power of My Love."

PRETENDERS: *Pretenders* (1980), "Kid," "Precious"; *The Singles* (1987), "Message of Love."

PRINCE: *Around the World in a Day* (1985), "Pop Life"; *Parade* (1986), "Kiss"; *Sign of the Times* (1987), "If I Was Your Girlfriend."

JOHN PRINE: *John Prine* (1972), "Sam Stone."

SERGEY PROKOFIEV: *Romeo and Juliet* (conductor: Charles Dutoit; 1998).

PULP: *Different Class* (1995), "Sorted Out for E's and Wiz."

HENRY PURCELL: *Dido and Aeneas* (Dido: Dame Janet Baker; 1993); *Fantasias & in Nomines* (Fretwork; 1995).

RADIOHEAD: *The Bends* (1995), "The Bends"; *O.K. Computer* (1997), "No Surprises."

BONNIE RAITT: *Give It Up* (1972), "Love Has No Pride."

OTIS REDDING: *The Very Best of Otis Redding* (1992), "Mr. Pitiful."

JIMMY REED: *The Best of Jimmy Reed* (1962), "Take Out Some Insurance on Me Baby."

LOU REED: *Berlin* (1973), "The Kids."

R.E.M.: *Reckoning* (1984), "Pretty Persuasion"; *Green* (1988), "Orange Crush."

THE REPLACEMENTS: *All Shook Down* (1990), "Nobody."

MARC RIBOT: *Marc Ribot y los Cubanitos Postizos* (1998), "No Me Llores Mas."

CHARLIE RICH: *Feel Like Going Home: The Essential Charlie Rich* (1997), "A Woman Left Lonely."

JEANNIE ROBERTSON: *The Queen Among the Heather* (1998), "Son David."

SMOKEY ROBINSON AND THE MIRACLES: *The Anthology* (1973), "Going to A-Go-Go."

THE ROLLING STONES:

Aftermath (1966), "Stupid Girl," "Take It or Leave It"; *Between the Buttons* (1967), "My Obsession"; *Let It Bleed* (1969), "You Can't Always Get What You Want"; *Some Girls* (1978), "Shattered."

SONNY ROLLINS: *Saxophone Colossus* (1964), "St. Thomas."

DIANA ROSS AND THE SUPREMES: *The Ultimate Collection* (1997), "Reflections," "I'm Living in Shame."

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI: Rossini Arias (mezzo-soprano: Cecilia Bartoli; 1989), "Assisa a piè d'un salice."

OTIS RUSH: *His Cobra Recordings* (1989), "It Takes Time."

GEORGE RUSSELL: *The Jazz Workshop* (1956), "Ye Hypocrite, Ye Beelzebub."

JOHN PRINE: *John Prine* (1972), "Sam Stone."

SALT'N PEPA: *The Best of Salt'N Pepa* (1999), "Whatta Man."

SAM AND DAVE: *The Best of Sam and Dave* (1969), "When Something Is Wrong with My Baby."

FRANZ SCHUBERT: B-flat Major Piano Sonata, D. 960 (Alfred Brendel; 1971); F-sharp Minor Piano Sonata (fragment), D. 571 (Andras Schiff; 1993); *Winterreise* (Wolfgang Holzmair; 1996); 22 *Lieder* (boxed set; 1997), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Gerald Moore, "Meerestille."

JIMMY SCOTT: *Heaven* (1996).

RAYMOND SCOTT: *Reckless Nights and Turkish Twilights* (1992); *Manhattan Research Inc.* (2000), "Limbo: The Organized Mind."

ANDRES SEGOVIA: *Andres Segovia and His Contemporaries, Vol. 6* (1999) (Maria Luisa Anido: Bourree BWV 1009, J. S. Bach).

THE SEX PISTOLS: *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols* (1977), "Pretty Vacant."

RON SEXSMITH: *Ron Sexsmith* (1995), "Wastin' Time."

DMITRY SHOSTAKOVICH: Cello Concerto No. 1 (cellist: Mstislav Rostropovich; 1959); *The String Quartets* (Brodsky Quartet; 1991); 24 Preludes and Fugues, Op. 87 (pianist: Tatiana Nikolayeva; 1995); *Shostakovich Plays Shostakovich*, Cello Sonata, Op. 40 (cellist: Mstislav Rostropovich; pianist: Dmitry Shostakovich; 1998); *Symphony No. 14* (soloists: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Julia Varady; 2000).

PAUL SIMON: *Paul Simon* (1972), "Congratulations," "Peace Like a River"; *There Goes Rhyming Simon* (1973), "American Tune."

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL: *Bookends* (1968), "Overs."

NINA SIMONE: *The Best of Nina Simone* (1969), "Mississippi Goddam," "I Loves You, Porgy."

FRANK SINATRA: *In the Wee Small Hours* (1955), "Dancing on the Ceiling," "When Your Lover Has Gone"; *Songs for Swingin' Lovers* (1956), "I've Got You Under My Skin"; *Only the Lonely* (1958), "Good-bye"; *No One Cares* (1959), "I Can't Get Started"; *Live in Paris* (1962), "Without a Song."

FRANK SINATRA and ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIN: *Francis Albert Sinatra & Antonio Carlos Jobim* (1967), "How Insensitive."

PERCY SLEDGE: *When a Man Loves a Woman* (1967), "Out of Left Field."

SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE: *Anthology* (1981), "Stand!," "Family Affair."

THE SMALL FACES: *The Immediate Years* (1995), "Itchycoo Park."

ELLIOTT SMITH: *XO* (1998), "Waltz #2."

THE SMITHS: *The Smiths* (1984), "Still Ill."

SON VOLT: *Trace* (1995), "Loose String."

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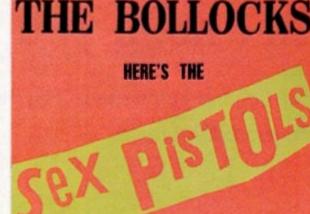
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ORDINARY PEOPLE

Virginia Prout's soaring vocals lead the way in songs that are emotionally laden, pacy and slickly produced by Steve Patterson. Winners of the Times Student Composer/Songwriter award, Virginia and Steve are graduates of Paul McCartney's Liverpool Institute of Performing Arts. Virginia wears ladies' mini *Parsifal* with white dial and stainless steel bracelet with invisible folding clasp, £795, by Raymond Weil; dress by Holland & Holland. Steve wears gent's rectangular *Parsifal* with white dial, £795, by Raymond Weil; shirt by Voyage and trousers by Holland & Holland.

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Raymond Weil has long had an affinity with the world of music, drawing inspiration for its watches from jazz, opera and contemporary musical scores. Its sponsorship of the Composer/Songwriter category of The Times Student Awards 2000 helped bring to light emerging young talent from all over Britain, including the winners Ordinary People.

Over the following pages you will meet some of the finalists from the awards, as well as the Raymond Weil watches which have been inspired by music, from the newly launched *Parsifal* – an ode to the Wagner opera – to *Don Giovanni*, *Tema*, *Tango* and *Saxo*. Like their wearers, Raymond Weil watches combine technical excellence with innovative style, delivering a bravura performance time after time.

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AME

Classically trained pianist Kevin Pollard and vocalist Gemma Moorby shape an ambient soundscape into songs with a cinematic feel, plucking musical references from drum 'n'

bass, jazz, hiphop and world rhythms. Their latest project is an advertising soundtrack.

Gemma wears ladies' Tema with genuine mother of pearl dial, stainless steel case set with 12 diamonds and stainless steel bracelet with concealed clasp, £550, by Raymond Weil; dress and choker by Voyage.

Kevin wears Don Giovanni Chronograph with white dial and date function with stainless steel case and bracelet and invisible folding clasp, £750, by Raymond Weil; shirt by Gieves & Hawkes.



FINKA

A six-piece indie band from Manchester, Finka have an ardent following in their home town. Lead singer Jimmy Frith's electric stage performance has been compared to Jim Morrison's, and the band's brand of melodic rock is sultry and intense. Jimmy wears men's *Saxo* with silver dial, Roman numerals, date function, stainless steel case and bracelet with invisible folding clasp, £475, by Raymond Weil; clothes by Nicole Farhi.

JOHN PAUL JONES

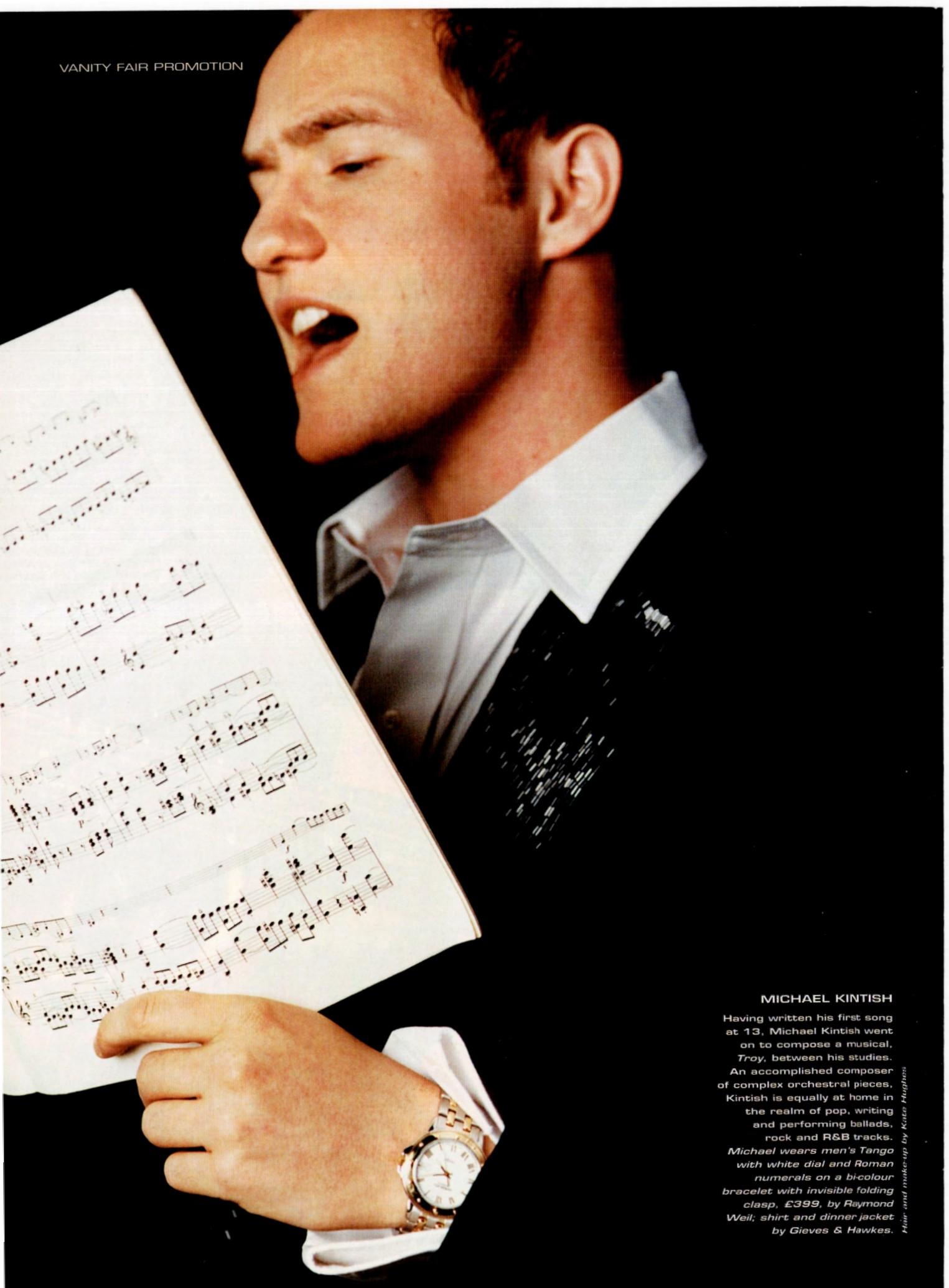
Art student John Paul Jones's brooding, guitar-based ballads are influenced by Van Morrison and performed with partner Ben Lumsden in their band, Morocco. Laconic vocals converge with laidback, haunting melodies.

John Paul wears men's rectangular Parsifal with blue dial and Roman numerals, stainless steel case and bracelet and invisible folding clasp, £850, by Raymond Weil; top by Vivienne Westwood and jeans by Voyage.

VANITY FAIR PROMOTION



VANITY FAIR PROMOTION



MICHAEL KINTISH

Having written his first song at 13, Michael Kintish went on to compose a musical, *Troy*, between his studies.

An accomplished composer of complex orchestral pieces, Kintish is equally at home in the realm of pop, writing and performing ballads, rock and R&B tracks.

Michael wears men's Tango with white dial and Roman numerals on a bi-colour bracelet with invisible folding clasp, £399, by Raymond Weil; shirt and dinner jacket by Gieves & Hawkes.

Hair and make-up by Karen Hughes

RAYMOND WEIL

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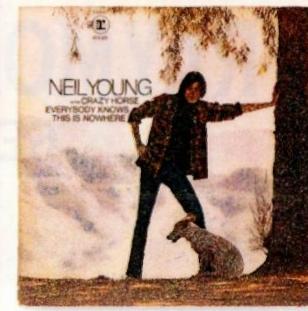
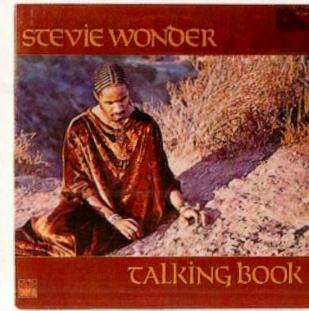


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THE SPECIALS: *The Specials* (1979), "Blank Expression."**PHIL SPECTOR:** *Back to Mono* (1991), the Crystals, "He's Sure the Boy I Love."**THE SPINNERS:** *The Best of the Spinners* (1978), "Rubberband Man."**DUSTY SPRINGFIELD:** *Dusty in Memphis* (1969), "I Don't Want to Hear It Anymore," "Just One Smile"; *Greatest Hits* (1979), "I Close My Eyes and Count to Ten."**BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN:** *The Wild, the Innocent and the E Street Shuffle* (1973), "The E Street Shuffle"; *The River* (1980), "Point Blank"; *Tunnel of Love* (1987), "Brilliant Disguise"; *The Ghost of Tom Joad* (1995), "Galveston Bay."**SQUEEZE:** *East Side Story* (1981), "A Woman's World."**THE STANLEY BROTHERS:** *The Complete Columbia Stanley Brothers* (1996), "Gathering Flowers for the Master's Bouquet."**STEELY DAN:** *Countdown to Ecstasy* (1973), "Show Biz Kids."**ROD STEWART:** *The Mercury Anthology* (1992), "You Wear It Well."**RICHARD STRAUSS:** *Der Rosenkavalier* (conductor: Carlos Kleiber; 1934); *Four Last Songs* (soloist: Gundula Janowitz; 1996).**IGOR STRAVINSKY:** *L'Histoire du Soldat* (conductor: Stravinsky; 1938); *Le Sacre du Printemps* (conductor: Leonard Bernstein; 1958); *Igor Stravinsky Edition* (conductor: Stravinsky; 1963).**THE STYLISTICS:** *The Best of the Stylistics* (1975), "People Make the World Go 'Round."**JUNE TABOR:** *Abyssinians* (1983), "A Smiling Shore."**HOWARD TATE:** *Get It While You Can* (1967), "I Learned It All the Hard Way."**ART TATUM:** *20th Century Piano Genius* (1992), "Love for Sale."**JOHNNIE TAYLOR:** *Raw Blues* (1968), "That's Where It's At."**TELEVISION:** *Marquee Moon* (1977), "See No Evil."**THE TEMPTATIONS:** *Anthology* (1973), "Just My Imagination," "Ball of Confusion."**JOE TEX:** *The Best of Joe Tex*

(1965), "Love You Save (May Be Your Own)."

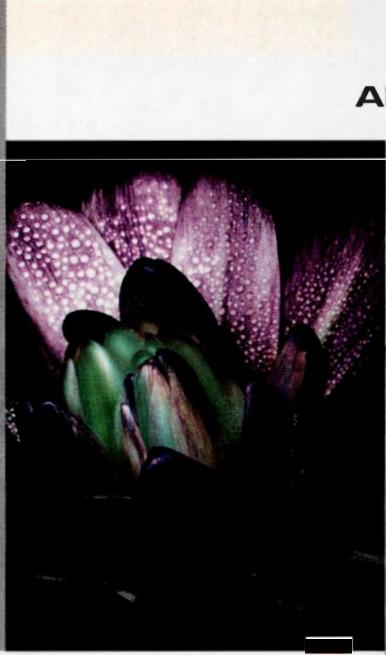
THEM: *The Story of Them* (1997), "Don't Look Back."**IRMA THOMAS:** *Ruler of Hearts* (1989).**RICHARD AND LINDA****THOMPSON:** *I Want to See the Bright Lights Tonight* (1974), "Calvary Cross."**HENRY THREADGILL:** *Easily Slip into Another World* (1987), "Black Hands Bejewelled."**T.L.C.:** *Fanmail* (1999), "Unpretty."**MEL TORME:** *Easy to Remember* (1979), "They Didn't Believe Me."**TRIBE CALLED QUEST:** *Anthology* (1999), "Check the Rhime."**TRICKY:** *Maxinquaye* (1995), "Overcome."**LENNIE TRISTANO:** *The New Tristano* (1960), "Requiem," "Line Up," "Turkish Mambo."**BIG JOE TURNER:** *The Very Best of Big Joe Turner* (1998), "Honey Hush."**U2:** *The Unforgettable Fire* (1984), "Pride (In the Name of Love)," "Bad"; *Achtung Baby* (1991), "One"; *Pop* (1997), "Please."**THE UNDERTONES:** *The Undertones* (1980), "Teenage Kicks."**VELVET UNDERGROUND:** *The Velvet Underground & Nico* (1966), "Femme Fatale."**THE VERVE:** *Urban Hymns* (1997), "The Drugs Don't Work," "Neon Wilderness."**ANNE SOFIE VON OTTER:** *Wings in the Night* (1996), "De Vida Svanarna."**RICHARD WAGNER:** *Tristan and Isolde* (conductor: Wilhelm Furtwangler; 1952); *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (conductor: George Solti; 1983).**PORTER WAGONER AND DOLLY PARTON:** *The Right Combination: Burning the Midnight Oil* (1972), "Her and the Car and the Mobile Home."**TOM WAITS:** *Swordfish Trombones* (1983), "16 Shells from a Thirty-Ought-Six," "In the Neighborhood"; *Rain Dogs* (1985), "Jockey Full of Bourbon," "Time"; *Frank's Wild Years* (1987), "Innocent When You Dream," "Hang on St. Christopher"; *Bone Machine* (1992), "A Little Rain," "I Don't Wanna GrowUp"; *Mule Variations* (1999), "Take It with Me," "Georgia Rae," "Filipino Box-Spring Hog."**SCOTT WALKER:** *Tilt* (1995), "Farmer in the City."**DIONNE WARWICK:** *The Windows of the World* (1968), "Walk Little Dolly."**MUDDY WATERS:** *More Real Folk Blues* (1967), "Too Young to Know."**DOC WATSON:** *The Essential Doc Watson* (1973), "Tom Dooley."**ANTON WEBERN:** *Complete Works* (conductor: Pierre Boulez; 2000).**KURT WEILL:** *O Moon of Alabama* (1994), Lotte Lenya, "Wie lange noch?"**KENNY WHEELER with LEE KONITZ, BILL FRISSELL and DAVE HOLLAND:** *Angel Song* (1997).**THE WHO:** *My Generation* (1965), "The Kids Are Alright"; *Meaty, Beaty, Big and Bouncy* (1971), "Substitute."**HANK WILLIAMS:** *40 Greatest Hits* (1978), "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," "I'll Never Get out of This World Alive."**LUCINDA WILLIAMS:** *Car Wheels on a Gravel Road* (1998), "Drunken Angel."**SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON:** *The Best of Sonny Boy Williamson* (1986), "Your Funeral and My Trial," "Help Me."**JESSE WINCHESTER:** *Jesse Winchester* (1970), "Quiet About It," "Black Dog," "Payday."**WINGS:** *Band on the Run* (1973), "Let Me Roll It."**HUGO WOLF:** *Lieder* (soloist: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; 2000), "Alles Endet, Was Entsteht."**BOBBY WOMACK:** *The Best of Bobby Womack* (1992), "Harry Hippie."**STEVIE WONDER:** *Talking Book* (1972), "I Believe (When I Fall in Love It Will Be Forever)"; *Innervisions* (1973), "Living for the City"; *Fulfillingness' First Finale* (1974), "You Haven't Done Nothin'."**BETTY WRIGHT:** *The Best of Betty Wright* (1992), "Clean Up Woman," "The Baby Sitter," "The Secretary."**ROBERT WYATT:** *Mid-Eighties* (1993), "Te Recuerdo Amanda."**LESTER YOUNG:** *Ultimate Lester Young* (1998), "The Man I Love."**NEIL YOUNG:** *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere* (1969), "Down by the River"; *After the Goldrush* (1970), "Birds"; *Time Fades Away* (1973), "Don't Be Denied"; *On the Beach* (1974), "Ambulance Blues"; *Freedom* (1989), "The Ways of Love"; *Ragged Glory* (1990), "Fuckin' Up."**ZAMBALLARANA:** *Zamballarana* (1997), "Ventu."

SOUNDTRACKS

Betty Blue (Gabriel Yared; 1986); **Big Night** (Louis Prima et al.; 1996); Claudio Villa, "Stornelli Amoris"; **The Harder They Come** (Jimmy Cliff; 1972), "Many Rivers to Cross"; **High Society** (Cole Porter; 1956), Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby, "Well Did You Evah?"; **One from the Heart** (Tom Waits; 1982); **Torn Curtain** (Bernard Herrmann; 1978); **The Wood** (1999), Mystikal & Outkast, "Neck uv da Woods."

VARIOUS

The Alan Lomax Collection Sampler (1997), Genoese longshoremen, "La Partenza"; **Anthology of American Folk Music** (1997), Dock Boggs, "Country Blues"; **The Birth of the Third Stream** (1957); **Chess Golden Decade: The Early '50s, Vol. 1** (circa 1970), Willie Mabon, "I'm Mad"; **Éthiopiques: Ethio Jazz and Musique Instrumentale 1969–1974, Vol. 4** (1998), Mulatu Astatqé, "Yékérmo Sèw"; **Gravikord, Whirlies & Pyrophones** (1996); **Mysteries of the Sabbath: Classic Cantorial Recordings, 1907–47** (1994); **Nuggets** (1998), the Knickerbockers, "Lies," the Barbarians, "Mouly"; **The Real Kansas City of the '20s, '30s, & '40s** (1996), Fletcher Henderson and His Orchestra, "Queer Notions"; **The Secret Museum of Mankind, Ethnic Music Classics: 1925–48** (1995–1998); **There Will Be No Sweeter Sound: Columbia Okeh Post-War Gospel Story 1947–1962** (1998), Mello-Tones, "Looking for That City Called Heaven"; **Tougher Than Tough: The Story of Jamaican Music** (1993), Dave and Ansel Collins, "Double Barrel." □



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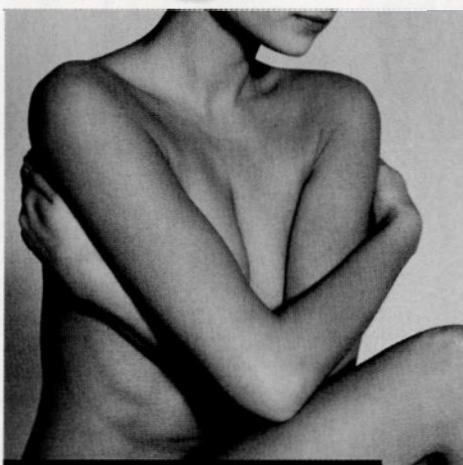
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BIRD ON A WIRE

Saxophonist Charlie Parker changed the house of jazz forever, winning the awed allegiance of contemporaries such as Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis. But, as the author's companion book to Ken Burns's new PBS series on jazz reveals, Parker was torn between his horn and heroin, in a war that cost music its bebop genius

BY GEOFFREY C. WARD



BIRD LIVES!

Above, Charlie Parker at Billy Berg's Swing Club in Los Angeles, 1946. Inset, New York's 52nd Street in the 1940s—a line of jazz clubs.

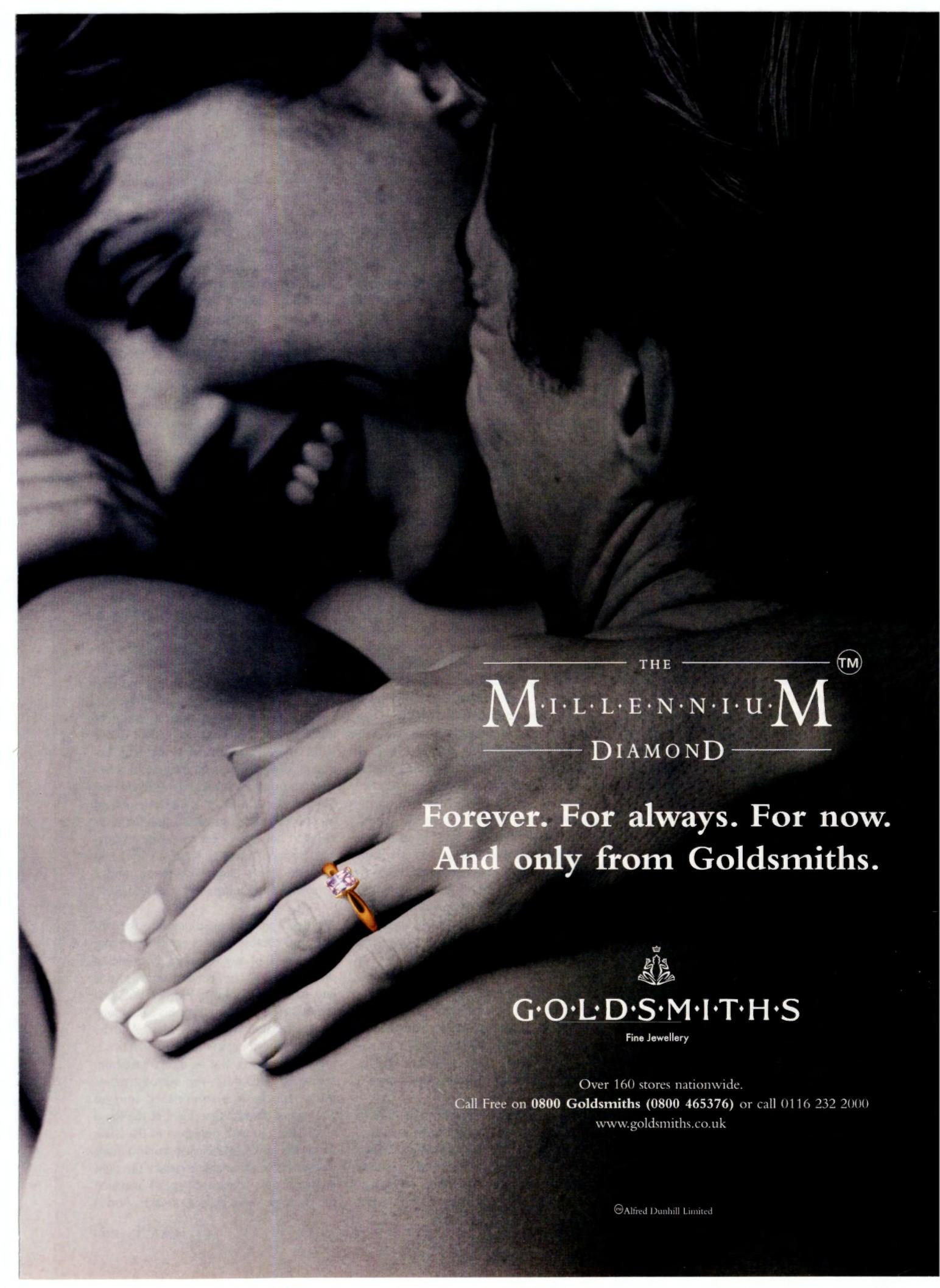
On January 9, 1942, a little more than a month after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Lucky Millinder's orchestra was well established on the Savoy Ballroom bandstand once held by Chick Webb. His band, propelled by the piano of Bill Doggett, the bass of George Duvivier, and the drums

of Panama Francis, was a special favorite with Harlem dancers, and when a new outfit from Kansas City led by Jay McShann arrived to play opposite them in a battle of the bands that evening, Millinder's men were not worried. The sight of the out-of-towners—all young, all dressed in cheap Sears, Roebuck suits, all badly rumpled after the cross-country trip by car—appalled the Ballroom's manager. It was “the raggediest-looking band” he'd ever seen, he told McShann. “This is New York City, boy, this isn't Kansas!” And, just

before the contest began, Millinder's elegantly outfitted musicians sent McShann a note meant to rattle him further: “We're going to send you hicks to the sticks.”

For three half-hour sets, the two bands played more sedately than usual, each listening carefully to the other, assessing strengths and weaknesses. “We just kinda laid back,” one of McShann's men said. Then Millinder launched into a series of elaborate arrangements meant to show up the out-of-towners. “Heavy stuff,” McShann said, but “Lucky wasn't swinging.” It was the opening McShann had been waiting for. “As soon as he hit his last note we fell in,” he said. “When Jay turned his boys loose,” one New York musician remembered, “he had hellions working. Just roaring wild men.” McShann's band, like Count Basie's, stomped the blues and specialized in loosely organized head arrangements that could be expanded almost infinitely

Excerpted from *Jazz: A History of America's Music*, by Geoffrey C. Ward and Ken Burns, to be published by Pimlico; © 2000 by the Jazz Film Project, Inc.



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as long as dancers were responding. "This was a thirty-minute number," McShann said, "and the people screamed and hollered for another thirty minutes." Millinder and his men stood by fuming as the Savoy dancers called for encore after encore by the band their leader had dismissed as "those western dogs."

The McShann band was tight, the blues it played irresistible to dancers. But its skinny, 21-year-old alto-saxophonist, Charlie Parker, was something else again. He had not yet fully developed the style that would make him the most influential soloist since Louis Armstrong. But he already sounded very different from Benny Carter and Johnny Hodges, the alto-saxophone masters musicians then most admired. His sound was harder than theirs, virtually without vibrato, and he had found a fresh way to phrase the inexhaustible musical ideas that

centing, and pronouncing phrases, Charlie Parker showed it could be done another way. The density and harmonic sophistication of tenor-saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, the loose-limbed melodic sense of another great tenor-saxophonist, Lester Young, and even something of the supremely self-confident phrasing of Louis Armstrong can all be heard in Parker's playing.

No one understood his importance better than the trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, who was three years older than Parker. Once, in Kansas City, while Gillespie was in Cab Calloway's band, he had heard Parker. "He had just what we needed," he said. "He had the line and he had the rhythm. The way he got from one note to the other and the way he played the rhythm fit what we were trying to do perfectly. We heard him and knew the music had to go his way.... He was the other half of my heartbeat."

Parker's genius was uncontested. So was his maddening personal complexity. A musician who'd known Parker well suggested that he should have been nicknamed Chameleon. Even in his photographs he seems to be several people all at once: now slender and boyish, now bloated and middle-aged, now youthful and lively again;

sometimes wide-eyed and apparently innocent, sometimes sly and knowing, as often with a deadened gaze that seems to foretell the tragedy that eventually befell him. The scattered interviews he gave are contradictory, too. Sometimes he said that his music grew directly out of swing, at other times that it was "something entirely separate and apart from jazz." Parker "stretched the limits of human contradiction beyond belief," the author Ralph Ellison wrote. "He was lovable and hateful, considerate and callous; he stole from friends and benefactors and borrowed without conscience, often without repaying, and yet was generous to absurdity.... He was given to extremes of sadness and masochism, capable of the most staggering excesses and the most exacting physical discipline and assertion of will."

"He had a completely different approach in everything," said Jay McShann, who had been among the first to recognize his talent. "Everything was completely different, just like [when] you change the furniture in the house and you come in and you won't know your own house."

After the arrival of Charlie Parker, the house of jazz would never be the same. His greatest innovation would be to what the late jazz historian Martin Williams called "melodic rhythm," not the basic time but "the rhythm that the players' accents make as they offer their melodies." Building largely on the quarter note, Louis Armstrong had shown the world how to swing. By basing his improvisations primarily on eighth notes and developing altogether fresh methods of inflecting, ac-

boy was 10. His mother spoiled her only child while also demanding much of him, insisting that he wear a suit and tie to school, and that he hold her hand whenever they went out together. "Charlie was always old," Rebecca Ruffin, the high-school sweetheart who became his first wife, remembered. She did not deny his mother's single-minded devotion to her son, Ruffin told the writer Stanley Crouch, but believed she had been more dutiful than affectionate, nonetheless. "He wasn't loved, he was just given.... It seemed to me like he needed. He just had this need. It really touched me to my soul."

The boy had few friends. He played alto and baritone horn in the school band, but was so often truant that he would eventually be forced to repeat his freshman year. At 13, after hearing Rudy Vallee on the radio, he talked his mother into getting him a horn like Vallee's, only to lose interest and lend it to a friend for two years before taking up music again.

Then everything seemed to happen too fast. Barely an adolescent, he began to hang around the doorways of the bars and nightclubs that flourished just a few blocks from his home, steeping himself in the blues. By 15 he had begun his lifelong obsession with getting high. He used nutmeg at first; then Benzedrine dissolved in wine or cups of black coffee, which allowed him to play night after night without sleep; then marijuana; finally heroin. A month before turning 16, he married Rebecca Ruffin, and they soon had a son. He also began playing with a group of slightly older musicians in a local dance band called the Deans of Swing. Its trombonist, Robert Simpson, became his closest friend, and Parker was devastated when Simpson died at 21. Years later he would explain to a fellow musician that he never allowed himself to get too close to anyone, because "once in Kansas City I had a friend who I liked very much, and a sorrowful thing happened.... He died."

Parker plunged headlong into the cutting contests that were the proving ground for any Kansas City musician on the way up. He "used to come to our jam sessions," violinist Fiddler Williams remembered. "And he kept his saxophone and instruction book in a sack. And he could play anything in the instruction book, play it backwards. But he didn't have himself together, couldn't run out of a major into a minor, or a diminished into an augmented chord." One night at the Reno Club, sitting in with members of the Basie band, the 16-year-old Parker found himself in over his head, unable to make the right changes at the breakneck speed at which the older men were playing. Jo Jones hurled

Charles Parker Jr. was born in 1920 in Kansas City, Kansas, and raised just across the Kaw River, in Kansas City, Missouri. His father was a tap dancer turned railroad chef, who drank too much and deserted his wife and son before the

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a cymbal at his feet to get him off the bandstand. Angry and humiliated, he got a job with a dance band in the Ozarks and spent every spare moment practicing and listening to records made by his heroes, Chu Berry and, later, Lester Young. Like Sidney Bechet and Bix Beiderbecke before him, Parker would essentially teach himself to play; unlike them, he tried to learn all there was to know about the music that had become his life. When he mastered a new tune, he would teach himself to play it in all 12 keys so that no one would ever again be able to dismiss his playing. "I lit my fire," he remembered, "I greased my skillet, and I cooked."

On Thanksgiving Day 1936, the car in which Parker and two other young musicians were riding to an engagement skidded on a patch of ice and overturned. One passenger was killed. Parker suffered broken ribs. He spent two months recuperating in bed, easing his pain with regular doses of morphine. His drug use evidently accelerated after he got back on his feet. He stayed away from home for weeks at a time, sold his wife's belongings to buy drugs, pressured her to give him a divorce. "If I were free," he told her, "I think I could become a great musician."

In 1937 he went to work for one of his

idols, altoist Buster Smith, who was a master of what was called "doubling up," playing solos at twice the written tempo. "He always wanted me to take the first solo," Smith said. "I guess he thought he'd learn something that way.... But after a while, anything I could make on the horn, he could make too—and make something better of it."

No matter how intricate and fast-paced Parker's music became, the Kansas City stomping brand of blues would remain at its heart. "What you hear when you listen to Charlie Parker," wrote jazz historian Albert Murray, "is not a theorist dead-set on turning dance music into concert music. What you hear is a brilliant protégé of Buster Smith and an admirer of Lester Young, adding a new dimension of elegance to the Kansas City drive, which is to say to the velocity of celebration.... Kansas City apprentice-become-master that he was, Charlie Parker was out to swing not less but more. Sometimes he tangled up your feet but that was when he sometimes made your insides dance as never before."

Parker's appearance with Jay McShann at the Savoy had not been his first visit to New York.

After Buster Smith went east

to help Count Basie whip his band into shape at the Famous Door in the summer of 1938, Parker followed him to Harlem. His old mentor put him up until his wife got tired of having him around. He took a nine-dollar-a-week job washing dishes at a little club just so that he could hear another of his idols, Art Tatum, play piano every night. He sometimes ventured out to jam at Monroe's Uptown House, but his perennially disheveled looks and the frantic pace at which he already liked to play put off a good many musicians. Some thought him a dope dealer masquerading as a musician. But one night that December, he later told an interviewer, jamming with an unremarkable guitarist named Biddy Fleet at Dan Wall's Chili House, on Seventh Avenue between 139th and 140th Streets, he had made a personal musical discovery. Intrigued by the sophisticated chord changes of Ray Noble's "Cherokee," a recent hit for the Charlie Barnet Orchestra, he kept thinking there "must be something else. I could hear it sometimes, but I couldn't play it." Then he found he could develop a fresh melody line using the higher intervals of a chord while Fleet backed them with related changes. A few days later,

a telegram from his moth-

HOT TICKET

Parker and the 22-year-old Miles Davis, a member of Parker's classic quintet, at the 3 Deuces on 52nd Street in New York, 1948.



The word "bebop" bothered Parker, as "jazz" had bothered Duke Ellington. "Let's call it music," he said.

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er telling him that his father had been stabbed to death brought him home to Kansas City before he could share his secret with anyone else, and it was more than two years before the Jay McShann band took him back to Harlem again.

It was while playing with McShann that he got his distinctive nickname, Bird.

When the car in which he and McShann were riding hit a stray chicken, a *yardbird*, Parker insisted they pull over so that he could have it fried up by his landlady. The story got around, and the name stayed with him. "He was an *interested cat* in those days," McShann said, eager to help work out riffs for the saxophone section, grateful for every chance to solo, sometimes playing a single tune backstage for hours at a time with instructions to anyone who played with him to alert him whenever he inadvertently repeated himself. "We used to have an expression when a cat's blowing out there; the cats'd holler, 'Reach! Reach!'" McShann continued.

"We know that a cat knows his potential, what he can do," said Jay McShann. "Bird would do the impossible."

"What we meant by that, we know that a cat knows his potential, what he can do. If you keep hitting on *Bird* like that, *Bird* would just do the impossible . . . because he always had enough stored back here that he never did run out."

Bassist Gene Ramey remembered that the McShann organization had been "the only band I've ever known that seemed to spend all its spare time jamming or rehearsing. We used to jam on trains and buses, and as soon as we got into town, we'd try to find somebody's house where we could hold a session. All this was inspired by *Bird*. . . . Naturally we petted and babied him, and he traded on this love and esteem we had for him until he developed into the greatest con man in the world." He borrowed money and failed to pay it back, nodded off on the bandstand, disappeared for days at a time.

Jay McShann was a gentle taskmaster. Like Duke Ellington, he was willing to put up with pretty much anything from his musicians, provided they turned up on time to play. But Parker constantly tested his patience. In an effort to keep dealers from getting to his alto-saxophone star, McShann left standing orders that no strangers

be allowed through the stage door between sets. They got to him anyway, and after Parker collapsed from an overdose during a Detroit appearance, McShann finally, reluctantly, let him go. The bandleader Andy Kirk gave Parker a lift to New York, where he began looking for steady work. (The McShann band itself dissolved shortly afterward, when its leader was drafted.)

In late 1942 or early 1943, as American G.I.'s fought German troops for the first time in North Africa, Charlie Parker joined Dizzy Gillespie in a new big band led by Earl Hines. Since making "West End Blues" and other historic sides with Louis Armstrong in the late 1920s, Hines had spent most of his time in Chicago, presiding over an orchestra at the Grand Terrace ballroom, which was controlled for a time by a henchman of Al Capone's. But in 1940 he had bought himself out of that contract and started touring.

By 1943 his band was filled with young modernists. Besides Gillespie and Parker (who agreed to play tenor because

Hines already had two altoists), it included trumpet player Benny Harris, trombonist Bennie Green, and a teenage Sarah Vaughan, hired both to sing and to share piano-playing duties with Hines; she was known as "Sailor" then for the richness of her vocabulary and her fondness for good times. The band's big draw was a handsome baritone named Billy Eckstine, billed as "the Sepia Sinatra."

Hines had Gillespie write arrangements of several of his own tunes for the band, including "Night in Tunisia" and "Salt Peanuts," even though he didn't personally much like the new sounds his young men were making. "It was getting away from the melody a lot," he said. But he had been an innovator himself, he remembered, knew "these boys were ambitious, and [therefore] always left a field for any improvement if they wanted to do it."

They did want to do it. They also made it clear that they were not content to endure without complaint treatment that, after more than two decades as a black entertainer playing for white audiences, their leader had come to see as routine. When a man Billy Eckstine remembered as an "old, rotten cracker" amused himself by repeatedly throwing chicken bones into the Jim Crow car in which the members of the band were riding north through Virginia, Eckstine waited till the train reached Washington, D.C., stopped the man on the platform, demanded to know why he'd done it, and, when he didn't an-

swer, hit him so hard he hid beneath the train, begging for mercy. "Another thing that used to make me mad was pianos," Eckstine recalled. "Here we come to some dance with Earl, the number one piano player in the country, and half the keys on the goddam piano won't work. So when we're getting ready to leave, I'd get some of the guys to stand around the piano as though we were talking, and I'd reach in and pull all the strings and all the mallets out. 'The next time we come here,' I'd say, 'I'll bet that son-of-a-bitch will have a piano for him to play on.'" "[Eckstine] used to have me so nervous!" Hines said. "I never liked to say anything, because I was always thinking that I'd come back to one of those joints and they'd think I'd done it. But those guys of mine . . . they didn't care."

They did care about their music. Gillespie and Parker were now playing together every day. "We were together as much as we could be under the conditions that the two of us were in," Gillespie recalled. "His crowd, the people he hung out with, were not the people I hung out with. And the guys who pushed dope would be around, but when he wasn't with them, he was with me." Parker had brought all his old habits to the band along with his artistry. He borrowed money constantly, missed dates, and learned to sleep onstage, wearing dark glasses, and with his cheeks puffed out, as if he were playing. According to Stanley Crouch, he also gave a pin to one of his section-mates with orders to jab him in the thigh whenever it was his turn to solo. Parker was perpetually voracious and in a hurry—"always in a panic," as he himself said—and his ravenous appetite extended to every area of his life. The same hunger that drove him to devour drugs, alcohol, and food and to pursue women at a pace that astounded even his streetwise compatriots also allowed him to amass little-known facts on every subject from auto repair to nuclear physics and to memorize the most complicated charts after a single reading.

On Valentine's Day 1943, the Hines band appeared in Chicago at the Savoy Ballroom, the same cavernous South Side nightspot at which Artie Shaw had first heard Louis Armstrong 15 years earlier. The engagement was memorable for two reasons. Three customers were shot on the dance floor during a single set that evening. And the next day, in Room 305 of the Savoy Hotel, the band's road manager, Bob Redcross, plugged in a portable disc recorder to capture for the first time the sound of Parker and Gillespie playing together. The bassist Oscar Pettiford had walked his instrument three miles



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It was "the height of the perfection of our music," Gillespie remembered, "on fire all the time."

AT THE PEAK

Playing at New York's Town Hall in May 1945, from left, Dizzy Gillespie, Harold "Doc" West, Slam Stewart, and Parker.

across the city just to play with them that day, but he can barely be heard as the two musical companions tear their way through an eight-minute version of "Sweet Georgia Brown." Gillespie builds his solo with almost audible care, each chorus unfolding separately, resolving itself logically. Parker, still playing tenor rather than his customary alto, hurtles seamlessly through chorus after chorus, spilling out long ribbons of eighth notes as if they were in limitless supply. "I think I was a little more advanced, harmonically, than [Parker] was," Gillespie later wrote. "But rhythmically, he was quite advanced, with setting up the phrase and how you got from one note to another.... Charlie Parker heard rhythms and rhythmic patterns differently, and after we started playing together, I began to play, rhythmically, more like him." Their combined talents released so much musical energy—"fire," one musician called it—that the other men in the band confessed they sometimes felt left behind.

But except for Bob Redcross's homemade discs (which would not be heard beyond his circle of friends for decades), Parker's and Gillespie's earliest innovations went unheard on record. Earl Hines never

got into a recording studio during the time they were with him. On August 1, 1942, the American Federation of Musicians had ordered its members to stop making records—other than the "V-Discs" intended only for servicemen—until the record companies agreed to pay them when their music was played in jukeboxes or on the radio. Capitol and Decca settled within a year, but Victor and Columbia held out until November 1944. And so, except for a handful of dedicated collaborators and a few devoted fans, the new music Parker and Gillespie and their cohorts were developing remained largely a secret.

In the spring of 1944, Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie found themselves playing one-nighters as part of a brand-new band led by Billy Eckstine. It was a "fantastic" band, its drummer, Art Blakey, recalled, a nurturing ground for bebop. At various times, Eckstine's band included Sarah Vaughan, trumpeter Fats Navarro, alto-saxophonist Sonny Stitt, tenor-saxophonists Budd Johnson, Gene Ammons, and Dexter Gordon, and Leo Parker on baritone. But it made only a few instrumental records, and they were "sadder than McKinley's funeral," according to

Blakey, only a pale reflection of what the men could do in person.

By winter, Parker and Gillespie had left Eckstine and were appearing together frequently as part of a quintet at the 3 Deuces on 52nd Street in New York. "They played very, very fast," the drummer Stan Levey said. "They had great technique, great ideas. They ran their lines through the chord change differently than anybody else."

It was "the height of the perfection of our music," Dizzy Gillespie remembered, "on fire all the time.... Sometimes I couldn't tell whether I was playing or not because the notes were so close together. He was always going in the same direction as me." Nothing quite like it had been seen or heard in more than 20 years, not since Louis Armstrong and King Oliver had seemed uncannily able to complete one another's musical ideas when they were playing at Chicago's Lincoln Gardens. Musically, it was a perfect partnership; personally, things were more complicated. Parker was often late and sometimes absent. When Gillespie confronted him about it, Parker denied he was using drugs. Gillespie knew he was lying. There would always be tension between them.

The next summer, Gillespie took an 18-



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piece bebop big band on the road, touring the South as part of "Hepsations '45," a variety package that featured comedians, singers, and the tap-dancing Nicholas Brothers. He had thought they were to be booked into theaters, where his music—"geared for people just sitting and listening"—might have had a chance of finding an audience. Instead, he recalled, "all we were playing was dances," and southern dancers were unmoved by "Salt Peanuts" and "Shaw 'Nuff," "Bebop" and "Night in Tunisia." They wanted blues, and most of the young men in Gillespie's band now considered blues a reminder of the bad old days, a legacy of Jim Crow and even Uncle Tom. "The bebop musicians wanted to show their virtuosity," Gillespie wrote. "They'd play the twelve-bar outline of the blues but they wouldn't blues it up like the older guys they considered unsophisticated. They busied themselves

"Nobody understood our music out on the Coast," Parker said, by which he meant fans, not musicians; "they hated it."

making changes, a thousand changes in one bar."

Changes didn't interest southern dancers. "They couldn't dance to the music, they said," Gillespie remembered in 1979. "But ... I could dance my ass off to it. They could've, too, if they had tried. Jazz should be danceable. That's the original idea, and even when it's too fast ... it should always be rhythmic enough to make you wanna move.... But the unreconstructed blues lovers down South ... couldn't hear nothing else but the blues.... They wouldn't even listen to us. After all these years, I still get mad just talking about it."

On November 26, 1945, at the WOR studios in midtown Manhattan, Parker was at last scheduled to make his first recordings under his own name. He and Gillespie had appeared together on 52nd Street earlier that year, and he was now known and admired among musicians. "There was a revolution going on in New York," one saxophone player remembered, "a rebellion against all those blue suits we had to wear in the big swing bands." "It was a cult," another recalled, "a brotherhood." Soon, a third remem-

bered, "there was everybody else and there was Charlie."

But beyond the world of music he was still mostly unknown. At first the session seemed likely to be a debacle. Bud Powell, the pianist Parker had wanted, had disappeared. Powell's replacement, Sadik Hakim, turned out to be unsure of the chord changes, so Dizzy Gillespie sat in at the piano on the first three tunes, "Billie's Bounce," "Now's the Time," and "Thriving on a Riff." Curley Russell played bass, Max Roach played drums, and a 19-year-old Miles Davis played trumpet on all three. But the fourth tune was "Ko Ko," a Parker original, based on the changes of "Cherokee," and it began with a complex, blistering introduction, which so intimidated Davis that Gillespie stood in for him, then raced back to the keyboard while Parker soloed.

"Ko Ko" would astonish those who heard it for the first time, just as the first records Louis Armstrong made under his own name had astonished people. With Max Roach boiling along in the background, Parker and Gillespie leap into their furious eight-bar unison chorus. Then each plays a dazzling eight-bar arabesque before Parker launches into two plunging, note-filled choruses that sound like nothing ever heard before on records. "'Koko' may seem only a fast-tempo show-piece at first," Martin Williams wrote, "but it is not. It is a precise linear improvisation of exceptional melodic content. It is also an almost perfect example of virtuosity and economy. Following a pause, notes fall over and between this beat and that beat: breaking them asunder, robbing them of any vestige of monotony; rests fall where heavy beats once came, now 'heavy' beats come between beats and on weak beats.... [It] shows how basic and brilliant were Parker's rhythmic innovations, not only how much complexity they had, but how much economy they could involve."

Other records had hinted at what was to come, and, thanks in large part to Gillespie's willingness to share his discoveries with anyone who asked about them, big bands like those led by Woody Herman, Boyd Raeburn, and Stan Kenton had already incorporated elements of the new music into their arrangements. But these Savoy sessions were unadulterated bebop—intricate unison themes, dissonant chords, and the most demanding kind of virtuosic solo playing, all driven by bold, assertive drumming that both helped set

the ferocious pace and provided a sort of running commentary on everything the soloists were doing. Charlie Parker's secret was out.

The singer Jon Hendricks had served in the wartime army and was on a troopship coming home from Europe when he first encountered the new music that had been developing while he was overseas. "I suddenly heard this song over the ship's radio," he said. "It was frenetic and exciting and fast and furious and brilliant and beautiful and I almost bumped my head jumping off my bunk. I ran up to the control room and said to the guy, 'What was that?' He said, 'What?' I said, 'That last song you just played!' He said, 'I don't know.' I said, 'Where is it?' He said, 'It's down there on the floor.' I looked down there on the floor, the floor's covered in records. I said, 'Come on, what color was the label?' He said, 'It's a red label.' Finally I found it. It was a Musicraft label and it was called 'Salt Peanuts.' And it was Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. And I gave him \$30 and said, 'Play this for the next hour!'"

The war had transformed the lives and elevated the expectations of millions of African-Americans. "I spent four years in the army to free a bunch of Dutchmen and Frenchmen," another black veteran said, "and I'm hanged if I'm going to let the Alabama version of the Germans kick me around when I get home.... I went into the army a 'nigger'; I'm coming out a *man*." Bebop was a musical development, not a political statement. Its message was one of accomplishment, not anger. But something of the spirit of that ex-soldier—self-assured, impatient, uncompromising—would nonetheless be mirrored in the new music.

"Your music reflects the times in which you live," Dizzy Gillespie wrote. "My music emerged from the war years ... and it reflected those times.... Fast and furious, with the chord changes going this way and that way, it might've looked and sounded like bedlam, but it really wasn't." Determined to free the music from what they considered the tyranny of popular taste, to strip it of every vestige of the minstrel past, Gillespie and Charlie Parker would try to build a brave new musical world in which talent—and only talent—would count.

In the first week of December 1945, just a few days after recording "Ko Ko," Gillespie and Parker boarded a train for Los Angeles. Billy Berg, the proprietor of a new Hollywood nightspot, Billy Berg's Swing Club, had invited Gillespie to bring a group west to introduce to California the kind of music that had been

causing such a sensation on 52nd Street. Berg had asked for five musicians, but there were six men in the party: Gillespie and Parker, bassist Ray Brown, pianist Al Haig, drummer Stan Levey, and vibraphonist Milt Jackson. Gillespie—who knew Parker's habits all too well—had added Jackson to make sure that even when Parker failed to turn up, as he knew he sometimes would, there would still be five men on the bandstand, as called for in the contract.

Stan Levey had been under Parker's spell ever since he had first played with him a year or so earlier. "Charlie Parker . . . was the Pied Piper of Hamelin. I was working on 52nd Street with different people—Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins. And this guy walks down, he's got one blue shoe and one green shoe. Ruffled. He's got his horn in a paper bag with rubber bands and cellophane on it, and there he is, Charlie Parker. His hair standing straight up. He was doing a Don King back then. Well, I says, 'This guy looks terrible. Can he play? What?' And he sat in, and within four bars I just fell in love with this guy—the music, you know. And he looked back at me, you know, with that big grin, with that gold tooth, and we were just like that. From that moment on, we were together. I would have followed him anywhere, you know? Over the cliff, wherever."

Somewhere in the Arizona desert, the train stopped to take on water, Levey remembered, "and I look out the window and I see this spot out there carrying . . . a little grip, and I'm saying, 'What the hell is that?' And I look closer; it's Charles Parker." Suffering from withdrawal and desperate for drugs, Parker had jumped down from the train and was wandering off into the empty desert in search of a fix.

Levey managed to talk Parker back aboard the train. They still had 20 hours to go. When they finally reached their destination, an admirer was at the station to warn Parker that heroin was costly and hard to come by in Los Angeles. That

was only the beginning of the problems he and Gillespie and their companions faced in bringing bebop to the West Coast.

Like New York's 52nd Street, the heart of black Los Angeles—Central Avenue between 42nd and Vernon—was home to a host of clubs: the Downbeat and Club Alabam, the Last Word and Lovejoy's, the Memo, and Ivie's Chicken Shack, a restaurant run by Duke Ellington's onetime singer Ivie Anderson.

Billy Berg's club was different. It was on North Vine Street in Hollywood, for one thing, and was meant to be a sort of

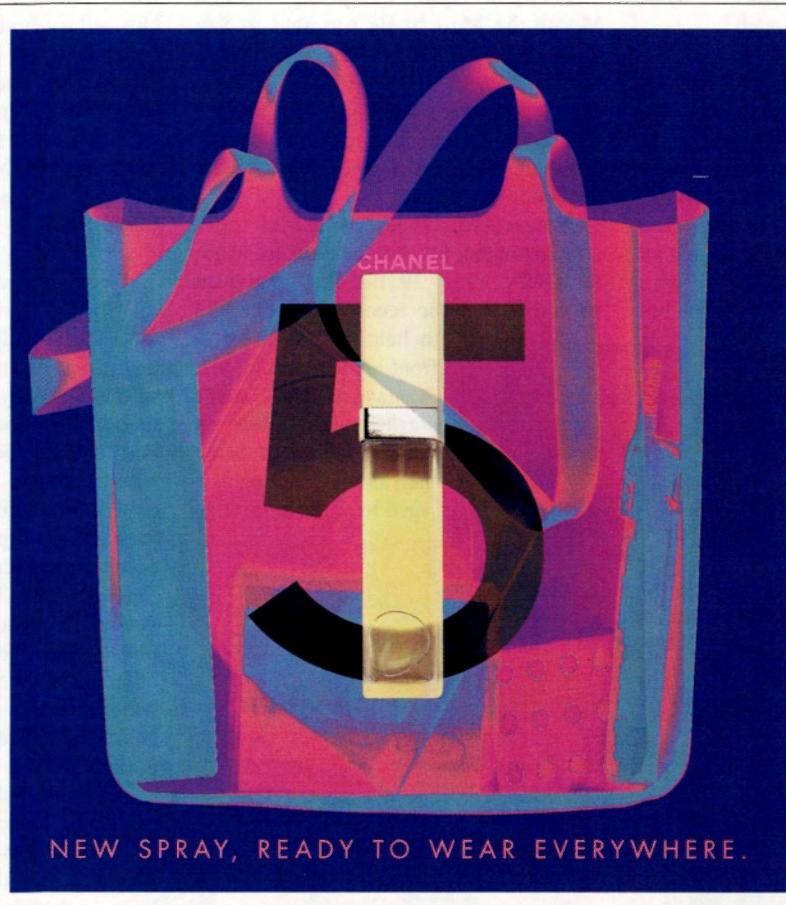
lieve because you saw people standing playing it. . . . They were using notes that we didn't even dare to use before because it would be considered wrong. And those stops and gos between Dizzy and Bird. . . . You know, you'd look at everybody and say, 'Can you believe what we just heard?'"

A good many ordinary customers were asking one another the same question. But they seemed more "dumbfounded" than excited, Gillespie remembered. The music the young musicians loved struck many of the others in the room as frantic, nervous, chaotic. Sometimes they asked the men to sing.

Nothing could have been more insulting to musicians who wanted to be seen as serious artists, not performers, who were determined to simply play their music, not to put on a show. It was bad enough, from their point of view, that they had to share the stage every evening with Slim Gaillard and Harry "the Hipster" Gibson, musical comedians who, like Cab Calloway, specialized in novelty tunes that capitalized on the latest inner-city slang for the delectation of mainstream white audiences. Gaillard drew upon a lexicon of laid-back nonsense syllables he called "vout" to produce hits such as "Flat Foot Floogie" and "Cement Mixer (Put-ti Put-ti)," while Gibson's best-known number was

called "Who Put the Benzedrine in Mrs. Murphy's Ovaltine?" Theirs was precisely the kind of entertainment Gillespie and Parker most despised, and the two were furious when Gaillard began billing himself as "the be-bop bombshell," fearing that their music and his comedy routines would become confused in the public mind. They were right to be afraid. When *Time* got around to noticing bebop that spring, it defined the new music as "hot jazz overheated, with overdone lyrics full of bawdiness, references to narcotics and doubletalk."

Martin Williams, destined to become one of the most perceptive of all jazz his-



California version of Manhattan's Café Society, offering jazz and welcoming black as well as white patrons—something otherwise unheard of in Hollywood.

Young musicians who had been experimenting locally with the kinds of sounds Gillespie and Parker were playing turned out to hear them. Howard McGhee was there on opening night. So were bassist Charles Mingus, tenor-saxophonist Dexter Gordon, and pianist Hampton Hawes. The reed player Buddy Collette recalled Gillespie and Parker's initial impact on him and his friends: "This was for real. The stuff that you heard on the records that you didn't believe, you . . . had to be-

torians, was still in the navy—and still in the grip of his Virginia boyhood—when he went to hear Parker and Gillespie at Billy Berg's. Their music, he remembered, had seemed to him then not merely novel but “arrogant” and “uppity.” “What struck me even more than the music,” he recalled, “was the attitude coming off the bandstand—self-confident, aggressive. It was something I'd never seen from black musicians before.”

“Nobody understood our kind of music out on the Coast,” Parker said, by which he meant music fans, not musicians; “they hated it.” Gillespie agreed: “They thought we were playing ugly on purpose. They were so very, very, very hostile! ... Man, they used to stare at us so tough.”

When Dizzy Gillespie and the rest of the sextet boarded the plane to fly back to New York on February 9, 1946, Charlie Parker was not with them. He had traded his ticket for cash with which to buy drugs. It had taken him weeks to locate a steady source of heroin: the disabled proprietor of a shoeshine stand named Emery Byrd but

known to his customers as “Moose the Mooch.” Parker was so grateful to have found him that he signed over to him half his future royalties in exchange for a guaranteed supply and wrote a tune in his honor.

He worked with Howard McGhee at the Club Finale on Central Avenue. He recorded a solo on “Lady Be Good” alongside Lester Young at a “Jazz at the Philharmonic” concert that became a standard in the repertoire of aspiring saxophonists all over the country. And he recorded for a new label called Dial several of his own tunes, including “Yardbird Suite” and “Ornithology.”

Then, in April, the police arrested Moose the Mooch. He was sent to San Quentin, and Parker was once again without heroin. To compensate, he began drinking as much as a quart of whiskey a day. Soon he was living in a converted, unheated garage, with only his overcoat for bedding.

Howard McGhee found him there and arranged for him to record again for Dial on July 29. But Parker arrived so drunk that the record producer had to help hold him up in front of the microphone. A psychiatrist gave Parker six tablets of phenobarbital to bring him around, and he managed to stumble through

a troubled take of “Lover Man.” That night Parker twice wandered into the lobby of his hotel wearing only his socks, then fell asleep while smoking and set his bed ablaze. The firemen had to shake him violently to wake him, and when he protested, the police hit him with a blackjack and put him in handcuffs. He spent 10 days in jail, charged with indecent exposure, resisting arrest, and suspected arson, and was then transferred to Camarillo State Hospital. He would spend six months inside its walls, tending a lettuce patch, putting on weight, playing C-melody saxophone on Saturday nights in the hospital band. His third wife, Doris Sydnor, who had met him—after his short, failed second marriage—when he was playing the Famous Door, where she was the hatcheck girl, went to California and took a job as a waitress so that she could visit him three times a week. Eventually, he would write a tune about his new home: “Relaxin' at Camarillo.”

Most critics remained wary of the new music Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie were making, and the strict traditionalists among them, who had already pronounced swing inauthentic, found bebop still harder to swallow. The *Jazz Record* charged Gillespie with seeking to “pervert or suppress or emasculate jazz.” Outnumbered, the youthful champions of modernism, in turn, denounced the opposition as “Moldy Figs.” The argument was conducted mostly on the periphery of the music. Ben Webster and Don Byas and other giants of the swing era sought out beboppers with whom to play. Coleman Hawkins recorded with Gillespie and Parker, worked with Howard McGhee, and included Thelonious Monk in one of his groups even when club owners wanted him replaced.

But there were musicians to whom bebop really did seem little more than noise. When McGhee shared a bill with the New Orleans trombonist Kid Ory in Los Angeles, Ory stormed out after one set, saying, “I will not play with this kind of music.” “We don't flat our fifths,” said Eddie Condon, “we drink 'em.” Tommy Dorsey denounced Parker and Gillespie as “musical Communists.”

The embattled boppers gave as good as they got. Gil Fuller, who had arranged for Gillespie's big band, said comparing what had gone before with the music he and his associates produced was like equating a “horse and buggy with a jet plane.”



“He had an incredible life force,” Chan Parker recalled. “Bird was a giant. He had a maturity beyond his years.”

Gillespie himself once likened earlier jazz to "Mother Goose rhymes. It was all right for its time, but it was a childish time." And the "progressive" bandleader Stan Kenton charged that the trouble with Louis Armstrong and the other members of his generation was that they played without what he called "science."

Duke Ellington believed that the impact of his own work had been lessened by its having been categorized as "jazz," and he warned Gillespie not to let his music be limited by anyone else's label. But in his eagerness to win a big following and keep his band together, the younger man paid no attention. "If you've got enough money to play for yourself," he said, "you can play anything you want to. But if you want to make a living at music, you've got to sell it." Nobody ever worked harder to sell his music than Gillespie did. He was a dervish onstage, hurtling through break-neck solos in the highest register, then jitterbugging, singing, swapping jokes with comedians, wearing funny hats. "Comedy is important," he explained many years later. "As a performer, when you're trying to establish audience control, the best thing is to make them laugh if you can.... Sometimes, when you're laying on something over their heads, they'll go along with it if they're relaxed." Gillespie did so much to make them laugh during one concert at Carnegie Hall that Louis Armstrong came backstage afterward to tell him he was overdosing it. "You're cutting the fool up there, boy. Showing your ass."

For better or worse, Gillespie allowed himself to become the public face of bebop. The William Morris agency billed him as the "Merry Mad Genius of Music" and encouraged the press to write colorful stories about his dark-rimmed glasses and goatee, his berets, the leopard-skin jackets he sometimes wore onstage, the cheeks that puffed alarmingly when he played, and, later, the distinctive upthrust bell of his trumpet, which he said helped him hear himself better—everything except his music.

When Charlie Parker returned to music after his long stay at Camarillo, he was not pleased by the kind of attention Dizzy Gillespie had been getting—or by the eagerness with which Gillespie had seemed to seek it. Parker had brought bebop with him from Kansas City in 1942, he assured one interviewer, implying that no one else had had a hand in its creation. Gillespie's big band was a bad idea, he told another, because it was forcing his old partner to stagnate: "He isn't repeating notes yet, but he is repeating patterns." Parker was even more unhappy with the cultish aura that now surrounded the music. "Some guys said, 'Here's bop.' Wham!" he

than ever, but he remained perpetually unsatisfied. He was also embarrassed by the acolytes who followed him from bandstand to bandstand, carrying disc recorders, which they turned on whenever he stepped forward to solo and clicked off again the moment he had finished.

In May 1949, a delegation of American musicians landed in Paris for one of the first international jazz festivals ever held anywhere. The New Orleans soprano-saxophone star Sidney Bechet was the best known to French fans, but Charlie Parker had been invited as well. There continued to be dark murmurings in the

jazz press that traditional and bebop musicians were mortal enemies. Bechet had told an interviewer that bebop was already "as dead as Abraham Lincoln," and he and Parker had only recently been pitted against each other in a broadcast "Battle of Music," advertised as a "showdown" by its organizer, the writer Rudi Blesh. In fact, they got along fine, once Bechet had figured out how to open the dressing-room window to let out Parker's marijuana smoke. Not given to compliments, he nevertheless told Parker how much he admired "those phrases you make," and in the jam session that ended the final day of the festival these two masters—the white-haired jazz pioneer and the 29-year-old architect of bebop—

NEW SPRAY, READY TO WEAR EVERYWHERE.

told another interviewer, shaking his head sadly. "They said, 'Here's something we can make money on.' Wham! 'Here's a comedian.' Wham! 'Here's a guy who talks funny talk.'" The word "bebop" bothered him, precisely as "jazz" had bothered Duke Ellington. "Let's call it music," he said.

Parker formed what came to be called his classic quintet, with Max Roach on drums, Tommy Potter on bass, Duke Jordan on piano, and a still-youthful Miles Davis on trumpet. (Later, Davis would be replaced by Kenny Dorham, Al Haig would substitute for Jordan, and Roy Haynes would replace Roach.) Parker played with more assurance and clarity

found instant common ground in the blues, the music that was at the heart of everything either man ever played.

To his surprise and pleasure, Charlie Parker found himself a hero to the French, hailed as a worthy successor to Bechet, Armstrong, and Ellington, sought out by Jean-Paul Sartre and other intellectuals, and treated for the first time in his life not as a performer but as an artist. He had already begun to talk of broadening his horizons still further, but when he got back to New York and tried to interest the producer Norman Granz in commissioning works for him to record with a 40-piece orchestra, Granz instead hired

dance-band arrangers to produce lush settings for popular standards. The result—an album called *Charlie Parker with Strings*—was disliked by most critics, who found the arrangements bland and unimaginative and accused Parker of selling out, precisely as they'd once scolded Louis Armstrong for abandoning his New Orleans repertoire in favor of popular songs. They failed to see that, as Parker himself said, a performance should be judged “good or bad not because of the kind of music—but because of the quality of the musician.” Parker’s long, hard-edged, bluesy lines unfurled beautifully above the strings, and on “Just Friends”—the best-selling of all his recordings—he produced one of the most haunting improvisations of his career. Of all his records, he said, it was the only one he ever really liked.

In December, two weeks after Parker made his first recordings with strings, the refurbished Clique club on Broadway, renamed Birdland in his honor, opened its bright-red doors for the first time. The opening bill was a smorgasbord of stylists: Max Kaminsky and Hot Lips Page, as well as Lester Young, Charlie

Parker, and a little-known singer named Harry Belafonte. “Feelings between the boppers and the traditional jazzmen were strained, to put it gently,” Kaminsky wrote. Some of the younger musicians had been openly disrespectful of Page, and Page had been wounded by their derision. “But Charlie Parker,” Kaminsky said, “who was rated the great genius of all that music, liked my band better than anything else he heard there. We had nothing else in common; I couldn’t drink the way he did and I didn’t know his friends and never went out with him on any parties, but musically we became good friends.”

Nothing musical was ever alien to Charlie Parker. He often drank at a midtown bar whose jukebox was stocked in part with country music. When one of his acolytes asked why he liked to hear songs they all thought corny, he answered, “Listen. Listen to the stories.” A friend remembered leaving him transfixed in a Manhattan snowstorm late one night, unable to tear himself away from the thump and blare of a Salvation Army band. Another told of driving with him through the

countryside when someone remarked idly that livestock loved music. Parker asked the driver to stop, assembled his horn, stalked into a field, and gravely played several choruses to a bewildered cow.

“Jazz has got to go on from here,” he had told trumpet player Red Rodney. “We just can’t stop with this.” And when Rodney asked him who would show the way, he answered, “I’d like to be the one to do that.” Like Bix Beiderbecke before him, he began to look to European composers, not American sources, for inspiration. The future, he told one interviewer, lay in finding a way to blend the complex harmonies of modern European music with the emotional color and dynamics of jazz. But, also like Beiderbecke, he knew he lacked the grounding in music theory that would have allowed him to bring about the kind of meeting of musical traditions he had in mind. To rectify that, he sometimes spoke wistfully of returning to France to study composition with Nadia

Boulanger, enrolling at the Conservatoire Américain de Fontainebleau, or taking instruction in orchestration from Edgard Varèse. “I only write in one voice,”

**“Jazz has got to go on from here,”
Parker told trumpeter Red Rodney.
“We just can’t stop with this.”**

ANYTHING GOES

Birdland, which opened in New York in 1949, featured a variety of stylists, including, from left, Max Kaminsky, Lester Young, Hot Lips Page, Parker, and Lennie Tristano.



Varèse said Parker told him. "I want to have structure. I want to write orchestra scores."

Parker seemed finally to have found a little domestic peace. His marriage to Doris Sydnor had ended, but he had moved in with a woman named Chan Richardson and adopted her daughter. "He was irresistible," Richardson remembered. "He had a life force, an incredible life force. Bird was a giant.... He had a maturity beyond his years. In fact, he said to me one day, 'I'm not one of those boys you're used to.'" They would have two children together, Pree and Baird, and would live for a time on Manhattan's Lower East Side, where Parker led a life that on the surface seemed very like that of his neighbors: breakfasting with the children, strolling to the corner for the morning paper, watching Westerns on television.

But with Charlie Parker, nothing was ever quite as it seemed. On the bandstand, he was usually able to discipline his furious talent. But offstage he was all too often out of control. "This is my home," he told a friend as he rolled up his sleeve to inject himself. The pianist Hampton Hawes remembered watching in disbelief one evening as Parker, chain-smoking marijuana, first downed 11 shots of whiskey and a handful of Benzedrine capsules, then shot up: "He sweated like a horse for five minutes, got up, put on his suit, and half an hour later was on the stand playing strong and beautiful."

There would still be nights when he'd pull himself together to play strongly and beautifully, but they would grow fewer and farther between as the years went by, and the appetites that always gnawed at him would prevent him from seriously following any of the new musical paths of which he'd spoken, precisely as similar hungers had kept Beiderbecke from following his. "He tried to kick many times while he was with me," Chan Parker recalled, "sometimes very successfully. But he told me once, 'You know, you can get

it out of your body, but you can't get it out of your brain.'"

Dizzy Gillespie's band had fallen on hard times as well. For all his success, his payroll continued to outpace profits. Music-lovers clustered around the bandstand wherever he appeared, but the big crowds of dancers the band needed to stay afloat stubbornly failed to materialize. During one southern tour, even the sight of Gillespie and guest star Ella Fitzgerald doing the lindy together had not been enough to persuade other dancers to join in. "They didn't care whether we played a flattened fifth or a rup-

wards ceremony that precedes it provides an excruciating example of the kind of condescension often displayed toward jazz and jazz musicians, even by those who believed themselves boosters. The critic and composer Leonard Feather delivers a stiff little speech about brotherhood, then hands the host, Broadway gossip columnist Earl Wilson, a pair of wooden plaques to present to Parker and Gillespie. Wilson greets the musicians, offers up the plaques—making fun of Gillespie's nickname as he does so—and then asks, "You boys got anything more to say?"

For once, Gillespie is speechless. Parker, his face without expression, his voice low and icily polite, replies: "They say music speaks louder than words, so we'd rather voice our opinion that way." During that voicing—an abbreviated version of the bop anthem "Hot House"—Parker's face remains impassive, his fierce eyes and the movement of his big fingers on the keys the only outward signs of the effort required to yield such brilliant, jagged cascades of sound, the sound itself the most eloquent possible response to patronization.

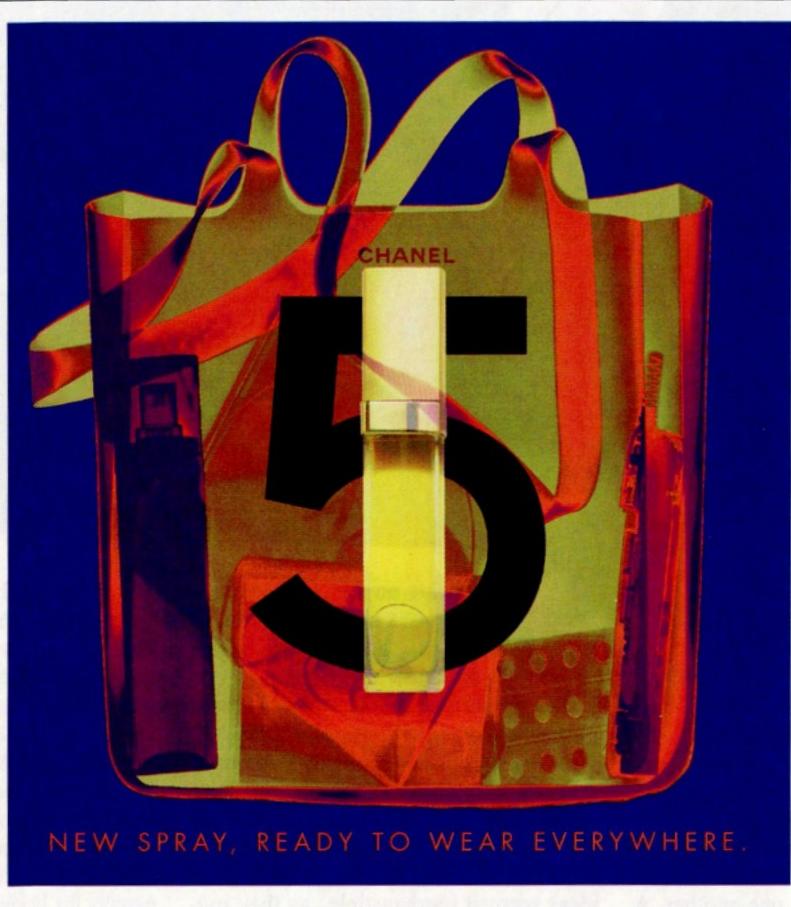
The end of the Gillespie big band had been more than a personal disappointment for its leader. It also marked the end of an honorable but doomed effort to build a bridge between the new music and the old jazz audience. Similar efforts by other musicians would be made

tured 129th," Gillespie wrote. "They'd just stand around the bandstand and gawk."

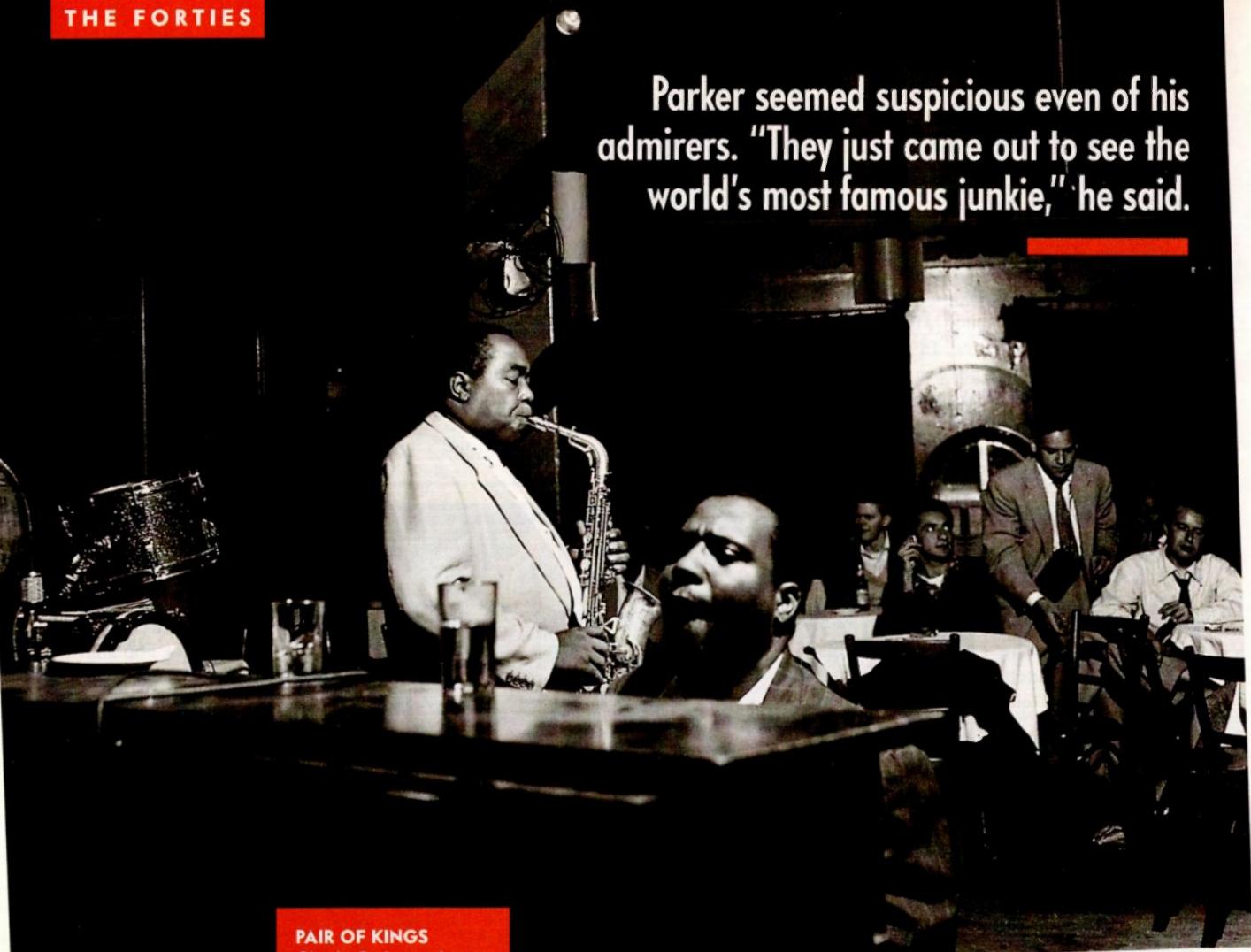
Finally, in March 1950, Lorraine Gillespie gave her husband an ultimatum: "You got a hundred musicians or me! Make up your mind." Gillespie reluctantly let all of his men go. "Everybody was sorry about that, man," he said many years later. "Cats were crying.... So was I. The fad was finished."

On February 24, 1952, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker appeared together on a television variety show called *Stage Entrance*. The kinescope made that day is all that we have of Parker in public performance, and the *Down Beat*

over the years to come. None would entirely succeed. For better or worse, jazz seemed on its way to becoming an art music, meant for concert halls and nightclubs, not ballrooms—adventurous and demanding; intended for aficionados, not ordinary people; infused with the every-musician-for-himself spirit of the jam session; aligned not with the American mainstream but with the growing counterculture for which commercial success was evidence of corruption, of "selling out." "Our dislikes followed a pattern," the jazz writer Barry Ulanov once confessed, "which began with our celebration of an unknown musician, singer, or



Parker seemed suspicious even of his admirers. "They just came out to see the world's most famous junkie," he said.



PAIR OF KINGS
Charlie Parker and
Thelonious Monk perform
together at the Open
Door in New York,
September 1953.

band, and ended with our derogation of the same musician, singer, or band when he, she, or they had achieved popularity."

There was more to it than that. Jazz had started out as an exuberant ensemble form, its impact derived in large part from the cooperative spirit of the musicians, their ability simultaneously to play and to listen to one another. A man's reputation then had rested on his individual sound and the imagination and rhythmic sophistication he brought to the two- and four-bar breaks that Jelly Roll Morton said were essential to the music. In the early 1920s the singular genius of Louis Armstrong had brought the soloist front and center and established once and for all the notion of the improvising jazz musician as romantic hero. But until the early 1940s even the most celebrated soloists had still been expected to work their magic within a carefully arranged framework. Solos remained relatively brief. A premium was put on telling one's story with economy as well as with emotion and imagination. And

the theme on which the improvisation was based was often as familiar to the listener as it was to the musicians.

The music that Parker and Gillespie pioneered was deliberately different. Tunes were either wholly new or consciously disguised. Ensemble passages were almost beside the point. Everything depended on the energy and ideas of the improvisers. If that energy and those ideas seemed inexhaustible—as they routinely did when bebop's creators were on the bandstand—the sheer momentum and creative power let loose had the potential to thrill anyone willing to listen. But even when Parker and Gillespie were playing, there was always the risk that, by pouring forth so much unrelenting musical complexity, they would eventually inundate even their admirers. (Parker himself understood this. "More than four choruses," he once warned Milt Jackson, "and you're just practicing.") And over a long evening, in the hands of less talented musicians, the standard bebop format—ensemble theme, string of solos, ensemble theme—could exhaust the patience of even the most earnest audience.

On the night of October 30, 1954, Charlie Parker appeared at New York's Town Hall. Thelonious Monk was on the bill that evening. So were several of the most promising of Parker's young admirers: tenor-saxophonist Sonny Rollins, trumpet player Art Farmer, pianist Horace Silver. But the publicity for the evening had been poor, more seats were empty than filled, and at intermission the musicians' union seized half of Parker's earnings as a penalty for having failed to follow its rules. Several weeks later, the record producer Ross Russell went to see Parker play at a 54th Street spot called Le Downbeat. Parker's suit was dirty and unpressed, Russell said, and he was wearing carpet slippers instead of shoes: "His face was bloated and his eyelids so heavy that only half the pupils showed. The first five minutes of the set were spent in slowly assembling his saxophone while fellow musicians, all of them unknown, stood nervously on the bandstand. When Charlie got around to playing, it was evident that he was having trouble getting air through the horn."

Parker was clearly spiraling downward. In March he had been in Hollywood when he received word from Chan in New York

that their two-year-old daughter, Pree, was dead of pneumonia. He managed to get through the funeral, but then seemed unable to hold himself together. An engagement with a string section at Birdland ended in disaster when he drank too much and tried to fire the band. The manager fired him instead. He went home to Chan, quarreled with her, and tried to kill himself by swallowing iodine. Ambulance workers saved him. He twice had himself committed to Bellevue Hospital for psychiatric help, began riding the subways all night, often seemed frightened, suspicious even of his admirers. "They just came out ... to see the world's most famous junkie," he told a friend.

The man who had hoped to demonstrate that jazz need not be linked to show business had himself become a public spectacle. "No jazzman," wrote Ralph Ellison, "struggled harder to escape the entertainer's role than Charlie Parker. The pathos of his life lies in the ironic reversal through which his struggles to escape what in Armstrong is basically a *make-believe* role of clown—which the irreverent poetry and triumphant sound of his trumpet makes even the squarest of squares aware of—resulted in Parker's becoming something far more 'primitive': a sacrificial figure whose struggles against personal chaos, onstage and off, served as entertainment for a ravenous, sensation-starved, culturally disoriented public which had only the slightest notion of its real significance."

One evening, Parker made his way into a club where Dizzy Gillespie sat listening to a band. Parker was disoriented: "Diz, why don't you save me?" he said over and over again. "Why don't you save me?" "I didn't know what to do," Gillespie remembered. "I didn't know what to say." Parker stumbled back out onto the street.

"I ran into him one night about three in the morning," the writer Nat Hentoff recalled. "I was going downstairs into Birdland. Bird was coming up. We didn't [really] know each other. I'd interviewed him a couple of times on radio. And tears

were streaming down his face. He said, 'I've got to talk to you, I've got to talk to you.' I said, 'Fine, there's an all-night coffee shop on the corner.' 'No, no. I'll call you tomorrow.' Well, he never called. I could have been anybody, I think."

On Saturday, March 5, 1955, Parker was booked into Birdland again, this time as leader of a quintet that included Art Blakey, the trumpet player Kenny Dorham, bassist Charles Mingus, and the troubled pianist Bud Powell. Parker arrived late, then fled the bandstand when he saw that Powell was so drunk he could barely stay on the piano bench. When Parker came back for the second set and

the club about eight o'clock," he recalled, "and Bird was not there. And somebody said, 'Bird's on the telephone.' And I picked up the phone and I dialed the number and a recorded voice said there was a yellow-tipped swallow seen this morning at the Ipswich marshes. It was the Audubon Society. Somebody played a joke on me, you know, to call 'Bird.' ... And I hung up. I laughed. And Bird never showed up. So far as we were concerned, 'what the hell, Bird goofed again.' But it was his last goof."

Parker had packed his bag that evening, intending to leave New York for Boston. But on the way to the train station he dropped by

the Stanhope Hotel on upper Fifth Avenue to see his friend the Baroness Pannonica de Koenigswarter, a member of the Rothschild family and a generous patron of jazz and jazz musicians. Parker was clearly ill when he got there, and soon began vomiting blood.

Alarmed, the baroness called a doctor. The doctor asked Parker if he drank. "Sometimes," Parker answered, "a sherry before dinner." The doctor urged that he be hospitalized. Parker refused. He'd had enough of hospitals. The baroness and her daughter agreed to do what they could for him.

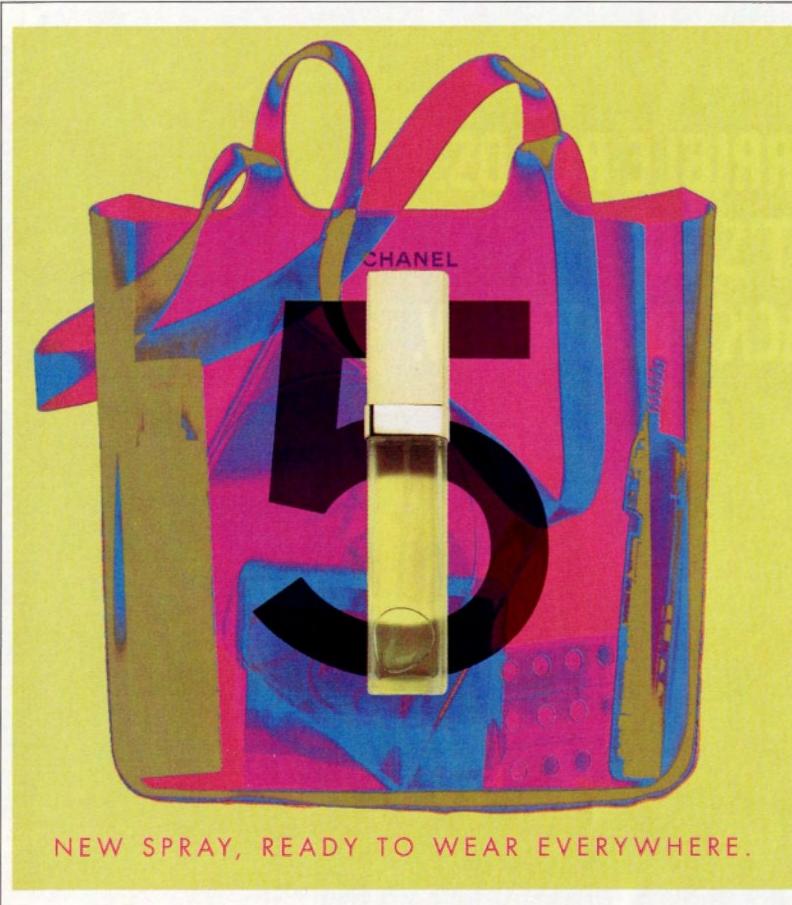
On Saturday evening, March 12, still at the Stanhope, Parker turned on the television to watch *Stage Show*, the

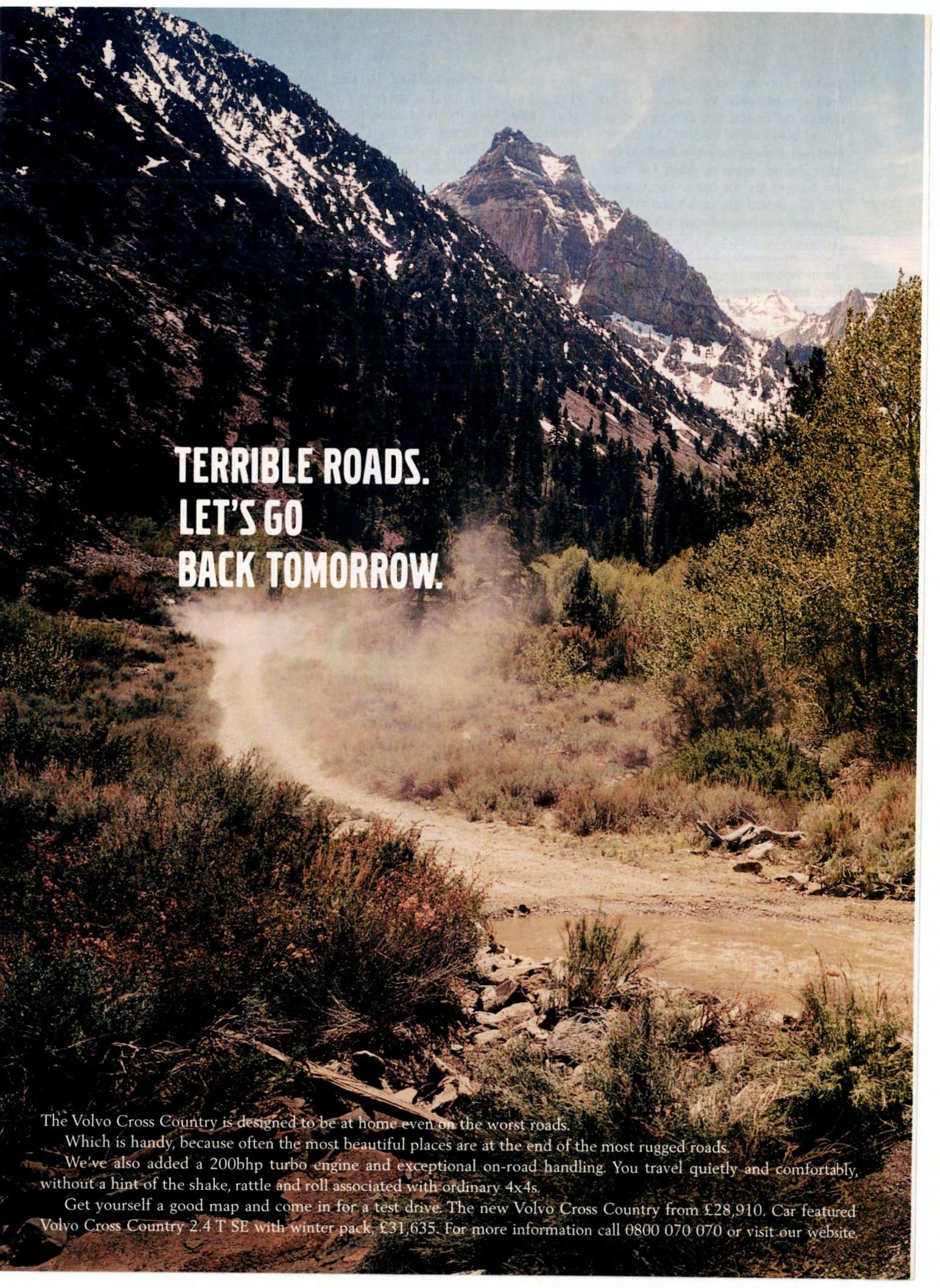
called the first tune, Powell insisted on playing another, then slammed the keyboard shut and walked off while Parker stood at the microphone helplessly calling after him, "Bud Powell," "Bud Powell," over and over again. Finally Mingus pushed him aside. "Ladies and gentlemen," he told the crowd, "please don't associate me with any of this. This is not jazz. These are sick people."

On the evening of March 9, George Wein, the owner of a Boston club called Storyville, was expecting Parker to turn up for an engagement that was to begin the following day. "I came into

Dorsey brothers' weekly variety program. He had always liked the sound of Jimmy Dorsey's saxophone. The first act was a comedy juggler. Parker laughed, choked, then collapsed. By the time the doctor could get there, he was dead. The official cause was pneumonia, complicated by cirrhosis of the liver. But Parker had simply worn himself out.

Although the attending physician estimated Parker had been in his early 60s, he was just 34 when he died. By the time he was buried in Kansas City, admirers had already covered walls in Greenwich Village with the slogan **BIRD LIVES.** □





A wide-angle photograph of a rugged mountain range under a clear blue sky. In the foreground, a dirt road winds its way through a valley, kicking up a large cloud of dust as it curves. The surrounding terrain is a mix of dark, rocky slopes and patches of green vegetation and shrubs. In the background, several majestic peaks rise, their slopes partially covered in snow and ice.

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VICTORY, VICTORIA
Victoria Williams
with one of her three
dogs in Joshua
Tree, California, on
July 26, 2000.

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES

B Victoria Williams

BECAUSE when she was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis in 1992 and had no money or health insurance, a benefit at the Whisky in Los Angeles helped to pay her medical bills, and that was the beginning of Sweet Relief—a nonprofit charity “for musicians helping musicians in crisis.” BECAUSE in 1993, Pearl Jam, Lou Reed, and other musician fans covered her songs on the first Sweet Relief album, and although Williams was to receive all the proceeds, she gave the record royalties to uninsured musicians who she felt needed the money more. BECAUSE she put out a second Sweet Relief CD in 1996—a tribute to wheelchair-bound songwriter Vic Chesnutt. BECAUSE both Sweet Relief CDs

have sold more than 600,000 copies, and hundreds of musicians have since received millions of dollars in assistance. BECAUSE this Shreveport, Louisiana, native has a one-of-a-kind voice that resides somewhere between Neil Young and Minnie Pearl, and on her new album (*Water to Drink*) she continues to mix folk, gospel, and jazz with sophisticated standards. BECAUSE Williams, 40, and her husband, Mark Olson (ex-member of the Jayhawks), live in Joshua Tree, where they record indie albums as the Original Harmony Ridge Creek Dippers. BECAUSE with a whisper she conveys more emotion than a dozen divas belting. BECAUSE she turned bad news into good works.

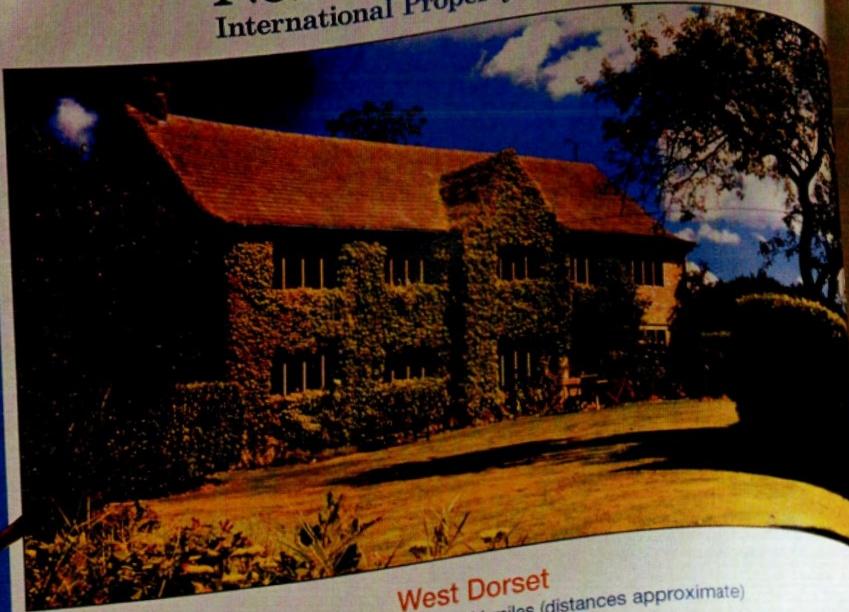
—LISA ROBINSON

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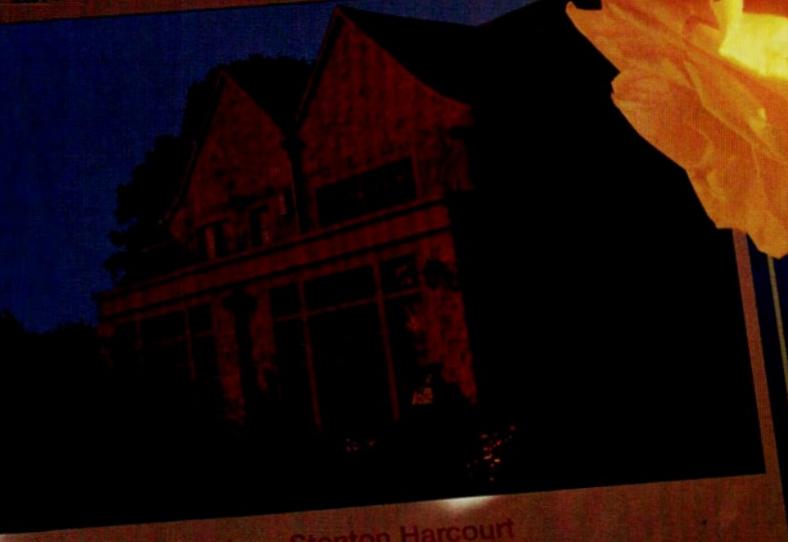


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BIRTH OF AN MTV NATION

Today, with more than 340 million viewers worldwide, MTV is a cultural phenomenon, a force that has changed the worlds of fashion, movies, and music itself.

But in 1981, when a small band of men and women started the first 24-hour music channel, no one was interested—except the kids

BY ROBERT SAM ANSON

THE BRAINCHILD

With record companies, advertisers, and cable operators resisting the idea, the birth of MTV did not come easily, as the channel's early "Motobhead" logo suggests.



The MTV Video Music Awards show at Radio City Music Hall this year was, as it is every year, music at its most outrageous. There was Britney Spears doing a bump-and-grind strip; there was Eminem singing bleep after bleep; there was Jennifer Lopez flashing skin; there were Toni Braxton, 'N Sync, Ricky Martin, Sting, Janet Jackson, Limp Bizkit, LL Cool J, Christina Aguilera, Macy Gray, Steven Tyler, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers acting the royalty that they are. There, amidst the klieg lights and the stretch limos and the red carpets, was the cultural phenomenon that is MTV.

Now watched by more than 340 million viewers in 139 countries (among them, Russia, China, and Vietnam), MTV has been credited with creating icons (Michael Jackson and Madonna leading a long and glittering list), influencing fashion, spawning movies and television shows (*Flashdance*, *Miami Vice*), saving the music industry, even ending the Cold War. Not to mention, accord-

ing to its critics, leading several young generations to perdition.

MTV has shaped so much for so long, it is hard to recall a time when there wasn't a blocky, graffiti-sprayed *M* (the channel's break-all-the-design-rules logo is counted one of the most instantly identifiable on the planet) peering into the living room. But there was. Eons ago, when Ronald Reagan was in the first months of his presidency and Bill Gates had yet to make his first billion and cable television was boasting an unheard-of two dozen choices, there was no such thing as a 24-hour music channel, and many thought that just fine. A handful of those who didn't work at an organization called Warner Amex Satellite Entertainment Company, WASEC for infelicitous short. A joint venture of Steve Ross's Warner Communications Incorporated and James Robinson III's American Express, WASEC was created in 1979 to provide programming



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"I flew to New York and showed John [Lack] my clips. He said, 'God, can you imagine what this could mean? You put it on 24 hours a day and you got a cable channel!'"

—MICHAEL NESMITH

BLASTING OFF

Top: MTV's moon-flag spot was bold—and cheap, since the footage of Neil Armstrong was in the public domain; the Police (Stewart Copeland, Sting, Andy Summers, above) and Boy George, below, wanted their MTV; right, Patti Rogoff's MTV logo, 1981.



for Warner Amex's struggling cable systems. Its president was Jack Schneider, a crusty broadcasting legend who'd recently come to Warner following a long career as chief of the CBS Broadcast Group. Schneider's number two, WASEC executive vice president and chief operating officer, was 33-year-old John Lack, a Manhattan-born, self-identified "major rock 'n' roller," who'd made his bones running CBS's all-news radio station in New York. The final member of the WASEC management triumvirate was marketing and sales chief Bob McGroarty, another CBS Radio alum. Together, Schneider, Lack, and McGroarty oversaw the creation of two media entities (the Movie Channel, the first-ever 24-hour movie service, and Nickelodeon, a fledgling children's channel), had a pair of others in development (tentatively titled the Games Channel and ShopAmerica), and were on the lookout for trailblazing, cheaply produced others. They had yet to find one when, one fine day in the summer of 1979, Jac Holzman, founder of Elektra Records, brought John Lack a clutch of videotapes.

What follows is the story of the cable television network that resulted, its building and formative early years—a time when everything was up for grabs, including MTV's survival. It is told by the men and women who created MTV, their words edited and sequenced to clarify meaning. The titles that follow their names were those they held when the events described were taking place.

JAC HOLZMAN, SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT, WARNER COMMUNICATIONS:

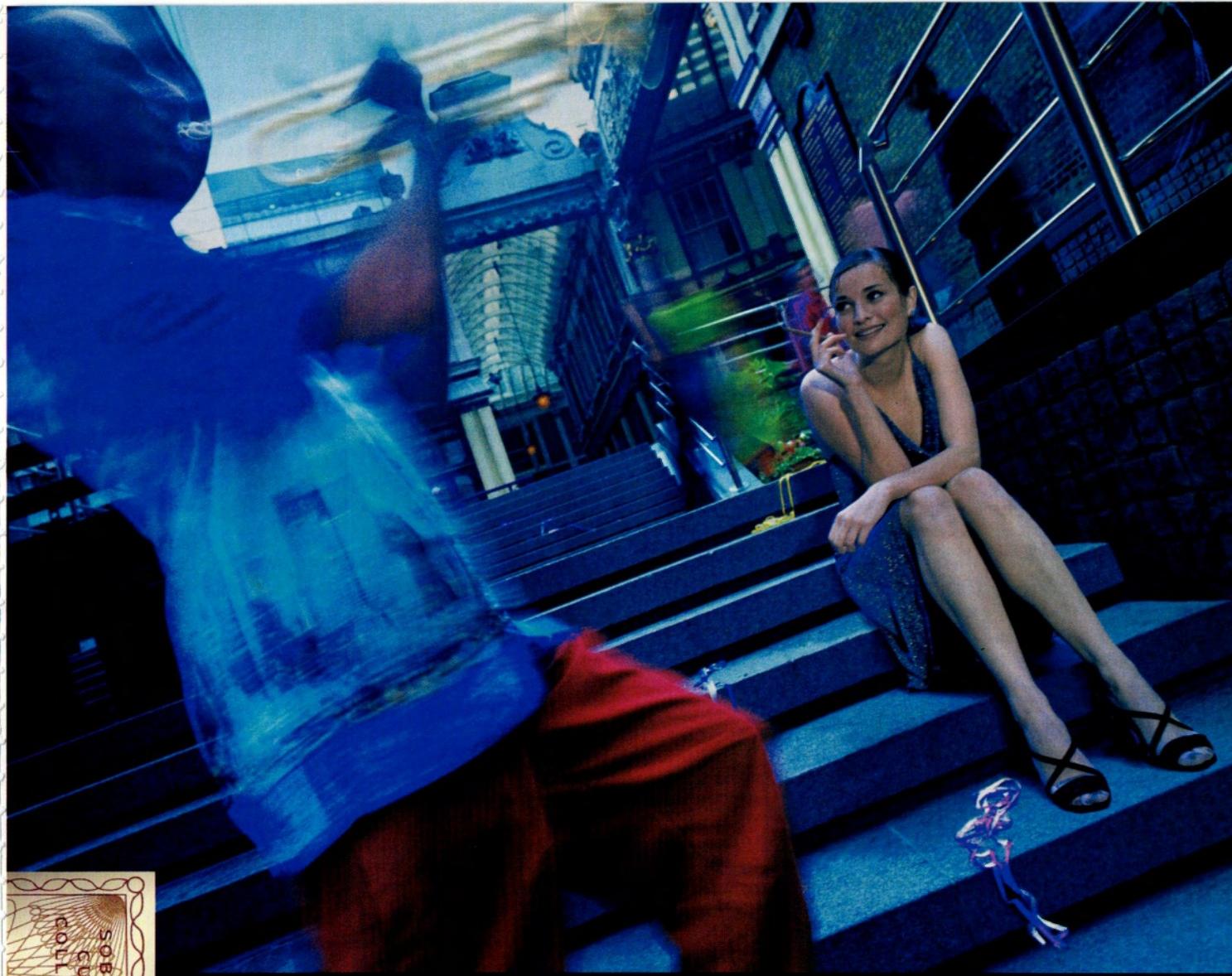
I'd been involved with music videos—"clips," we were calling them then—a long time. When we came out with the first Doors album in 1967, we made a video of them doing "Break On Through." Did it with our own in-house camera, and it cost maybe \$1,000. We sent it around to the afternoon dance shows, and it helped get them a lot of attention. I thought, Gee, this is kind of nice: exposure through another medium. I was thinking also that we could probably get some exposure overseas, because we were having a tough time with our really basic American music in Europe, and videos were very big over there.

Years pass, and I see a video called "Rio" made by Michael Nesmith, formerly of the Monkees, and it was a whole different order of magnitude from anything I'd seen. He understood that music was not just about audio, but had a visual component which would carry further the meaning of the song. At the time, people were listening to music sort of in one ear and out the other. Videos like "Rio," I thought, would ground the experience more solidly. I brought it to the attention of Steve Ross, and Steve told me, "There's an interesting guy over at WASEC. Go over and meet him, and see what you guys can cook up." So I walked into Lack's office with this stuff and tales of my friend Nesmith. I said, "I think there is really something here. I think we are going to see more and more of these videos."

BOB MCGROARTY: Lack called and said, "There's a guy in my office showing me videos. You gotta see this." So I went in and Jac showed us these videos they were using for promotional purposes in Europe. I said, "Jesus, we ought to take these and put them on the backside of Nickelodeon and test them in Columbus." Lack said, "No, let's start a network."



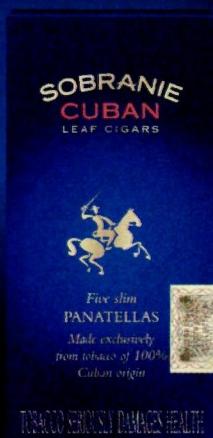
MICHAEL NESMITH: I was living in Carmel and making videos, mostly for Europe. If you get a song on TV stations over there, it's almost assured to be a hit. "Rio" was the first. It wasn't me singing in front of a camera, but a series of disparate images that proceed from the spirit of the song. I made other videos using the same techniques. Then Jac and I talked. He told me to go see John Lack at this Warner Amex joint cable venture. Jac said, "Something tells me he'll get this." I flew to New York and showed



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John my clips. He said, "God, can you imagine what this could mean? You put it on 24 hours a day and you got a cable channel. Will you go make me a bunch of these?" I said, "Sure." I went back to Carmel and put together 10 half-hour shows and sent them off. John said, "This is not what I had in mind at all. You have to have hits on here, and you are sending things like *Towers of Babylon* and *Debby Boone*." I said, "Do me a favor. Just test it and see what you've got." He said, "O.K., I think Nickelodeon has some teenagers watching." They put them on, and according to a woman who was at Nick at the time, Gerry Laybourne, the needle just went off the meter. She said, "This thing is a walkaway hit. Let's do this." I said, "No, because what you're talking about is setting a channel full of commercials for records—and that just doesn't light my fire." John said, "We are going to take this and run with it. You sure you don't want a seat on this bus?" I said, "Yeah, I'm sure. Just pay me for what I've done and I'll go away."

Now the idea of a 24-hour music channel had to be sold to higher-ups: Schneider first, then David Horowitz, a senior Warner executive overseeing the company's music and cable interests.

JOHN LACK: Schneider's first question was "What makes you think they will watch a second time?" I said, "Jack, because when you listen to music, the first time is just to be introduced to the song. The second time, you get to know it. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth time, you think, This is a great song. But it's the 100th time you hear it that gives you all these psychological synapse poppins. Every time you hear it, something else happens. It reminds you of things. If we do our job right, and the videos are movies and little poems, it's going to be even more attractive. You are going to say, 'Oh, I just noticed that for the first time.'"

JACK SCHNEIDER: If you have a disc jockey with a microphone, a transmitter, and 40 records, you've got your radio station. So why don't we put a disc jockey on TV? I knew that many Columbia artists had been making tapes of their work for some time, because in Europe all the radio networks were government-controlled, and all they played was orchestras. If you were Mick Jagger, video was how you broke something.

DAVID HOROWITZ, CO-CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER, WARNER COMMUNICATIONS: Jack said, "They've got this idea for a channel," and since it was all-music, they wanted to discuss it with me. We went from there. They'd present their ideas, and I would ask questions, raise objections. And they'd come back with the answers. We refined and refined. And I got more and more excited as we did.

A crucial member of the project was Bob Pittman, a Mississippi Methodist minister's son and radio-programming wizard, who'd started in the business as a 15-year-old disc jockey. In the decade since, Pittman, who'd originally been hired to program the Movie Channel, had established a reputation for whip-smartness, otherworldly self-assurance, and obsessive attention to consumer desires as he lifted one station after another to the top of its market.

BOB PITTMAN: I had some experience with music videos, through a show I did for NBC in '78 called *Album Tracks*. A lot of other people had been playing around, but no one had hit on a winning formula. The concept I had was to have a clear image, to build an attitude. In other words, to build a brand, a channel that happened to use video clips as a building block, as opposed to being a delivery system for videos. The star wouldn't be the videos, the star would be the channel.

As plans began taking shape, others came aboard, including two figures who would play increasingly key roles in the channel's

direction: Tom Freston, a rock-loving ex-adman, and John Sykes, an Epic Records promoter, who'd been working in the Midwest.



TOM FRESTON, DIRECTOR OF REGIONAL MARKETING:

When I got out of school, I took 18 months off and traveled. Worked as a bartender in the Caribbean and Colorado. Then I went to Benton & Bowles. First account was G.I. Joe. Vietnam was on, and we were trying to reposition him as an "action toy." I kid you not. When they assigned me to a toilet-paper account, I said, "Oh, man," and decided to go around the world. I went to meet a girl in Paris, and went on from there down through the Sahara Desert and just kept going. I ended up in Afghanistan, where I went into the clothing business. I came back to sort of change my life around, and read about this 24-hour music channel in *Billboard*. The idea appealed. First, I was a fan. Second, I'd spent a bunch of years doing something I really loved, and decided that whatever I did after would be something I loved. This was. I probably would have done it for a lot less money than they paid me.

JOHN SYKES, DIRECTOR OF PROMOTIONS: In college, I thought, God, why can't we put these bands on TV and get them out to places in America where they never tour? I M.C.'d and produced shows when bands came to campus. But I could only get them on the closed-circuit university system; the local cable company wouldn't run it. When I got to Epic, I pitched a bunch of gray-haired old men on my idea, and they said, "Come back when you get 20 years' experience in Hartford." But, on my own, I started collecting music videos that were coming out of Europe and Australia. I persuaded my bosses to let me edit them into a one-hour show, so if customers walked into a store, they could see what a new artist like Cheap Trick looked like and maybe buy a record. Then I heard that Warner Amex had a lot of cash and wanted to get into this new business. I call Bob Pittman three times a week for five months, get an interview, and when we finally meet he hires me on the spot. But to work at this rock 'n' roll channel, I have to buy a suit. The theory was: wear suits and ties because you are so young so you'll look respectable and people will think you mean business. It was like IBM had shot off a rock 'n' roll division.

By early December 1980 the group was ready to make its proposal to the WASEC board. Ross was assumed to be a sure sell. The worry was James Robinson III, the conservative, Atlanta-bred C.E.O. of American Express.

JOHN LACK: Schneider led off with the general overall concept. Then I got up and explained the business plan and all that crap—the vision, so to speak. Then Pittman got up and turned on the VCR to play the music, and it worked, thank God. Then McGroarty got up and told them what sales were going to be. At the end of it, Ross turned to Schneider and said, "Jack, would you put your money into this?" And Jack—who was 53 at the time and really didn't think of this shit as his cup of tea—hesitated. I kicked him under the table so hard he almost fell over. And he said, "Yep, yep, yep."

BOB PITTMAN: Jack was the expert on these people, and he was saying, "These Amex guys are going to be afraid of rock 'n' roll music." So the video clips I put on were Olivia Newton-John and the most plain-vanilla stuff I could find. Jim Robinson or Lou Gerstner, who was a member of the Amex board and is now the head of IBM, made a comment, "Do we have to play all that noise?" I was thinking, God, if they heard the stuff we were going to play.

JAMES ROBINSON III: Steve Ross turns to me and says, "What do you think?" I said, "I've got one question. Where in the

world do you get your raw material?" Steve said, "Oh, that's no problem. Every time one of these rock groups creates a new album, they do a video clip and give it away as promotion." I said, "You mean, you have no cost?" He said, "No." I said, "Steve, you've got my \$10 million." We committed in the first two minutes. They had to spend the next 45 convincing their sister company why this was a good idea.



JOHN LACK: Ross hemmed and hawed.

Then he told a story about his daughter. He said, "You know, she said I ought to do it, so I'm going to do it."

Having secured financial backing (which would total \$25 million by the time of launch), the managers of the as-yet-unnamed new channel set out to enlist cable operators to carry the service, which, as an inducement, was being offered free of charge.

ANDY ORGEL, VICE PRESIDENT FOR AFFILIATE SALES AND MARKETING:

One of our first trips was to the Greenbriar, where we'd assembled all the Warner cable-system managers. Our guys. I was armed with really hot music and a great story of how cable operators could make money by appealing to a tremendously valuable segment of the audience. "So," I said, after I finished my pitch, "what do you think?" And there was total silence. Finally, one guy got up and said, "Now, if you sold me a channel of country music that really reflects America, I'd put that on—but I'm not going to put this on." Right then, we knew we had our work cut out for us.

JOHN LACK: The cable operators were pole climbers, guys who were engineers and had a big antenna on the highest hill in town, bringing in distant signals. They didn't know original programming. ESPN was sports nobody else wanted, CNN was news radio on TV, HBO was unedited old movies. When they saw the crazy sex shit from New York and L.A. we were trying to sell, their attitude was "Who needs it? We got good little communities. We're Baptist. We don't need this crap coming in, corrupting our children."

JACK SCHNEIDER: John Malone, the head of the biggest operation, TCI, was a pure thug. I went to sell him MTV, and he said, "I want a piece of it, 10 percent." I said, "I'm not going to give you 10 percent of it." And he said, "Then you're not going to get into my systems."

MARK BOOTH, AFFILIATE-RELATIONS MANAGER: The problem was that at the time there were probably, on average, 25 channels on a cable system, and the cable operator had about 50 options—of which ours was probably No. 48. They were much more comfortable with putting on another sports channel than they were rock 'n' roll. And most of us were kids. It wasn't as if we had any credibility.



JOHN SHAKER, NEW ENGLAND SALES MANAGER:

I was pitching one operator in Connecticut, playing him a tape on a boom box, so he could hear the stereo sound we were going to offer. I said, "What do you think?" He said, "I think nobody will ever buy it." I asked, "Do you have any kids?" He said, "Eighteen and 23." I said, "Would they like this channel?" He said, "They'd love it." I said, "There's the reason why you should put this on your cable system." He said, "Yeah, but I'd hate it."

The reception from the record companies—then mired in a slump—was only slightly warmer.

STAN CORNIN, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT, WARNER BROS.

RECORDS: Pittman showed up in my office and said, "Will you



ON THE AIR

From above: MTV's Buzz Brindle, Judy McGrath, Julian Goldberg, Gale Sparrow, Marcy Brafman, Chip Rachlin, Donna Alda, and John Sykes stand behind Les Garland in his office, 1982; V.J.'s Martha Quinn, Mark Goodman, Alan Hunter, and Nina Blackwood, 1983; early "zebra" logo, 1981; a still image from "Video Killed the Radio Star," which launched MTV at midnight, August 1, 1981.



"The concept I had was to have a clear image, to build an attitude. In other words, to build a brand.... The star wouldn't be the videos, the star would be the channel."

—BOB PITTMAN

make these for us?" Meaning, would we spend our money to do their programming. Trying to be a good corporate scout, I said, "We are going to get into this"—which meant nothing, of course. We did do a little bit, but the people at MTV had a huge sales job. When it comes to interest in new technology, the record business finishes just ahead of the Amish.

BOB SUMMER, PRESIDENT, RCA RECORDS: Lack took me to dinner at the Four Seasons and tried to explain why this was going to be so good for us. When you have a good business, and someone proposes to change your fundamental marketing tactic, you have to think more than twice. But you had the sense that these guys were definitely going to go for it. We signed on and started to produce videos in the range of \$15,000 to \$25,000 a pop. Everyone played a little at first. But no one really dove in.

JOHN LACK: I went out to the first *Billboard* video-music convention, and was on a panel with Michael Nesmith, Sid Sheinberg, the president of MCA-Universal, and the head of Arbitron, one of those research companies. The guy from Arbitron gets up and says, "There is definitely a market for video music." Nesmith gets up and says, "This is going to be the creative stuff for the next generation." I get up and go, "Warner is putting in \$25 million, and we have to get your clips." Then Sheinberg gets up. He says, "This guy Lack is out of his fucking mind, 'cause we ain't giving him our music."

JACK SCHNEIDER: The record companies hated it. They said, "We made this mistake in radio—you ain't gonna catch us making it again. You are going to have to pay for the rights to this video." Walter Yetnikoff, the head of CBS Records, was adamant: We weren't getting anything.



BOB PITTMAN: John Sykes and I used to schlep around with a bunch of poster boards under our arms and lay out this whole presentation. We said, "We're even going to put the name of your company on the video clip at the beginning and at the end, so if the record store doesn't have it in stock, the viewer can say where to order it." We didn't wind up with enough videos, and most were Andrew Gold and even worse. But we said, "You know, if we are successful, they'll make more videos, and if we aren't, who the hell cares? We'll be out of business anyway."

The last hurdle was the advertising community, which the business plan had slated to be the new channel's sole source of revenue. The first big pitch was to be made at a convention at the Hilton Hotel in New York, where new cable channels would be shown to major agencies. Pittman commissioned a video to give the presentation some flash, assigning the job to Fred Seibert, a Columbia-educated Grammy-nominated jazz-record producer, who had come to the Movie Channel after a stint at WHN Radio, and who would be pivotal in giving MTV its hip, anti-TV look. Working with Seibert was his Columbia classmate Alan Goodman, a brand-new Movie Channel hire, who'd been an ad copywriter at CBS Records.

ALAN GOODMAN: The first week I was at work, Pittman walked into the little office I was sharing with Fred and said, "O.K., next week we're announcing the music channel we've been planning, so why don't you two guys make some sort of three-minute thing?" I didn't have a clue how you make a three-minute tape. I only knew that Pittman said we had to have it in a week. So we go into the studio with a bunch of slides and four promo clips we'd gotten from Warner Records. We also had an announcer's track that we had cleverly thought to record in stereo, because MTV was going to be the first stereo television channel. I'd come up with this idea to switch from the left channel to the right channel on each alternating

line—which seemed outrageously devilish. I sat there with all this stuff, and I thought, What does my friend who produces commercials do? That's how we got started. And after a few days, we emerged from the studio with this tape.

FRED SEIBERT: It was one of those dull convention days. Ten people were onstage saying they were launching cable channels, the Nostalgia Channel, this and that, even a channel specifically targeted for "old people."

ANDY SETOS, SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT, ENGINEERING AND OPERATIONS: Everyone was bored to tears. All day long people had been talking about numbers that didn't exist and screening tapes on a crappy little projection system. People were half asleep, or walking out in the halls. Well, we'd brought a little surprise: our own videotape machine, a very large screen, and state-of-the-art speakers.



BOB McGROARTY: I stood at the podium and said, "On August 1, Warner Amex Satellite Entertainment Company introduces music television." With that, Setos hits a button, and Rod Stewart is in everyone's face. There were people, honest to God, dancing. I thought, Holy Christ! This is bigger than I ever imagined.

FRED SEIBERT: You would have thought we'd dropped the Beatles in the middle of the thing. The room was on its feet clapping and cheering. I'm like, Oh, my God, I'm in a rock band again.

The new channel's rock bands would be presented by "V.J.'s." To find them, Robert Morton, later to become David Letterman's executive producer, and Sue Steinberg mounted a bi-coastal search.

SUE STEINBERG, EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: We wanted V.J.'s who would be part of our audience, who wouldn't say, "I'm the host of your show today," but "I'm so-and-so and I will be with you for the next couple hours." The important words were "with you." We wanted you to come on this ride with us.



ALAN HUNTER, V.J.: I was an actor and had been in New York for about a year, and bumped into Pittman and Sykes in Central Park at the "Way Up North in Mississippi Picnic," an annual event for people born, bred, or, like I was, educated in Mississippi. There was a lot of watermelon eating and "Dixie" singing, but Pittman and Sykes were dressed up like they were loaded for business bear. Bob said he was working on some venture for Warner Amex, I said I was a bartender, and that was about it. Three weeks later I get a call from Sue Steinberg, who says, "Bob thinks you should come and audition." I got hired three weeks before we went on the air. At that point, they must have been sweating bullets.

NINA BLACKWOOD, V.J.: I was in L.A. working on video projects as a host. I was always reading *Billboard*, and I saw this ad saying, "24-hour music channel looking for on-air hosts. Must be knowledgeable and love music." I sent off my résumé and my 8-by-10s in a picture book I drew with crayons, because I wanted to make it look purkish. I was dressed head to foot in black the day I did the audition. I was dying because I was so warm—but I had to look cool. Couple of months went by and I didn't hear anything. I called up the number they'd given me, and they said, "Oh, yeah, we want you to fly to New York." I went, and Sue and Robert say, "We want to hire you, but you have to move to New York." Knowing I'm not totally knocked out about that, they take me to lunch at Tavern on the Green, where something gets stuck in my throat. Morton jumps up and gives me the Heimlich maneuver. "Now you have to take this job," he says. "I saved your life."



J. J. JACKSON, V.J.: I was on an L.A. radio station called K-West. They changed formats, and I was gone in a day. So I got an audition, where I was supposed to interview one of the producers, pretending that he was Billy Joel—which made it kind of difficult for me, because I didn't particularly care for Billy Joel. But I knew my shit rock-'n'-roll-wise, and they were very impressed. They said, "You know, of course, that you will have to move to New York." I said, "You see that beautiful black Jensen Interceptor sitting out there? You see those mountains, that blue sky, those big, puffy clouds? All that goes away if I go to Manhattan. But I'll go, 'cause I need the gig."

MARTHA QUINN, V.J.: I was a senior at N.Y.U., just doing my thing, which included doing some television commercials to put myself through college, and being an intern at WNBC Radio, where Bob Pittman had been the program director. I was at the station one afternoon when a guy in the office said, "You should be a V.J." I said, "What's a V.J.?" And he said, "It's just like being on the radio, but it's on television." To which I replied, "What do you do during the records?" He said, "It's videos, fool." I couldn't imagine what he was talking about. But he called Pittman, who said I should come right away. It's 5:30, my hair is stringy, I'm wearing a glitter iron-on T-shirt with COUNTRY MUSIC IS IN MY BLOOD written on it, I've got no makeup on, and I'm wearing tennis shorts, but I go. Two days later, there's a message on my answering machine from Sue, saying, "We've got good news for you."



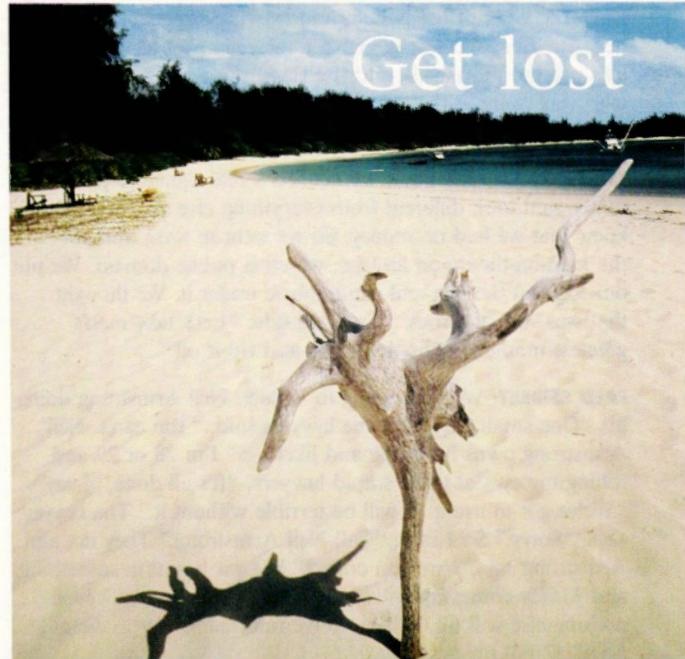
MARK GOODMAN, V.J.: I was working at WPLJ in New York and getting sick of talking to Hair Bands who thought that because they were wealthy they had something to say. I heard about MTV, got an audition, was freaked and nervous, but got hired. In Sue's casting vision, I was the hunk, Nina was the vamp, Martha was the cute girl next door, Alan was the jock, J.J. was the cool black guy. I never felt like a hunk, but I thanked her for placing me in the role.

With the August 1, 1981, launch date fast approaching, the staff scrambled to attend to a thousand details, starting with coming up with a channel name.

STEVE CASEY, DIRECTOR OF MUSIC PROGRAMMING: Bob wanted to call it "TV1," but it turned out the damned Italians had it. Lack talked about "the Music Channel," but that didn't work, either: the initials would be the same as the Movie Channel. We were under pressure to do something, so we were writing out different possibilities. Finally, I came up with "MTV." I didn't like the way it sounded so much as the way it looked. It really seemed cool. No one said "Great," but no one had a better idea, and that ended the meeting.

SUE STEINBERG: *Saturday Night Live* had a set that was sort of a netherworld. That's what I wanted—the viewer to use their imagination to figure out where they were. The look we gave it was somewhere between a SoHo loft—those were really cool spaces in New York; you envied the people who lived there—and a rec room, like the ones where I'd grown up in Pennsylvania. It was a space where you could do whatever you wanted, space where you knew your parents wouldn't go.

FRED SEIBERT: We were sitting around talking about what we wanted to claim at the top of every hour, and I said, "Seems to me that the thing we are most conceited about is that we actually think that we are changing the world. Well, at least the world of television." That got us talking about the most famous things that have ever happened on television. Someone says the Kennedy assassination, but we know we can't use that. Finally, I said, "The moonwalk. I was in Sofia,



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Bulgaria, when it happened, and saw the streets clear out because everyone was going to a television set to watch. So let's use the moonwalk and the flag." And Marcy Brafman, who was running the promotion department, says, "Cool—space is very rock 'n' roll."

TOM FRESTON: We knew we needed a real signature piece that would look different from everything else on TV. We also knew that we had no money. So we went to NASA and got the man-on-the-moon footage, which is public domain. We put our logo on the flag and some music under it. We thought that was sort of a rock 'n' roll attitude: "Let's take man's greatest moment technologically, and rip it off."

FRED SEIBERT: We were going to include Neil Armstrong doing his "One small step," but the lawyers said, "You can't. Neil Armstrong owns his name and likeness." I'm 28 or 29 and rolling my eyes at these stupid lawyers. "It's all done," I say. "We've got to use it. It will be terrible without it." The lawyer says, "Sorry." So I said, "Call Neil Armstrong." They do, and Armstrong says, "Are you crazy?" We got to put in something, and Marcy comes up with "*Beep... beep... beep*," 'cause nothing else will fill the space. We ran that "*Beep... beep...*" 17,000 times a year.

PATTI ROGOFF, MANHATTAN DESIGN: Fred Seibert came to see us one day to talk about this dream of a 24-hour cable TV station. At the time, cable was nothing, but rock 'n' roll was something, so we all got very excited and started scribbling away. I wasn't a design partner; I did the billing and wrote the contracts. But I scribbled, too, on this little piece of tissue that got all crumpled up and put at the bottom of the envelope when we sent over all the ideas. Fred

had said he wanted something comparable to the CBS eye. Something strong and unforgettable that said music and said television. Now, rock 'n' roll was not my thing then. I'm a Detroit girl; jazz and Motown were my thing. But you could not get away from rock in that office, which was one 10-by-10 room in the back of a Tai Chi school on top of Bigelow's Pharmacy on Sixth Avenue. They played rock all day long. If things got tense, they'd crank up the music, which made me even crazier. So, even though I didn't love it, rock 'n' roll was this big, blocky, heavy thing hitting me in the head all of the time. I'm sketching, and I'm vaguely remembering walking down 10th Street in the Village and passing the playground of an elementary school, and looking at a brick wall that the kids had painted with graffiti. And it all came into my mind: a graffiti "TV"—which was the constantly changing television-image thing—on top of a big, three-dimensional M—the force rock was having in my life.

TOM FRESTON: We took the logo over to Ogilvy & Mather, the big-time, Establishment ad agency we were using at the time, and the guy there was appalled. He said, "I've been in this business for 20 years, and you kids don't know anything. The first rule is that you never change anything. You need to have a static image. It needs to be consistent." We said, "Our consistency will be our inconsistency. We'll turn it inside out." And he said, "It looks like you are running a fucking cinder-block company here." When we left, he called Schneider to squeal on us: "These guys are about to take this biz down the tubes. They have the ugliest fucking logo behind the stupidest idea you have ever seen." But Jack, who was about as far removed from popular culture as anyone you could find, trusted our instincts. He let it slide.



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STEVE CASEY: We had about 120 videos total, so I couldn't afford to be real choosy. If you could get through an entire video, and there were no glitches, it was "O.K., we'll play that." One of the videos we were able to get our hands on was "Video Killed the Radio Star," by the Buggles, an English group. It was anything but a hit. You might think that the best way to start a channel would be with a No. 1 song. But I'm kind of a twisted guy, and as soon as I saw it, I knew we had to start with this thing.

The evening of August 1, MTV's staff boarded buses for a trip across the George Washington Bridge to the basement of a sports bar in Fort Lee, New Jersey, the closest place to Manhattan with a signal.

JOHN LACK: I'd gone into the studio earlier that day to record an opening. It was "Ladies and gentlemen, rock 'n' roll." Then the spaceship went up, and then the first song: "Video Killed the Radio Star." It was like a baby was born.



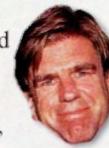
SUE BINFORD, PUBLIC-RELATIONS MANAGER: We all had our new MTV black satin jackets with the logo on the back. People were crammed into this very small room, and there were screens scattered around. Everyone felt it had been a long spring and summer, and nobody had slept getting this thing launched, so we were ready to party, no matter what. Then, at a minute past midnight, it was "Five ... four ... three ... two ... one ...," and we all kind of crossed our fingers and hoped for the best.

BOB PITTMAN: I spent the entire evening on a pay phone talking to Andy Setos, trying to figure out what was going on and straighten it out. All the V.J. segments were out of sequence. They would say, "That was," and it wasn't, and "Coming up

is," and it wasn't coming up. The polarization on the wires was also switched, so if you were listening in stereo, it was fine, but if you were in mono, it was canceling the sound out. There were all sorts of things happening. I was in sheer panic.

ANDY SETOS: At 12:15, Pittman calls the control room and in his best southern drawl says, "Andy, the clips aren't playing in the right order." We were all bedraggled, hadn't had any sleep for days. The building where we were working wasn't even finished. We were using Port-O-Sans, and the air-conditioning was coming in through these big tubes. I said, "Bob, are they playing?" It was bad, and who knows who was even watching. But all the equipment functioned, and, damn it, we were on the air.

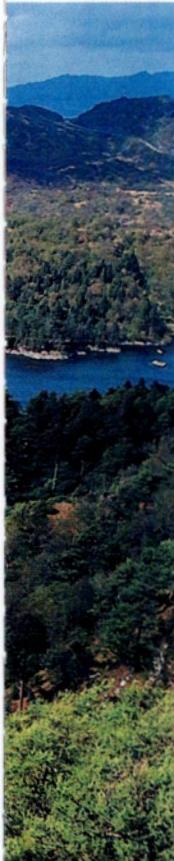
TOM FRESTON: There had been so much focus, so much work, on what that first hour would be like. And I thought, How foolish. Because ain't nobody saw the first hour, really. And then we had a constant stream of 24-hour days after that to fill up. Because, unless we went out of business, we would never go off the air.



The press was largely critical of MTV's debut, and with the channel not airing in the biggest media markets, advertisers, cable operators, and record companies yawned. Desperate for positive feedback, Pittman dispatched Freston and Sykes to four midsize cities with cable systems carrying MTV. The orders were to find upbeat stories—and not to come back until they did. Their first stop was Tulsa, Oklahoma.

TOM FRESTON: John had worn an MTV button on his suit, and when we went into the hotel, it was "Oh, man, MTV! Can I have that?" The bellhop would want it, the waitress would want it. It was the hottest thing in town. I called the people

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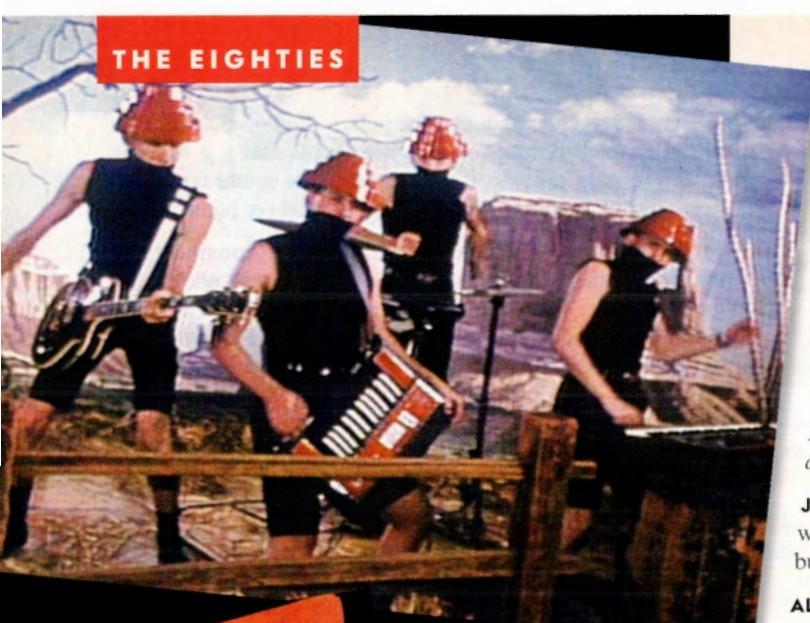
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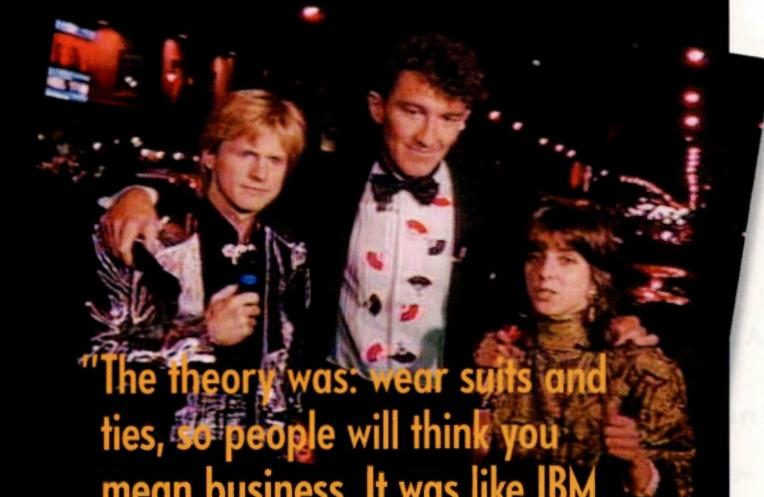
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FROM SICK TO SLICK
Early MTV stars such as Devo (above) were shoved aside by the prettier Duran Duran (bottom) as ratings grew. Left, a 1981 MTV logo; below, Hunter, left, and Quinn with Fee Waybill of the Tubes at Radio City Music Hall for the first MTV awards, 1984.



"The theory was: wear suits and ties, so people will think you mean business. It was like IBM had shot off a rock 'n' roll division."

—JOHN SYKES



back in New York and said, "You will not believe it—this thing is working!"

JOHN SYKES: We finally hit pay dirt when we went into a record store and asked if there was any reaction to the songs we were playing that weren't being played on the local radio stations. The manager said, "Yeah, we sold a box of Buggles albums." We were like, "Yes!" Within two weeks, we had trade ads in *Billboard*, with quotes from all the store managers in Tulsa, claiming that MTV was having this profound impact on record sales.

Back at MTV, the most pressing problem was finding more—and better—videos.

JOHN LACK: The music in the beginning wasn't that good. It was mediocre bands playing, or stupid poetry, or psychedelic bullshit.

ALAN HUNTER: There just wasn't a whole lot of catalogue. I came to work one day and said to the producer, "I have seen these REO Speedwagon videos so many fucking times, I have flat run out of things to say." It was my shortest shift ever.

SUE BINFORD: Pat Benatar's video played so often, every time it came on, the whole room would break into the chorus: "You better run, you better hide . . ." We could all sing it in our sleep. When we had a new video on, everyone would just stop. We'd be so excited seeing something different on the screen.

GALE SPARROW, TALENT COORDINATOR: Rod Stewart had eight videos, and we played one or two of them every hour on the hour. Thank God he had decent videos and his songs were good. We could have destroyed his career.

Gradually, the record companies began to unbend, partly because of the impact MTV was starting to have on sales, partly because their artists left them no choice.

BOB McGROARTY: We'd been asking the record companies to produce videos with no guarantee of success, so we'd been left with groups like Adam Ant that no one else had. But, all of a sudden, people were coming into record stores and saying, "I want Adam Ant's new album."

STAN CORNIN: It was reported back to us that records were selling in certain cities without radio airplay. We asked "Why?" and it turned out that there were music videos playing on MTV. An act like Devo is dancing around in their funny masks and stuff like that—and they take off in a market where nothing else is happening. You got to be an idiot not to say, "Something is happening here, let's pay attention to this."

GALE SPARROW: We weren't in New York or L.A., but when artists were on the road, they'd be in their hotel rooms watching us, and they'd call back to their record companies and say, "Why aren't my videos on this channel?" It got to the point where artists were saying that if they didn't send these videos to be played on MTV, they would leave the record company. As soon as the artists started insisting, that changed it: we began getting videos.

LENNY WARONKER, PRESIDENT, WARNER BROS. RECORDS: The pressure from artists and managers was awful. Everybody wanted to do a video. You had to get on. The kids would hang around late at night to watch.

BILLY IDOL, MUSICIAN: Radio guys would take one look at my picture with the spiky hair and say, "Punk-rocker. Not playing him." Then MTV airs my videos, and kids start calling up radio stations saying, "I want to hear Billy Idol!" It really broke the thing wide open. We'd never touched the charts, and the next minute



we had a Top 10 album. It was amazing. Nobody'd ever noticed me before. Now I'm walking down the street, and people are yelling "Billy!"

BRIAN SETZER, MUSICIAN, THE STRAY CATS: We put out "Stray Cat Strut," radio didn't play it and it flopped. We put it out again, but with a video. Our girlfriends were in it, because we didn't want friggin' fashion models—we wanted cool people: rockabilly chicks. MTV played the hell out of it and it clicked. We were playing Tulsa, place called Old Lady of Brady, and cowboys with skinny ties and stuff were coming to see us, guys with black leather jackets and big pompadours and motorcycle boots. It brought us to the masses, MTV.

As more videos came in, so did new hires, including a self-described "nice, straightforward, middle-class girl" who'd be pivotal in MTV's later years.



JUDY MCGRATH, COPYWRITER: I was at *Mademoiselle* and *Glamour*, writing stuff like "Models' Party Tips," when I got a call from a friend who knew I loved music. "They are starting this thing called MTV, and their promotion department is looking for a writer," she said. "You should meet them." I go over, and the first thing the person who is interviewing me says is "Who is your favorite band?" I tell him, "You're wrong," and proceeds to spend the next hour trashing my choice. Then he says, "You really want to work here? Gee, you're hired." I went into the creative group, where they made the TV equivalent of liner notes. It was filled with all these crazy creative types who probably couldn't find gainful employment anywhere else. The kind of people you know you are going to want to hang out with.

There was a chance for everyone to hang out that December 31, when MTV staged its first New Year's Eve Rock 'n' Roll Ball.

JUDY MCGRATH: We decided we can't do Dick Clark's New Year's Rockin' Eve one more time. There's got to be another choice. We had it in the ballroom of this bad hotel on 44th Street. Sykes was at the door, and John Belushi was in the stairwell, and Bow Wow Wow was onstage. It was the first time I ever saw a mix of *Saturday Night Live* people, music people, movie people, downtown art people, even a few celebs, all finding a common place to hang out.

BRIAN DIAMOND, PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: I saw John Belushi leaning on a support beam and taking a drink. And then he just slid down in slow motion and fell into a pile on the floor. This was three months before he died.

FRED SEIBERT: We've only been on the air since August, so I got the bright idea, Why not invite everyone? All the Warner Amex employees, all the cable operators. Paper the house. It's New York, it's New Year's Eve. They're going to come from Wisconsin? I show up, and it's raining and snowing and 30 degrees, and there are people in tuxedos lined all the way around the block into Times Square. Vice presidents of Warner Amex I can't let in, because the fire marshal is going, "One more person comes in and the thing gets shut down."

ANDY SETOS: That was the craziest New Year's Eve of my life. People were trying to get into this thing, saying, "I am the sister of the guy that shines the shoes of the agent of the band that is up there right now."

SUE BINFORD: People were standing there under umbrellas—dressed-up-for-a-New-Year's-Eve-party-type people who looked like they could be advertisers. I thought, My God, this is a hot ticket, and now they may never give us the time of day again. So we had an army going up and down the line trying to

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identify anyone who could keep us afloat, bringing them food and drink. It became a block party outside.

More fun was to come, courtesy of the new vice president for programming, Les Garland, a much-traveled, southern-Missouri-born radio jock who addressed one and all as "bud."



MARCY BRAFFMAN, DIRECTOR OF ON-AIR PROMOTIONS:

The weekly music meetings were every Tuesday in Les's office. All the department heads would come, and they'd be such fun. They'd put on the new videos, and Les would crank up these huge speakers, and we'd all get to talk about why we thought something should come in, and whether it should be in heavy rotation, which was three or four times a day, or light rotation, which was once or twice a day, or "lunar rotation," which was, like, once a month. It was exciting, because the music was very exciting then, and it hadn't been for a real long time.

ANDY SETOS: Les had theater speakers in his office five feet tall and two feet wide. And he would play them so loud we would get tenants in the building two stories up complaining. I'd say, "Les, you are not going to be able to hear anything anymore after a while." He'd go, "Yeah, but it's cool while it's happening!"

RICK KRIM, BUSINESS MANAGER: I was living outside Philly, working for Price Waterhouse as a first-year accountant, about as far removed from the music business as you could be. One weekend I went to the wedding of my friend from my hometown and bumped into a girl from home, Joan Myers. She tells me she is the assistant to the head of programming at MTV, Les Garland. I said, "Wow! How can I work there?" She says, "Well, it just so happens that my boss, who is not so financially oriented, is looking for someone to, like, run the

company's money." I go for an interview. Les says, "Myers says you're cool. When can you start, bud?" That was it. I was 22.

RONALD E. "BUZZ" BRINDLE, DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

PROGRAMMING: I was in a closed-door meeting in Les's office with Sykes and a couple of other guys, and it happened to be Les's birthday. There's a knock, and Les's secretary ushers in an attractive young woman in a business outfit, who's carrying a boom box and what appears to be some presentation papers. She starts talking about some product she's trying to sell. Les is listening and checking her out. Then she starts playing this cassette of bump-and-grind music, and begins stripping. Next thing you know this rather buxom young woman is prancing around Les's office in her panties. Les's immediate response is to get up and pull his pants down. Meanwhile, we're still trying to conduct the meeting. I'm sitting there trying to make a point, while she is bouncing her breasts on top of my bald pate. I thought, This is the perfect Les Garland meeting.



Things were bopping all over MTV, day and night.

JOHN LACK: You put out a product like Clorox, it doesn't change much in 25 years. You do MTV every day, you better be good and smart and hot and quick—because this generation is changing every 10 minutes. A lot of friends of mine left because they couldn't keep up. But if you were good, it was the best life you could have, because it was rock 'n' roll, it was drugs, it was alcohol, it was good-looking women, it was everything that kids love.

BRIAN DIAMOND: We were having a big staff meeting, after we'd been on the air about a month, and John Lack walks in. He's wearing a three-piece suit and smoking a big cigar and all these

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words start coming out of his mouth. "Things look good, but they have to look great. We have to be different. This can't look like any television anybody has ever seen. If J.J. is in a lousy mood, let him be in a lousy mood. We want to see that. If he wants to pick up a chair and throw it through a window, let him do it." Our jaws were on the ground. We'd never heard anybody talk about television like this before.

LES GARLAND: We had people that slept under their desks. Maybe they passed out. Because we rocked a little bit, too.



TOM FRESTON: You'd be out five or six nights of the week easily. A lot of relationships got burnt, a lot of people got burnt. I lost a marriage, and a lot of other people had drug or drinking issues, or just couldn't take it. It was survival of the fittest.

GALE SPARROW: After work, we'd all go over to the restaurant across the street, where everybody from the owner to the dishwasher were wearing MTV T-shirts and buttons. We'd write our ideas on tablecloths until two in the morning, then go out to a club to see a band. Show would be over at three, and we're back at work at nine, Garland greeting us with Tom Jones singing "It's Not Unusual" at top volume. "O.K., buds," Garland says. "We know we're tired, but we're going to make it through another day."

JOE DAVOLA, ASSOCIATE PRODUCER: Sue Steinberg came in with these stringer reports we were getting across the country. "We need you to edit this thing," she said. "Yeah," I say, like I know what I'm doing. I didn't know anything. I just got a stopwatch, went into an editing room, and figured it out. That's how it was all the time at MTV. Just: "Here,

go off and do it." We had huge testicles. There was no fear. It was us against the world.

BOB PITTMAN: We were a bunch of kids, and when you are a kid, you are just completely sure that you are right. You are maniacal. All of our social life was hanging out with each other. We had some of our best ideas over dinner, drinking and talking and laughing. Someone would say, "Let's buy a house and give it away in a contest." And it would be "Hey, why not?"

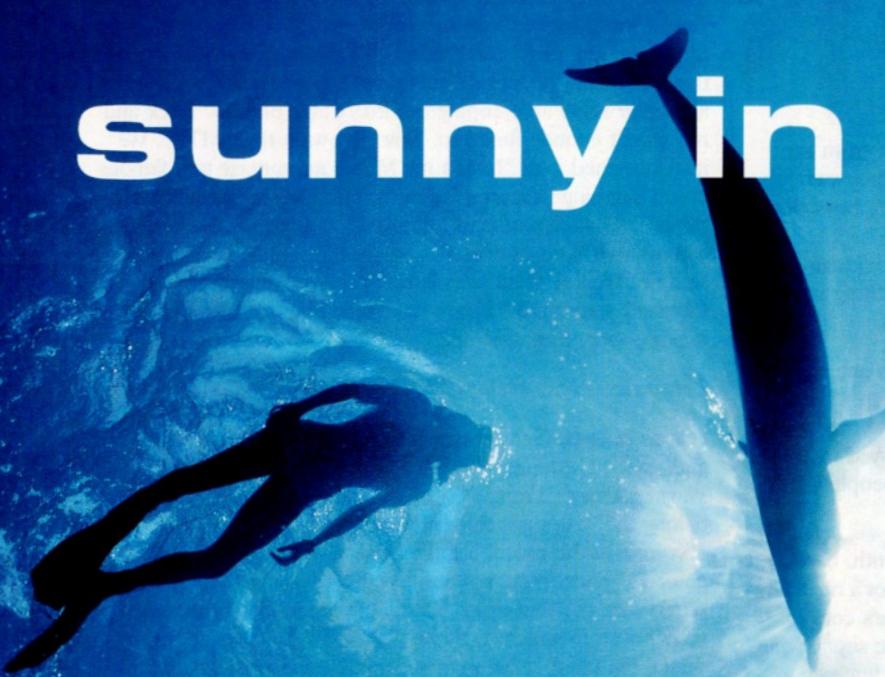
MARK PELLINGTON, PRODUCTION ASSISTANT, PROMOTION

DEPARTMENT: We'd wear bathing suits and flip-flops and blast music, like kids in a playground. "What if I just throw this shit under the color camera and we turn it negative?" we'd say. "Oh, that looks cool." And you would see it on the air. Nobody would be telling you what you were doing was wrong. Nobody was saying, "This isn't linear, this isn't the right way to do graphics." They'd just say, "This is our spirit, great."

BOB FRIEDMAN, DIRECTOR OF MARKETING: We didn't have purple hair in my department, and a couple of us had been to business school, but no one was letting on that they had. MTV was the one place where you'd never admit you'd gone to business school. It was like a collective. We were kids, though, and one day, a very important client was coming, and we were wondering what we could do to seem more mature and grown-up. Someone said, "Let's buy some of those pictures of fake families and leave them on our desks." That's what we did: put pictures of fake families on our desks.

JUDY MCGRATH: I had a friend who went to the Wharton business school who came over sometimes. He'd shake his head

sunny in Eilat



EILAT
ON THE RED SEA

and say, "This cannot be a business. This cannot be working. I mean, look at these people! It's just wrong."

The contests and promotions MTV used to build viewership projected the lunatic spirit.

JOHN SYKES: I'd sit back and say, "All right, what wild, insane, off-the-wall dream can I come up with, put it on TV, have someone actually win it? How about a lost weekend with Van Halen? If you win, we'll pick you and your buddy up in a Learjet and fly you off for 48 hours of pure decadence with the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world." If you are 18 years old, that's a great fantasy.

RICHARD SCHENKMAN, PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: Kid from Pennsylvania wins, and we fly him to Detroit, where Van Halen is performing. The first night, he goes to the show. The band has a big sheet cake onstage, David Lee Roth brings him out, and, as the crowd go apeshit, they dump the cake on him and spray him down completely with bottles of champagne. Show's over, they go backstage. Van Halen is drinking Jack Daniel's and the kid is drinking Jack Daniel's and everyone is getting drunker and drunker. Finally, they throw the kid into the shower to wash him off. A few minutes later, I hear "AAAAAAhhhhhhh . . ." coming from the shower. Turns out, they threw one of their groupies into the shower, too.

The music, the mayhem, and the message were beginning to have an effect.

MARK GOODMAN: I was making a record-store appearance in Wyoming. I thought it would be like *Spinal Tap* and that there'd be four people there. Well, we round this bend and there are, like, 1,500 people. I thought, My God, who's here? Then I realized: I'm here!

MARCY BRAFMAN: I knew we were doing something right when I gave my dad an MTV T-shirt. He'd wear it, and the kids would want to mow his lawn for free.



DOM FIORAVANTI, GENERAL MANAGER: I was living in suburban New Jersey and really getting it from the coaches of the local Pop Warner football team. They were accusing me of wrecking their program, because little boys were coming home from school and watching MTV all afternoon, instead of going out for football. But with my kids and all the kids in the neighborhood, I was something sort of special.

JUDY McGRATH: Tom Freston was in a barbershop one day, and everyone was asking for Rod Stewart haircuts, saying, "I saw it on MTV." When it begins creeping into that part of the culture, you realized this was not just a couple of unemployed rock fans hanging around watching TV all day. Other people were starting to notice.

ALAN HUNTER: I kept my bartending job for a month, because I didn't really know how MTV was going to do. Actor's mentality. One night, I'm making a daiquiri for a guy, and he's cocking his head, staring at me the longest time. Finally, he says, "Man, you look so damn familiar." Then he snapped his fingers. "Man, your voice is familiar, too." I said, "Where are you from?" He says, "Jersey." I say, "You ever watch that MTV show?" He says, "Yes." That's when I began to realize that maybe MTV is going to be a job I can keep.

For all the buzz, MTV was hemorrhaging cash, as advertisers—the sole source of revenue—hung back, spooked by the continued refusal

of most cable operators to carry the channel. Numbers told the story. At launch, MTV publicly claimed 2.5 million cable customers. In fact, MTV executives admit, the total was well below a million.

BEVERLY WEINSTEIN, AD SALES: The first year, we were lucky if we made \$1 million in sales. There was no interest, no ratings, no nothing. The ad biz is very risk-averse, and this was something that was brand-new. People just weren't standing in line to buy it.

JORDAN ROST, VICE PRESIDENT, RESEARCH: The people we needed to sell were not in the demographics, didn't have passion about music, didn't care what was happening in Council Bluffs. Until they saw their own kids going wild, they weren't going to buy.

FRED SEIBERT: I went to a cable convention after we launched, and the talk on the floor was the Weather Channel, not MTV. Because that's how old the operators were. They didn't spend their weekends thinking, Who's on *Top of the Pops*? They spent their weekends going, "Thank God it's nice out."

GEORGE LOIS, AD-AGENCY EXECUTIVE: Everyone considered MTV the stupidest idea in the history of communications. Rock 'n' roll 24 hours a day? Talking to 16-year-old idiots? Sex, drugs, blah, blah, blah? It was a joke.

In early 1982, Pittman instructed Lois's partner Dale Pon to devise an ad campaign that would break the logjam.

DALE PON: They were scared. Everybody I ran into told me: "This has got to work. We're counting on you, Dale. Don't fuck up. In 45 days, new stuff has got to go on the air." So I'm thinking about rock 'n' roll and everything that is related to rock 'n' roll. And the question I put to myself was "What's your favorite rock 'n' roll song of all time?" For me, it was the Rolling Stones' "Satisfaction." That helped me understand the true nature of rock 'n' roll: insatiable desire. We'd done an earlier trade ad campaign called "Cable brats"—"Rock and roll wasn't enough for them. Now they want their MTV." We just shortened it to "I want my MTV," an homage to a famous cereal campaign George did in the 60s. Then a partner of mine, Dick Gershon, had a brilliant idea: "Let's advertise where there is no distribution, where the cable operator has said no. We say, 'Call your cable operator, America! Demand your MTV! Here's the phone number. Make them fucking sorry they said no.'"

Lois presented the pitch to MTV's senior staff.

LES GARLAND: George comes rolling in with his easel and says, "Garland, who does MTV belong to?" Warner Amex. Wrong. "Pittman, who does MTV belong to?" He's got this trick-question thing going with everyone in the room. Finally he says, "MTV is the color-TV phenomenon, you guys. If you are the kid on the block with the first color TV, all the other kids come to your house to watch it. Same with MTV. It's that cool. It's theirs, the kids', it belongs to them. I came up with a campaign for a breakfast cereal called Maypo. We had sports stars like Mickey Mantle and Wilt Chamberlain saying, 'I want my Maypo!' This campaign is going to be a bunch of rock stars saying, 'I want my MTV!' Garland," he goes, "can you get Mick Jagger to say that?" I go, "I think so." He goes, "That's who we got to get first. Mick Jagger is the most important rock star in the world. If we can get him to do it,



the rest of them will be easy." And I go, "I fucking love it."

The others present were more cautious, but came around.



DAVID HOROWITZ: The cable operators were so strong, you were warned not to go behind them to the public. That was a real no-no. They would break you if you did that. But it came to the point where we didn't have a choice.

JOHN LACK: We have this big powwow, and the question is "Do we go around the gatekeeper and go right to the customer?" 'Cause we knew this product was going to be hot with young people—we just had to get to them. But we couldn't get to them without distribution, and, of course, these cable operators held the keys. After much agony, long hours of fighting, we decided to go for it.

BOB PITTMAN: This was a Hail Mary. 'Cause if it didn't work, we were never going to make it.

The trick now was getting Jagger to agree.



LES GARLAND: We find out that Mick is touring in Paris and will see us. So we jump on a plane. It's a gamble: we don't know whether we are going to get Mick to do it or not. But we are in the hotel, ready to meet. Truth be told, I disappeared for a day and a half, and found a couple of women that were just so much fun. If I have the time, I will rock. Anyway, the phone call comes. I go to Mick's room, and went into the rap: We were about to embark upon this campaign, and he being who he is, it was vitally important that he say yes to my request. Which is that he agrees to us shooting him the next day saying, "I want my MTV!" He says, "I don't do commercials." I say, "I prefer to look at it as more of an endorsement for a new phenomenon called music video. We just happen to be the only venue that plays them." He goes, "It's still a commercial." I go, "If you were paid, does that change it?" And he goes, "Well . . ." So I say, "All right, Mick," and I reach into my pocket, pull out a dollar bill, and lay it on the table. And I say, "Will you take it?" He starts laughing and says, "Garland, I'll do it." The next day, we do the shoot and then hightail it back to New York, where Sykes is, dialing in rock stars left and right. Pete Townshend and David Bowie and Pat Benatar and John Cougar—we have a bunch of them in the can. We had the campaign on TV within 14 days.

The impact of the \$2 million ad blitz in March 1982 was instant and overwhelming.

BOB McGROARTY: I got calls from cable operators saying, "Take those spots off the air! We are getting flooded with phone calls and it's screwing up our business!" I said, "Oh, really?" and called Dale Pon and said, "Put more spots on."

JOHN LACK: We bought \$300,000 worth of airtime in Denver, where TCI is, and we blew Denver away: "I want my MTV! I want my MTV!" The phones rang like it was an avalanche. After two weeks, Malone calls and says, "I give."



TOM FRESTON: We'd go in and attack a town and we'd run like three or four weeks of this advertising and the phones would ring off the hook and every cable operator in the market would add the service. And we'd be off to another city. We were rolling across the country and adding a million subs a month. It was fantastic.

LES GARLAND: Before the campaign, we did a study of the target audience and found that the awareness factor—people who

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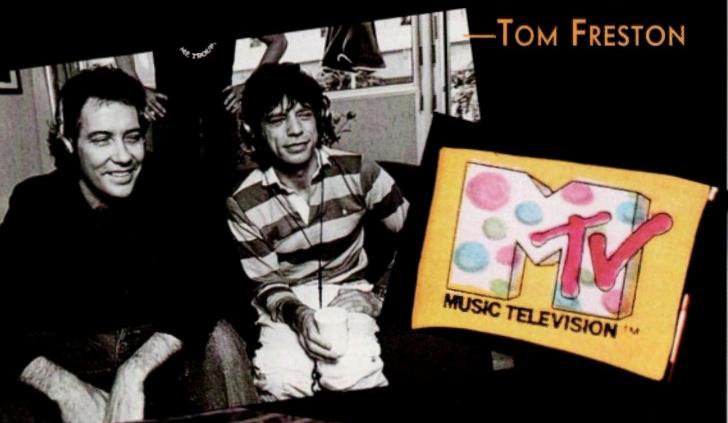


**TASTY TV**

From above: MTV rejuvenated Rod Stewart's career and brought his spiky shag to the masses; sandwich logo; Les Garland helps Mick Jagger do his part for the "I Want My MTV" campaign, 1982; polka-dot logo, 1981; Billy Idol faded when video budgets soared.

"You'd be out five or six nights a week easily. I lost a marriage, and a lot of other people had drug or drinking issues. It was survival of the fittest."

—TOM FRESTON



had seen MTV or heard of it—was just under 20 percent. Four weeks later, we do the same study. The recognition factor now is 89 percent.

The last bastion to fall was Time Inc.-owned Manhattan Cable.

DALE PON: New York was hard. The "I Want My MTV" campaign would run periodically, but the guy who ran the system said, "The phone can ring all it wants. I don't care. The other cable operators are just weak. I'm not going to be bullied or blackmailed. Don't fuck with me. I'm not doing it."

JACK GAULT, PRESIDENT, MANHATTAN CABLE: My 13-year-old son wanted his MTV. What teenage kid didn't? But we clearly were the most important cable TV system in the country. I thought they should pay. They thought that was heresy. So the negotiation was protracted. Finally we got creative and came up with a deal where they would buy some of my unsold ad inventory.

To celebrate the deal, MTV executives hosted a party for cable operators at a tony Manhattan nightspot. To buck up the staff, which had been excluded, Garland came up with a counter.

LES GARLAND: I went to Pittman and said, "I want to do something really cool for the staff. Have a first-birthday party. Not real big." He said, "Gar-man, neat idea, but we just can't do it. Money is too tight. It wouldn't look good corporately." I'm pissed, so I get my department heads and said, "Guys, put together a party and don't tell me anything." One of them says, "Garman, where are we going to get the money?" I'm like, "Please, give me a break. Surely each of you can find a few thousand dollars in your budget and make it look like something else. I mean, we aren't beginners here." I start hearing rumblings in the hallways: This thing is going to be a blowout. I'm still playing dumb, but at some point they come to me and say, "Garland, we are really struggling for a theme." I said, "What's more fun than gambling?" They find some unbelievable location, and the night of the party I show up at 10:30, and the kids are having a ball. Everyone's got a wad of fakemoney—my face is on it, it's Garland money—and there are prizes—TVs and stereo systems and motorcycles and all kinds of shit—and everybody is getting hammered. "Speech, speech," they are saying. I get up on the stage half snuckered and go into my best Bob Pittman imitation. And who do I see in the audience? Bob Pittman. He says to me, "We'll deal with this Monday." All weekend I'm going, I'm outta here. Monday morning, I'm sitting in my office, and Dwight Tierney, who's in charge of human relations, calls. I think, Oh, shit, here we go, they're blowing me out. I say, "You want me to bring my lawyer?" He says, "What are you talking about? All we need to know is where you got the prizes. Other than that, no problem." That's why I love Pittman.

With MTV airing in New York and Los Angeles by the turn of the year, everyone was breathing relieved sighs—and encountering sudden celebrity.

MARTHA QUINN: J.J. and I were walking down 57th Street, and a homeless guy lying in a doorway looks up, and says, "Hey, aren't you Martha Quinn?" We said, "Yeah, how's it going?" We walk away and I say to J.J., "How's that guy have cable?"

JORDAN ROST: When I worked for NBC and wore my logo baseball cap, no one cared. I'd wear an MTV jacket, and I couldn't get three blocks without being asked four times, "You really work for MTV?"

GALE SPARROW: When people like Elton John started calling to say, "Can I be a guest V.J.?" you knew we were making it. Everyone wanted to come on board. People weren't calling about their lower acts—they were calling about their main acts. It was like, "Do you have room for an interview?" I had a staff of eight, and we couldn't even cover the calls. We were getting 250 a day.



NICK RHODES, KEYBOARDIST, DURAN DURAN:

We'd go over to their studio several times a week whenever we were in Manhattan. Andy Warhol was a friend of ours and we took him down there. He loved it. Just sat taking photographs the whole time of absolutely nothing. But Andy was thrilled to see what the MTV experience was all about.

JUDY MCGRATH: We got Motörhead to tape an MTV I.D. At the shoot, Sykes was saying, "I want you to say, 'Hi, I'm Lemmy from Motörhead, and you're watching MTV.'" The camera rolled, and Lemmy said, "This is Motörhead, and if you don't watch MTV, I'm coming to your house and rip up your lawn and tear your poodle's head off." We run this thing, and all of a sudden I am getting calls from Steve Tyler and Tina Turner saying, "Hey, I want to do one of those." And I thought, You do?

MTV's corporate parent, Warner Amex, meanwhile, was posting heavy losses, in part because the Movie Channel was taking a clobbering at the hands of Cinemax, a competing "flanker" brand recently released by HBO. Fed up, American Express persuaded Ross to sell most of the Movie Channel to Viacom, and ousted Warner Amex's C.E.O. The new chief was Ronald Reagan's transportation secretary Drew Lewis, who'd shown his tough-mindedness by firing the nation's striking air-traffic controllers. The first casualty at MTV was Lack, who left in January 1983. McGroarty departed shortly thereafter. Though Schneider remained in his post, MTV's master was now Bob Pittman.

BRIAN DIAMOND: Physically, Bob wasn't around much, but everybody felt his presence. The running joke was that Bob would call and say, "Get the plants off the set." Three days later: "Put the plants back on the set." It was like, "Oh, my God, Big Brother's watching. We can't get away with anything anymore." We all knew who was driving the ship.

TOM FRESTON: Bob made the old suits at Warner and Amex feel comfortable that they were in good hands with a smart guy who was ready to exploit popular culture in a smart way. He had a relentless focus on "What does the consumer really want? If we get into his head, everything else kind of comes together."



GALE SPARROW: Pittman lost his eye when he was a child, and Garland lost his eye when he was at MTV because they sent him the wrong medication, and John Sykes had a sort of an astigmatism, though the rumor was that he would have knocked out both his eyes if he had to. One day, I came down with an eye inflammation. Pittman looked at me and said, "Gale, I always knew you were executive material."

FRED SEIBERT: One night we are at a company retreat out at the end of Long Island, and eight or nine of us end up in a rental car. Everyone is sitting on someone else's lap, including Bob, who's in the backseat behind Dwight Tierney, who's driving. It's dark. There are no streetlights anywhere. Bob reaches up and puts his hands over Dwight's eyes. "Keep driving," he says. We're all thinking, God, we are going to die. Bob goes, "Aw, we did this in Mississippi all the time." The woman who is sitting next to me says, "That's what I like about him. He's fearless."

Pittman would need courage to handle MTV's finances. In two years on the air, the channel had racked up a reported \$33.9 million in losses and was projected to lose \$20 million more in 1983. Lewis had other ideas.



BOB PITTMAN: Drew Lewis took me out to lunch and said, "Bob, either you get the loss down to \$12 million or we're going to shut it down." So we had to start whacking everything to make it happen.

MARK BOOTH: Penetration of cable was modest, ad sales were modest, expenses were high. Warner Amex was saying, "Either you crack the economics or you're gone. We're not the Salvation Army."

DOUG HERZOG, DIRECTOR, MTV NEWS: All of a sudden, every dime was being watched. The whole idea was to see what we can do for nothing.

DAVID HILTON, HEAD OF AFFILIATE SALES AND MARKETING: It went from being "Can we do this?" to "How can we make it profitable?"

To Pittman and Horowitz, it was evident that neither cost-cutting nor ad revenues would be sufficient to lift MTV from the red.

BOB PITTMAN: No one in the cable business had been successful being entirely advertiser-supported. If we were ever going to make any money, we had to get the cable operators to pay.



DAVID HOROWITZ: That's when it hit the fan. The attitude of the cable operators was that we were damned lucky they were letting us onto their systems.

MARK BOOTH: We went back and said, "This isn't going to work out the way it's been working. Here's our new rate card—10 cents per home per month—and we will give you a much better deal now than if you wait." The cable industry saw that if they wanted to have a more robust content community, they needed to re-distribute the wealth. We basically created a strategy that enabled everyone to win.

JOHN REARDON, VICE PRESIDENT, NATIONAL ACCOUNTS:

Mark Booth and I walked out the door of a cable operator in Colorado after doing our first contract. And right there in the parking lot, we jumped up in the air and slapped hands, and said, "Jesus God, we are actually going to get money for this thing!"

While cable operators were having their arms twisted, MTV was coming under increasing fire for its nearly all-white playlist. The most vocal critic was "Slick" Rick James. After MTV passed on his "Super Freak" video, he publicly accused the channel of "taking black people back 400 years," setting off a torrent of charge and countercharge.



JOHN SYKES: Racism was the furthest thing from our minds. We were trying to build a very narrowly focused channel, just like radio. The problem was, we were the only game in town, so the media was expecting us to be like traditional TV and put on all things for all people. From everything we'd learned in radio, that didn't work. No one from the country community was picketing out front, saying, "Why aren't you playing country artists?"

TOM FRESTON: If you look at who was making rock music in those days, it was pretty much white boys with guitars. There were some black artists who got rotation on MTV, but not many, because there weren't a lot of black artists playing rock 'n' roll. When clips came in, the programming guys were a bit overly religious on the issue. The playlist was a lot stricter than it had

to be, because we really didn't have any competition out there.

CHARLES M. YOUNG, WRITER, PROMOTIONS AND SHOWS: I was coming home on the subway wearing my MTV jacket, and this black kid comes up to me, and he was so excited. He wanted to work at MTV; he just loved it. We got off at the same stop, and we talked about MTV all the way to my apartment. I went in feeling so rotten that there was no black music on MTV. I thought, God, this is completely unfair.

CAROLYN BAKER, DIRECTOR OF TALENT ACQUISITIONS: MTV was supposed to be a white-boys' channel, and it was really set in stone. I'm black, and Rick would talk to me about it, Stevie Wonder would, Teddy Pendergrass would, Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson would. But it was not a subject that I ever really talked about at MTV. But it did come up with Bob when he wouldn't let me buy a long James Brown piece. He said, "My audience doesn't think that rock 'n' roll came from James Brown; they believe it came from the Beatles."

J. J. JACKSON: I was sent to cover a birthday party Bill Cosby was throwing for Miles Davis. We sit down and Miles looks me dead straight in the eyes and says, "Tell me, young man, how come MTV doesn't play any black videos?" I said, "Well, at this point, our format is rock 'n' roll, and Jimi Hendrix didn't make any videos. We don't play Elvis Presley, either, and some people consider him the father of rock 'n' roll. Or Dwight Yoakam, or any of those people. Believe me, if I thought they weren't playing black artists because they were black, there's no way in hell I would be their patsy for that." He looked at me for like 20 seconds—man, it felt like a lifetime—and said absolutely nothing. Finally, he went, "Very good, young man."

MARK GOODMAN: People would say, "Pittman's from the South. What do you expect?" But I bought the corporate line, which was MTV is like rock radio. Rock radio would not be playing the Temptations or James Brown. We play rock artists. Then *Let's Dance* came out, and I sat down to interview David Bowie. He had a camera crew with him, and heavy executives were standing around, watching. I said, "Get ready, because I've got all the tough questions lined up for you." David said, "Good, because I want to ask you some punishing questions." I chuckled, not knowing what he had in store. After the interview, he asks me, "Why do you think MTV doesn't play black music?" I said, "We try to play music for a particular type of demographic and genre." He said, "What about all the black kids?" I said, "You got to talk to MTV about that." I got hung out to dry.

Pittman refused to budge. Then, in January 1983, Michael Jackson released a single from his new album, Thriller. "Billie Jean," an up-tempo pop tale of the travails brought on by a trumped-up paternity charge, bulleted onto the Billboard Hot 100. A video soon followed, but despite its quick climb to No. 1 and intensive lobbying from CBS Records, "Billie Jean" received no airplay on MTV. Why it was finally added to the channel's rotation is hotly disputed.

DAVID BENJAMIN, VICE PRESIDENT FOR BUSINESS AFFAIRS, CBS RECORDS: I was sitting in my office, and Susan Blond, who was in charge of videos at Epic, came in, in tears. She says, "We just spent all this money on Michael Jackson's video. It's brilliant, but they won't play it." Immediately, I call Pittman; he's in a meeting. Then I call Garland; he's busy. Then I call Sykes; he picks up. "John," I say, "the fickle finger of fate is pointed at you. I am now invoking the 24-hour kill clause in our contract. By tomorrow at this time I want

every CBS video off MTV." I walk to the other side of the floor to tell Walter Yetnikoff what I've done, and his secretary Bonnie is laughing. "What the fuck did you do? Pittman just called and he's going crazy." Walter waves me in, and he's laughing, too. "David," he says to me, "look who's on the phone. Our good friend Bob Pittman." "No kidding," I say. "Yes," Walter says. "He says that all we had to do was call and ask. Of course they would play the video. No problem." "Gee, I'm sorry, Walter," I say. "That's O.K.," Walter says. "But in future you just call up Bob. He'll do whatever we want."



LES GARLAND: "Billie Jean" came in, and it blew my mind. The whole staff flipped over it. I phoned Pittman, who was in California, and said, "Bob, I'm FedExing the most amazing video to you. Wait till you see it." He calls the next day, and he's like,

"God, this is great." I said, "There is no question here, is there?" He says, "You do what you want to do." I said, "You know what I am going to do." And he says, "Fine." The problem was, we waited three or five days to put it on, 'cause of whatever, and someone misinterpreted it as us holding back. The next thing you know, this whole thing with CBS blows up. We're looking at each other, saying, "Where did this thing come from?"

"Billie Jean" was followed by "Beat It," and both were among the most popular videos in MTV history. Their repeated airing helped propel Thriller to sales of 800,000 per week, and prompted CBS Records to commission the title cut as the third video from the album. Directed by John Landis of Blues Brothers fame, "Thriller" ran an unprecedented 14 minutes and cost an equally unprecedented \$1.1 million—more than 20 times the most expensive video to date. Yet another precedent was shattered when Pittman agreed to pay \$250,000 for first-air rights, the expenditure disguised as a cost of a "making of" documentary. While shooting was in progress, Garland visited the set.



LES GARLAND: I'm invited to Michael's trailer. I'm waiting in the living room when all of the sudden a pair of socks comes flying out from this dark room in the back and lands at my feet. His assistant says, "That means Michael is ready to see you." So I pick up his socks and go back. He's lying down and I sit and we talk for an hour. He said, "Garland, I just want to thank you so much for everything you've done through MTV to support my career." I said, "Stop, man, I am the guy who should be saying 'Thank you' to you for making such great music for such great videos." When "Thriller" came out, we'd play it two or three times a day. We also pre-promoted every time it was going to play, and every time it did, it spiked the ratings. That's when we knew that event programming would work within the confines of what we were doing at MTV.

MTV, which had already made the careers of Culture Club, Cyndi Lauper, and Duran Duran, would fuel other made-for-video megastars, none brighter—or more controversial—than the Material Girl.



JOHN SYKES: The first time I met Madonna was at Café Un Deux Trois on 44th Street. She was very quiet and very controlled and kind of was letting her attitude be known. Which was this kind of street-smart, tough woman who wanted to do business. She had like a Screaming Mimi's kind of retro outfit on, a little veil over her face. She wanted to find out what we were doing and talk to us about her music. But she was very guarded and wasn't going to offer her friendship that easily. Basically, she was setting her

image with us that we were going to have to come to her. She knew exactly how to package herself, exactly how much to give each time, exactly how to make the look as important as the sound. She really represented, along with Michael Jackson, the beginning of a new video generation. A lot of artists that only cared about the look, or only cared about the sound, never made the transition and kind of went by the wayside. But she understood the balance.

GALE SPARROW: She had one video, a disco-like thing, called "Electric" something, and she asked if, as a favor, we'd play it late at night, so she could watch it herself. We weren't sure, because it really wasn't our format. But Garland said, "She's so sexy, let's just play it really late or early in the morning and Pittman will never know." But Pittman did watch, and every now and then he'd call Garland and say, "Bud, what's going on? You guys are getting out of line." But the channel was looking nice, and Pittman let us do it. And, boy, did that favor pay off. Because her next video was—wow!—night-and-day better. We played the hell out of that. "Borderline" was next and Madonna was a star. That's when everything started changing. It wasn't just AOR music. It was a little more pop. The image became as important as the music.

MARCY BRAFMAN: We fought about putting Madonna on. There was this feeling that she was too pop, too dance-music, and we weren't about dance music. When her stuff took hold, it changed something in not a good way. It became more glitz and showbizzy. It was not that free, wildness-of-youth, born-to-raise-hell kind of rock 'n' roll. It was engineered. It was entertainment.



JEFF AYEROFF, CREATIVE DIRECTOR, WARNER

BROS. RECORDS: Madonna was the first act I worked with at Warner, and I was wheeling and dealing with Sykes and Gale Sparrow, saying, "This girl is going to be the biggest star on MTV." They got her right away, but they didn't get her music right away, so they were sort of hesitant. We did a series of videos, and one of them—where she's this street girl who gets picked up by the photographer and she spray-paints his car—started the phenomenon. They realized they had something that brings their audience to them. She was the right person, the right artist, the right product, at the right time. Madonna fed them, and they fed her. They went hand in hand together.

The success of Madonna and Michael Jackson sent video-production costs spiraling, enraging record-company executives and artists alike. The airwaves, meanwhile, were filling up with music-video shows, hoping to ape MTV's exploding popularity. To stanch the competition on the one hand, and placate the record companies on the other, Pittman began offering labels payments for hot videos in return for "windows of exclusivity." Under pressure from increasingly vocal interest groups, as well as image-nervous American Express, MTV also began cracking down harder on video content.

STAN CORNYN: We gave Madonna a video to do, and the cost was going to be \$10,000. Then the producer says, "We want to shoot it in Italy, so it's going to be 25." Madonna is starring for us, so we come up with the 25. Well, the whole thing ends up at \$100,000. At this point, the management of record companies are shitting cornerstone-size bricks.

BOB SUMMER: One video we did for George Michael was something in excess of a low-budget movie. The artists were demanding it, and if you didn't have a video available at the

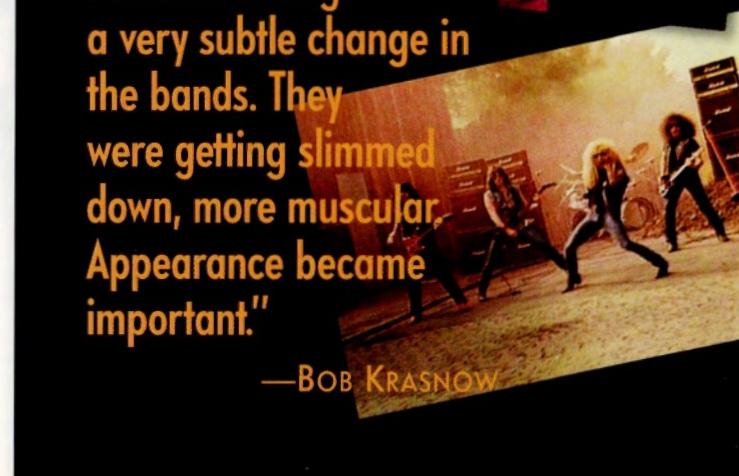


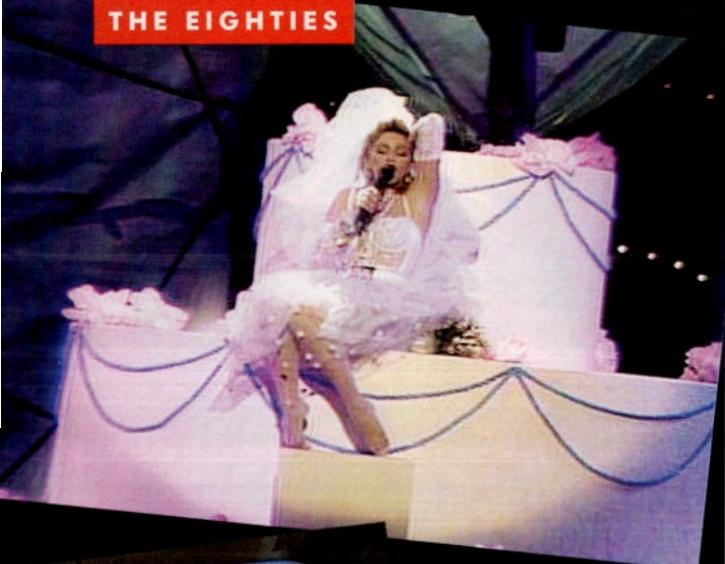
MTV GETS BIG
From top: Les Garland, Bob Pittman, and Doug Herzog in Wyoming, 1985; Madonna in "Like a Virgin"; the graffiti-inspired MTV logo, 1981; Michael Jackson in his \$1.1 million "Thriller" video; Twisted Sister in "You Can't Stop Rock and Roll."



**"I started seeing
a very subtle change in
the bands. They
were getting slimmed
down, more muscular.
Appearance became
important."**

—BOB KRASNOW



**THE BIG LEAP**

From above: Madonna wows 'em at the MTV awards show, 1984; "formal" logo, 1981; Michael Jackson in his format-busting 1983 video "Billie Jean"; Van Halen, fronted by David Lee Roth, goes pop with "Jump" in 1984.

"Miles Davis looks me dead straight in the eyes and says, 'Tell me, young man, how come MTV doesn't play any black videos?'" —J. J. JACKSON



time of launch, you weren't competitive. It's that simple. The all-powerful record companies found themselves in the position of being leveraged by the MTV gang.

BOB KRASNOW, PRESIDENT, ELEKTRA RECORDS:

We were spending \$300,000 on a video more often than not. And I started seeing a very subtle change in the bands. All of the sudden, they were starting to realize that they couldn't go out in this national format with bellies. They needed to take care of their whole appearance. They were getting slimmed down, more muscular. Appearance became important. People were realizing, "Hey, this is a professional business we're in that's grossing millions of dollars." The whole mentality of how we approached our business was changing dramatically.

**BILLY IDOL:**

You saw the big guns move in on MTV. Suddenly, you were competing on a level that was ridiculous. People like Michael Jackson moved everything up. Instead of \$200,000, it was \$2 million. It stopped the homegrown effect—it became video hell.

STAN CORNYN: MTV asking for exclusives was another astonishing, throw-them-out-of-the-office thing to do. The ballsiness of these guys. I sometimes thought that maybe that's why Horowitz and Pittman wore glasses—so they wouldn't get hit too badly.

BOB KRASNOW: It was a small amount of money, but the point was, MTV was actually paying us, which was a lot better than us paying disc jockeys to play our records. This was a total turnabout. You had to grovel to get your records played on most radio stations, and here was this huge new idea—actually cultivating relationships.

TIM NEWMAN, VIDEO DIRECTOR FOR ZZ TOP: It pissed everybody off. The labels had a chance to encourage competition. Instead, they delivered themselves into the hands of MTV, which was a winner. It changed the whole game.

JACK SCHNEIDER: There was one Mick Jagger thing, where you opened a refrigerator and there were decapitated heads. I said, "What? I can't put that on the air." "Well, you must," I was told, "because if you don't, Mick said he's never going to give us anything again." "In a pig's ass," I said. "Mick will give us anything we want, because we sell records."

JO BERGMAN, VIDEO-DEPARTMENT HEAD, WARNER BROS.

RECORDS: Anything that Standards and Practices decided was a little too risqué, had too much flesh, would get kicked back for recut. You had to go frame by frame because somebody thought they saw the shadow of a nipple. There was crying in the editing rooms. Temps were raw.

BILLY IDOL: Pressure groups started to look in on what you were doing, and say, "Oh, you offended women's liberation," or whatever. In the beginning, you could have a lighted cross behind you, and people didn't think you were trying to be the Ku Klux Klan. It wasn't being taken quite so seriously. Now MTV wanted to control more and more what you said. You were getting, "People should do this in videos, they shouldn't do that."

More changes were in the offing, after MTV and Nickelodeon were listed as a publicly traded company, MTV Networks Inc., in the summer of 1984, with Warner Amex retaining a controlling interest. The first alteration was the removal of Jack Schneider, and the naming of David Horowitz as president and C.E.O. A move that caused far more internal consternation was the lopsided award of stock options. Corporate behavior was now the order of the day.

**CHIP RACHLIN, DIRECTOR OF LONG-FORM ACQUISITIONS:**

ACQUISITIONS: Bob got 100,000 shares, vice presidents and above 10,000 shares, and then it dropped for everybody else to 25 shares for every year of service. When you've got people in their 20s and early 30s really into what they are doing, not looking at the clock and giving you everything they've got—I felt that didn't translate.

DOM FIORAVANTI: Going public made you realize that MTV was more than just fun—it was a big-money game. There was intense pressure every day: how we spent and managed our money; issues of ratings and demographics; how we were going to hit certain targets in order to satisfy the financial community. The ad-sales people, of course, were always interested in making money. But the programming people—it was difficult to get them to recognize that a corner had been turned, and that this was now a business, which needed to go in some direction other than just plain fun. That was my mission from Bob Pittman. I was supposed to be the one to provide maturity to the playpen, so to speak. It was almost sad, because it had started off in a very innocent way—all these young kids, and all they wanted to do was create art and participate in this incredible phenomenon. But when the money began to flow, it went 180 degrees in the other direction. This was the rock 'n' roll generation grown up.

MARCY BRAFMAN: People were jockeying for positions and power. It was as if suddenly there was a realization that there was something to protect. The minute that happens, it kills the entrepreneurial edge that drives something. I noticed the change in lots of ways: the number of people who had to approve creative; the chances we were willing to take with the statements we made; the second-guessing on almost everything. They wanted everything to be corporate. It stopped wanting to be new.



ANDY SETOS: Everything started to get out of hand when we made money. Because then everyone realized that whoever holds on the hardest gets a lot. That's when it got dark—when the building was over, more or less, and we were much more into a maintenance mode.

DWIGHT TIERNEY, HEAD OF PERSONNEL, WASEC: I was in a meeting one day with an executive who professed long and loudly—more than any other exec in the company—about the importance of decency to people, how people were the most important thing and blah, blah, blah. And I said to her, "Look, I've got to talk to you about one of your execs. She humiliated a new hire in the hallway, screamed and yelled at her in public. It was absolutely appalling." And this executive said to me, "Yeah, but did you see the numbers she brought in?" I thought to myself, Things are really changing.

GALE SPARROW: My old boss, the nicest guy in the world, learned he'd been fired when he came to work and found that all his belongings had been moved out of his office. My new boss calls me in and says, "Gale, you've been way too kind to these record-company people. We have to play hardball. We want only the biggest acts, and we aren't going to play anymore of this little bullshit stuff." I said, "This 'little bullshit stuff' put us on the map." I think about it for a week, decide I'm not buying it, that it's time to leave. I tell my boss and he says, "You must have PMS." I say, "I'm outta here."

ALAN HUNTER: We'd been loose as a goose for three or four years. There was nothing I couldn't do, no irreverence I

couldn't be involved in. If I wanted to pick my nose on-air, I knew I could. Then one day we found we couldn't be little kids anymore. Bob wanted more respectability for the channel. So we were sent to this communication lady, who'd coached George Bush and Dan Rather and heavy-duty people like that. We'd sit down with her and go through our little tapes. I might have made some offhand remark, like "Check that out." She'd stop the tape and go, "Alan, we need to work on your full-sentence skills." We did this for an hour every week for six months. It drove you crazy.

JO BERGMAN: Periodically MTV would have meetings to pump you up about the new acts you were coming out with. Somehow, I got the wrong invitation—not to the label pump-you-up meeting, but to the advertiser pump-you-up meeting. It had nothing to do with music. The focus was on "You should be buying time with us, because we are going to deliver the demographics, whatever it takes." That was whipping a Band-Aid from the eyes. We felt we were inventing something new. It turned out we were actually making commercials.

But MTV could still put on a great show. That was demonstrated in September 1984, when, in an extravaganza featuring Tina Turner, Huey Lewis and the News, Rod Stewart, and channel queen Madonna, the first annual MTV Video Music Awards were staged at Radio City Music Hall.

LES GARLAND: Up until a week before the show, Madonna didn't know what kind of a set she wanted. But one day she calls and goes, "Garland, I've got it. I want a tiger. I want to lay around and sing 'Like a Virgin' to the tiger." I said, "I don't think we can do that at Radio City. If that tiger went nuts and ate Walter Yetnikoff, I've got a fucking problem." She died laughing, and I said I'd check it out. I did, and I call her back and say they are not going to let us have any tigers at Radio City. So she comes back with a 17-foot cake we only had five days to build for her. It threw us over budget, that frigging cake. At rehearsal, she's climbing up the cake and has on this wedding thing with nothing else on underneath. I'm standing below her and looking up, and going, "Hmmm . . ." She looks down and says, "How does my butt look?" "Looks good from down here," I say.



ANDY SETOS: Midtown Manhattan was MTV for that evening. There were limos up and down Sixth Avenue—it was just un-freaking-believable. It was the ticket in town.

BEVERLY WEINSTEIN: Everybody wanted to go: every advertiser in the world, every client in the world. I was thinking, Whoa, look at this. We are a big deal.



JOHN REARDON: All the cable operators are in their tuxedos, and their wives are dressed to the nines, and they're not believing what they're seeing: Mayor Koch with a gloved hand, acting like Michael Jackson, Bette Midler and Dan Aykroyd in their space suits. My wife and I are sitting in the fourth row, pinching ourselves. Then Madonna comes out in a wedding dress with a jeweled BOY TOY belt and lies down on the stage and is humpin' up and down, singing "Like a Virgin." I'm saying to myself, Oh my God, what are the cable operators thinking? But I didn't lose a single customer. They talked about that night forever.

In the midst of the gaiety, MTV was girding for war. Ted Turner, who'd been railing that MTV's "satanic" videos threatened to transform the nation's teenagers into "Hitler Youth," unveiled plans to launch his own cable music network—this one to be offered free to cable operators. To lead the "Cable Music Channel," Turner selected Scott Sassa, now the West Coast president of NBC, who

had run *Night Tracks*, a weekly music-video show on Turner's TBS.

 **SCOTT SASSA:** Ted calls me into his office, points a finger at me, and says, "How old are you?" I say, "Twenty-five." He says, "You are about to become the youngest person to ever run a network. How does it feel?" Ted never had a problem with sex on TV; it was violence. Twisted Sister, for instance, had a video where they threw some kid's father out the window. We decided we were going to be family video. The announcement was in August. We launched in November.

MTV struck back with a fierce, all-fronts campaign, which included relegating performers who provided videos to Turner to the bottom of the playlist, or barring them from the channel altogether.

TOM FRESTON: We used every trick we could find, because basically he was attempting to put us out of business. If he could destroy our economics by making his service available for free and having people dump us, we were over. Because if you don't have distribution in this business, you don't have a business.

DWIGHT TIERNEY: First of all, he called us "satanic." Then, when he launches on TV, he pushes a button and says, "Take that, MTV!" He unleashed the gods when he did that. Our affiliate sales and marketing guys just went nuts. You're talking about a religious crusade. They worked 16, 20 hours a day, because they were not going to lose.

JOHN SHAKER: Ted Turner to that point had never had a failure. When he set his sights on MTV, we realized we were fighting the programming gorilla. We were told, "This is it. Beat Turner or we're finished." The message was in our blood. We were fighting for our lives.

As the battle heated up, MTV wheeled out the ultimate anti-Turner weapon, with its plan to launch "VH1" (for "video hits"), an adult-oriented clone of Turner's new network. It would also be offered to cable operators without charge.

BOB PITTMAN: Before MTV, I was at the Movie Channel, which was going great guns until suddenly one day HBO announced this thing called "Cinemax." So I learned about flanker brands; they'd almost killed the Movie Channel. We decided to do the same thing. Instead of MTV fighting with the Cable Music Channel, we started another service, called "VH1," to do battle. It was our Cinemax.

KEVIN MATHENY, DIRECTOR OF PROGRAMMING: We picked three musical genres that wouldn't cannibalize MTV: R&B, country, and adult contemporary. We'd have Tony Bennett, followed by Kool & the Gang, followed by Willie Nelson; the Judds, followed by Latoya Jackson, followed by Air Supply. It was very odd, and it didn't work, but the point with VH1 was to monopolize shelf space, rather than create a successful entity.

 **MARCY BRAFMAN:** Around the office, we were saying that an MTV person and a VH1 person have the same Jimi Hendrix poster. The MTV person has it sort of ripped and wrinkled and curled up at the edges, and it's stuck to his wall with thumbtacks of different colors. The VH1 person has it in a frame with glass.

MTV's tactics achieved the desired results: about a month after it went on the air in 1984, Turner folded the Cable Music Channel and unloaded its assets to MTV for a token \$1 million.

DAVID HOROWITZ: We were at the Cable Ace Awards, and I heard a familiar, hoarse voice yelling, "Dave! Dave!" I looked around

and there's Ted. He pulled a white handkerchief out of his breast pocket and got down on his knees and waved it in front of my face. "Dave," he said, "you beat our ass."

KEVIN MATHENY: One of the affiliate-relations guys had black buttons made with white text on them. The copy read something like "696:59:59." We passed them out at the cable show. People would say, "What's the 696:59:59?" It was the number of hours, minutes, and seconds that Ted Turner's Cable Music Channel was on the air.

American Express, however, had tired of MTV.

JAMES ROBINSON III: This was a very different business than what American Express was all about. Because of the programming, we were also getting a lot of flak—and we are supposed to be a financial-services company, with all of the proper imaging that goes with that. So both the board and some of the senior management within Amex were concerned—in some instances beyond the point I thought justified. But I had to agree that this was not core and central, and therefore not a proper allocation of manpower and capital, relative to the other things that the company should be doing.

In June 1985, American Express opened talks to sell its stake in Warner Amex to Warner Communications. Warner, in turn, negotiated to sell MTV to Viacom, purchaser of the Movie Channel. Alarmed at the prospect of being owned by the notoriously tightfisted media conglomerate, Pittman and Horowitz found financing to mount a senior-management-led leveraged buyout from Theodore Forstmann's investment firm, Forstmann Little & Co. As the dickering over terms with Warner got under way, an Irish rocker named Bob Geldof was laying final plans for a gargantuan benefit concert to aid the victims of famine in Ethiopia. The July 13 event was christened "Live Aid." MTV televised the entire proceedings.

JOAN MYERS, LES GARLAND'S SECRETARY: The first interview of the day was Jack Nicholson. Mark Goodman asked him some questions. And all Jack says is "I sure wish I knew how to play guitar."

 **BRIAN DIAMOND:** After Jack, everything was cake. Mark Gastineau of the Jets was there; we talked to him. The Pretenders, Phil Collins—got them. All kinds of characters were running around backstage. I went up to the Beach Boys' manager, explained what we wanted, and he said, "Hang on a sec." He then sits down on a bench and puts his arm around Brian Wilson and says, "O.K., Brian, we are going to do this interview, and we are going to feel good about this interview." I was like, "Wow!"

JOAN MYERS: The only one who wasn't very cool was Madonna. She had tons of people around her saying, "Don't look at her." We were all "Excuse me? I just had coffee with Bob Dylan and this one and that one, and she is saying, 'Don't look at me'?"

TOM FRESTON: It was great validation for us. ABC was there, but they telescoped everything into three hours, and our ratings were in line with theirs. We were viewed as a real, legitimate player in the music and the media business. We were the centerpiece of a force in the culture. "Live Aid" took us up to a whole other level.

SUE BINFORD: That was a moment when you thought, This has gone beyond being a 24-hour music channel that is playing a lot of bands and selling a lot of records. That was a moment when you really appreciated where MTV was taking you.

The self-congratulation was brief. In late August a last-minute snag in the negotiations with Ross allowed Viacom to up the bidding and seize MTV.

JOHN SYKES: We had the press release written up announcing the buyout, and we took one of the Forstmann brothers to the Springsteen concert at the Meadowlands to celebrate. And at the eleventh hour, Viacom came in and offered \$525 million.

We went back to Forstmann Little, and Teddy Forstmann said, "No cable channel is worth over half a billion dollars. We're out."



TOM FRESTON: The new owners came in, and the first thing they say is "We know that a lot of you have stock options and that you expect them to be paid out. We're not sure that legally we have to do that." Those were their first words. So, like, "Not only do you not know us, but we're going to fuck you" was the message. Then it was like, "Whoa, this party is over."

JOHN SYKES: They spoke to us at a management retreat. It kind of felt like I was watching a Republican convention. Basically they said, "You're a bunch of kids. We're going to show you how to run this." It was like having your grandfather telling you, "Do this, don't do that." At that point, we all knew we were gone.

KEVIN METHENY: I guess if there was one big blinding glimpse of the obvious it was that the limo rides around the block were about to be over. It seemed like a good idea to take the check and go.

Many of those who'd created MTV did go, among them Sykes, Brafman, Brindle, Rachlin, and Garland. The original V.J.'s soon departed as well, and bit by increasing bit MTV replaced its all-video programming with a more traditional "show" format, covering aspects of the youth lifestyle beyond music. Ordering the initial changes was Bob Pittman, who replaced David Horowitz as MTV president and C.E.O. in December 1985. But after eight months Pittman resigned to embark on a high-profile career path that eventually led to his current position, president of America OnLine. Tom Freston took over Pittman's duties at MTV, which received a welcome jolt of support when Sumner Redstone took over Viacom in June 1987. Freston continues as C.E.O. of MTV Networks, a multibillion-dollar combine that transmits in 12 languages and includes Nickelodeon, VH1, and Country Music Television (CMT). In 1994, Sykes returned to lead a top-to-bottom renovation of VH1, where he remains as president. Under the leadership of another veteran of the old days, Judy McGrath, the MTV mother ship recently launched "MTV2," whose programming is close to that of the channel that changed the culture, one minute past midnight, August 1, 1981.

JOHN LACK: I said one time, "Guys, you are going to get up on a wave, and this baby is going to roll a long way. Because we are onto something here that this country is going to jump on. So don't fuck this up, we have a big one ahead of us." And they believed it—because if you looked on the screen, it was the most exciting thing you ever saw. It was television that didn't look like television. This was rock 'n' roll. And for my generation, rock 'n' roll was our passion, our poetry, really. I mean, "Desperado" is still as good as anything in any poetry book. Who said, "You better let somebody love you before it's too late"? Wasn't Shakespeare, wasn't Yeats, it was Don Henley. You better let somebody love you before it's too late. That was this generation. □

TOP: HAIR, MAKEUP, AND GROOMING BY ELSA; FOR INFORMATION ON HEAD SHOTS, CENTER AND BOTTOM, SEE CREDITS PAGE



**"That's how it was all the time at MTV.
Just: 'Here, go off and do it.'
We had huge testicles. There was no
fear. It was us against the world."**

—JOE DAVOLA



THE SUITS AND THE TALENT

From top: MTV Networks chairman Tom Freston and MTV president Judy McGrath with 'N Sync at Radio City Music Hall before the Video Music Awards, September 7, 2000; MTV founders (from left) Jack Schneider, Les Garland, John Sykes, John Lack, Bob McGroarty, and Fred Seibert before the awards show; MTV's Carson Daly with a crowd of Eminem on Total Request Live.



Radio head

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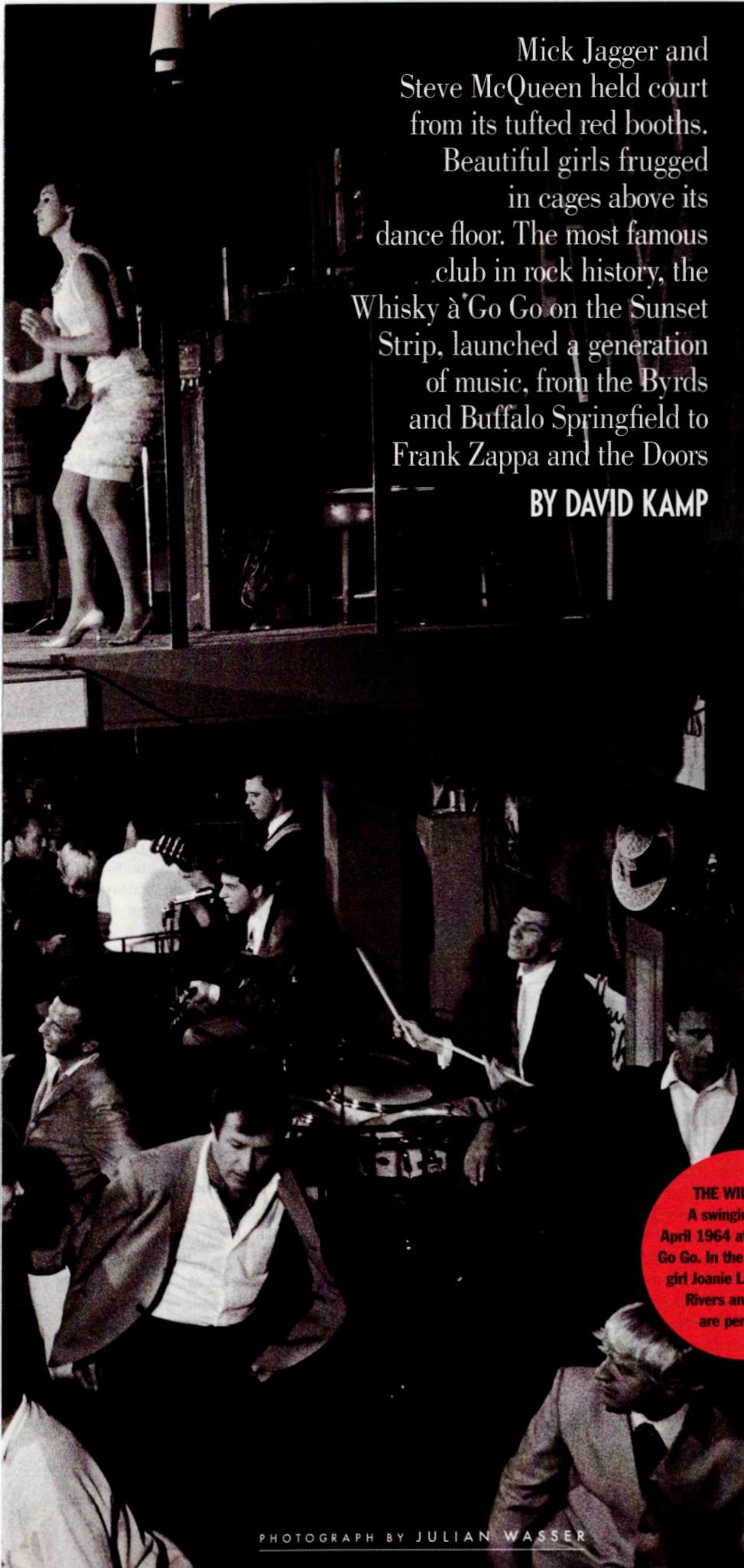
VANITY FAIR PROMOTION

Photography by Toni Torres
Grooming by James Anda for 'Enry Higgins, Hampstead
Shirt and jewellery by Vivienne Westwood'

THE SIXTIES

LIVE AT THE WHISKY





Mick Jagger and Steve McQueen held court from its tufted red booths. Beautiful girls frugged in cages above its dance floor. The most famous club in rock history, the Whisky à Go Go on the Sunset Strip, launched a generation of music, from the Byrds and Buffalo Springfield to Frank Zappa and the Doors

BY DAVID KAMP

THE WILD PARTY
A swinging night in April 1964 at the Whisky à Go Go. In the booth is go-go girl Joanie Labine. Johnny Rivers and his band are performing.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN WASSER

The Sunset Strip is officially a NO CRUISING ZONE, as cautionary white signs remind you every quarter-mile or so. But in the glare of business hours, the scourge of "cruising" isn't much of an issue. The Strip in daytime is mostly worker-mobiles shuttling hurriedly between Beverly Hills and Hollywood, which was actually the original purpose of this 1.7-mile stretch of road: to get movie people swiftly from their homes in the palmy west to the studios in the sunbaked east, and back again. One radical soul, however, defies the cruising ban and rolls westward at lawn-mower speed in his black Lincoln Navigator, pointing at things like a tourist. His name is Elmer Valentine. He is 77 years old and is driving barefoot. "That island," he says, motioning to a blank triangle of land marooned in the intersection of Sunset and Crescent Heights, "was where they had a little club called Pandora's Box. The kids used to spill out into the road so you couldn't move. You couldn't fucking move! Kids 10-deep on the sidewalk, into the road! That's where the riots started. You heard of the riots on Sunset Strip?"

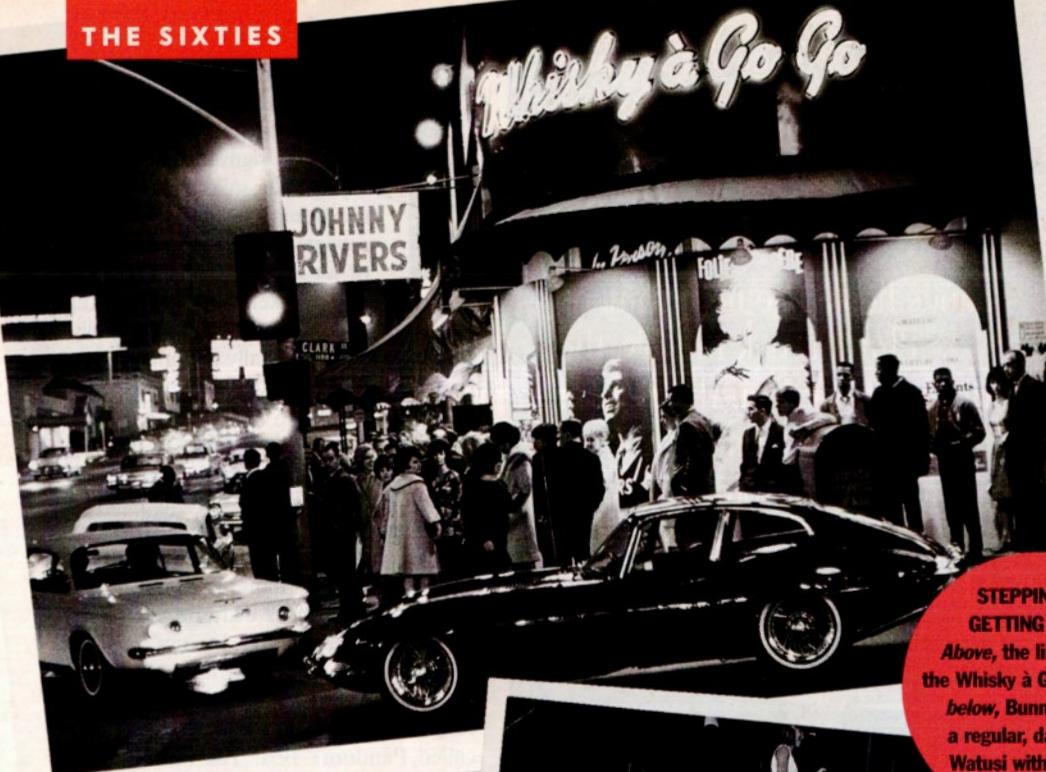
Someone behind us honks—a disapproving noncruiser. "Fuuuck you," says Valentine, though not with the combustive anger of the salty and aged, more the sighing bemusement of an enlightened old-timer who's thinking, Jeez, loosen up, kids; you see more when you take it slow. This is a man who first arrived in Los Angeles via freight car and upturned thumb—he was 14, it was the Great Depression, and after the hobo trains got him as far as San Francisco from his hometown of Chicago, he hitchhiked the rest of the way downstate.

Up on the right comes the Comedy Store, formerly Ciro's, the crown jewel of the Strip's glorious 1940s champagne-in-a-bucket epoch. Valentine explains that Ciro's reconstituted itself as a hip 60s rock club just long enough to launch the Byrds, but, unable to secure a liquor license, morphed

into a short-lived teenybop haven with the risible name It's Boss.

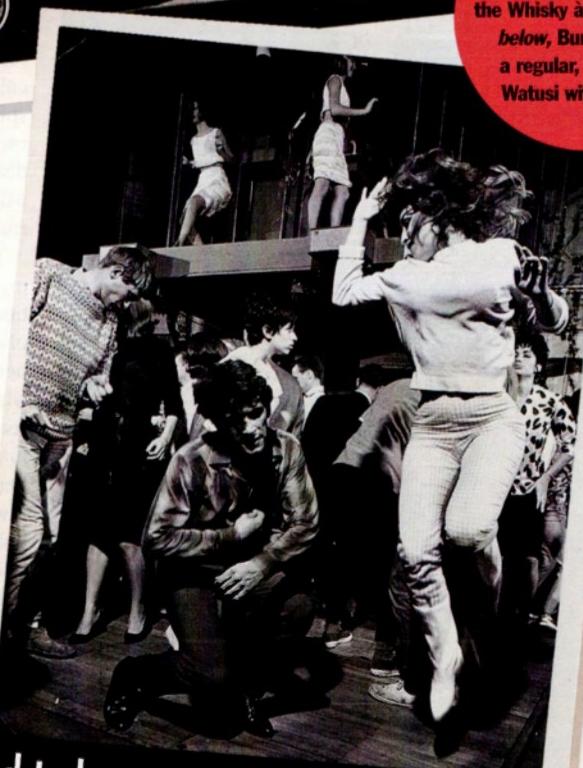
Moving along, Valentine points out an undistinguished building on the plot where Dino's Lodge was, "Dean Martin's place, where Kookie worked in *77 Sunset Strip*." The next site of note is an empty lot across the street from the ersatz mid-

century greasy spoon Mel's Diner, formerly the genuine mid-century greasy spoon Ben Frank's. "That's where I had the Trip," says Valentine. The Trip was a tiny but chic rock club Valentine opened in 1965 in the space vacated by the Crescendo, a jazz club; one of its gimmicks, de-



**STEPPING UP,
GETTING DOWN**

Above, the line outside the Whisky à Go Go, 1964; below, Bunny Colette, a regular, dances the Watusi with a friend.



vised by Valentine's music-mogul buddy Lou Adler, was that the names of the current *Billboard* Top 10 singles were displayed on its façade.

But the highlight of Valentine's tour comes a few blocks later, after we've passed the spot where the Classic Cat topless club used to be (now the Tower Records classical annex) but before we've hit the former sites of Gazzarri's (now the Key Club) and the very first Hamburger Hamlet (now Beverly Sunset Motors). "There it is," says Valentine adoringly, as if proffering a school photo of a granddaughter. Behold, at the northwest corner of Sunset and Clark, the most famous club in the history of rock music, the Whisky à Go Go—

"Once the Whisky started to happen, then Sunset Boulevard started to happen."

its façade currently painted in a queasy alternation of yellow and pastel-purple rectangles. "Aww, I'm proud of it," Valentine says. "It was just so popular, right from the very first night. I tell you, I was just lucky. It was easy. You know what? It was *easy*."

Valentine opened the Whisky à Go Go in January of 1964. Johnny Rivers, later famous for the song "Secret Agent Man," was the headliner. The club was an instant smash, a cultural trendsetter from the outset; we have Valentine to thank for introducing the terms "à go go," "go-go girl," and "go-go cage" into our vernacular, and, more significantly, for helping launch the careers of some of the

best rock 'n' roll bands ever.

"Once the Whisky started to happen, then Sunset Boulevard started to happen," says Lou Adler. "L.A. started to happen, as far as the music business—it blew up." Indeed, the mythologizing of psychedelic San Francisco and Brill Building-era New York often obscures Los Angeles's status as the seat of American pop in the 60s, the city that gave us not only the explicitly California-identified Beach Boys and Jan & Dean, but also the Doors, the Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, the Mamas and the Papas, Frank Zappa, Captain Beefheart, and Sonny & Cher. (To say nothing of the fact that Phil Spector, a man often pre-

sumed to be a New Yorker, was actually an L.A. kid who recorded the bulk of his celebrated Wall of Sound output at Gold Star Studios on Santa Monica Boulevard.) Today, the words "Sunset Strip" may automatically summon a mental montage of sleaze—cocaine, skull tattoos, breast implants, hamburger grease—but 35 years ago there was no place more sunshiny and brimming with possibility. "It was an amazing time,"

says Gail Zappa, who met her future husband, Frank, when she was 21 and working as Valentine's secretary. "In those days [on the

Strip], people with long hair who had cars waved to each other—long hair was a mark, a signifier. Like 'Wow: there's another one! We're actually making progress!' The Strip offered the Aquarian good vibes of Haight-Ashbury with a Hollywood difference: better-looking people and no body stink. As Gene Clark, the handsomest Byrd and the one with the best Beatles-cum-Prince-Valiant haircut, remarked upon his return from a trip to San Francisco in the mid-60s, "Long hair is all right, but they look like *girls* out there. I mean, you don't even know if it's clean, man." Roger McGuinn, Clark's then bandmate, remembers apologizing to his San Franciscan friends

for L.A.'s shortcomings—the smog, the traffic, the lookism—but adds, "I liked L.A. It was an amazing music town then, almost more than it was a movie town."

The Whisky was the hub of this remarkably fertile scene, a place for the aforementioned acts to perform and/or hang out, and for these acts' fans to share in the rapture. Valentine was the scene's unlikely paterfamilias—an ex-cop and jazz aficionado from Chicago who was already past 40. "Back then, we really believed in 'Don't trust anyone over 30,' but Elmer was different," says Cher. "He was the one

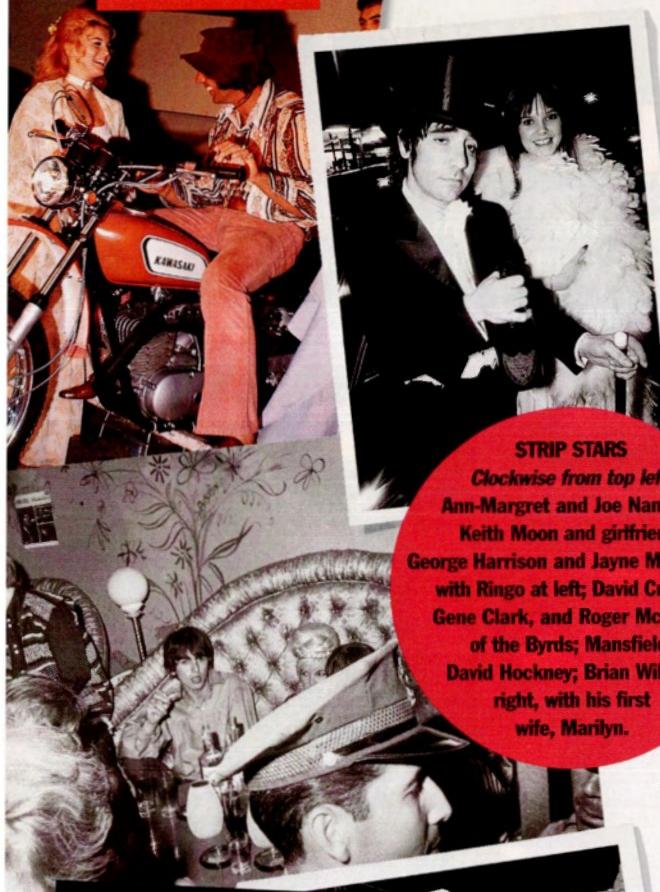
All that glistens

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STRIP STARS

Clockwise from top left:
Ann-Margret and Joe Namath;
Keith Moon and girlfriend;
George Harrison and Jayne Mansfield,
with Ringo at left; David Crosby,
Gene Clark, and Roger McGuinn
of the Byrds; Mansfield;
David Hockney; Brian Wilson,
right, with his first
wife, Marilyn.

older person we trusted.” The kids loved Valentine not only for his peaceable demeanor and soft, jowly mug—Jack Nicholson has described him as looking like “all seven of the dwarves”—but also because he genuinely enjoyed their music and their company. “You didn’t know who owned Ciro’s, you didn’t know who ran Ciro’s,” says Adler. “But Elmer was a face, someone you could connect to, a celebrity in his own right.”

Which makes his obscurity today, in our relentlessly archival *Behind the Music*-slash-E! Hollywood True Story culture, all the more curious. Valentine has retreated so quietly into retirement that few people realize he’s still around. He says he has seen himself referred to in print as “the late Elmer Valen-

broad shoulders, large hands, an air of latent strength; picture Fred Mertz if he grew his hair out and acquired a predilection for cheeba. Up in his bedroom, he shows me, in the most unassuming, nonboastful way, concrete evidence of his charm and continuing vigor: bountiful home snapshots, held fast under plate glass on top of his dresser, of the young lovelies he’s walked out with over the years—women 40, 50 years his junior, including Gia Carangi, the doomed, heroin-addicted 80s model whom Angelina Jolie played in a TV movie, and the knockout Polish model in her 20s he happens to be dating now. “I know I’m pushing 80,” he says. “The wonderful thing is, with all these girls, music is the common bond. With music as the common bond, they look beyond the physical.” Adler, more succinctly, says, “Elmer is a wolf.”

Is this man still alive? Is he ever. What’s more, his recall is better than that of the rock stars who spent the 60s in his club.

Johnny Rivers, the Whisky’s star attraction for the first year of its existence, recalls the state of the Strip before his arrival on it as “pretty dead, really.” The early 1960s were something of an interregnum on Sunset. Old-Hollywood nightspots such as Ciro’s, the El Mocambo, and the

“Everybody was there. I mean, you’d look up, and there was Cary Grant dancing.”

tine,” and several people I interviewed for this story made a point of asking me when he died. Still others, L.A. music scenesters who pride themselves on being in the know, said they’d heard that Valentine “isn’t doing so well,” and is a shut-in befooled by Alzheimer’s. In fact, Valentine is hale and vigorous and contends, “I’m better

than I ever was.” Though he doesn’t get out much socially anymore, he walks several miles a day and bides his time happily at his house up in the Hollywood Hills, smoking herb and listening to jazz CDs in the company of two dogs (a boxer and a pit bull), two tankfuls of tropical fish (“I think of fish as living art”), and two greenhouses full of orchids. His legendary lovability is apparent from the moment he appears in his doorway. He has a snuffly Doc/Sneezy speaking voice to match the face, a jolly cast to his features, and the sturdy build of a benevolent protector: good height,

Trocadero were either dead or dying, having lost their action to the big rooms of burgeoning Vegas, and rock ‘n’ roll hadn’t yet stormed in to the rescue. Small clubs like the Crescendo and the Renaissance did good business with jazzers and Beatniks, but the closest thing there was to a cohesive youth movement in Hollywood was off the Strip, in the folk clubs. At the Ash Grove on Third Street and the Troubadour on Santa Monica Boulevard, young folkies were able to bask in mutual admiration and earn better money than they did in, say, Greenwich Village, where Roger McGuinn had been making “three to ten dollars a night after they passed the basket around.” Among those who met for the first time on this circuit were McGuinn, David Crosby, and Gene Clark, who formed the Jet Set, the precursor to the Byrds.

Valentine, meanwhile, was running a restaurant-nightclub at the corner of Crescent Heights and Santa Monica called P.J.’s. Named in homage to P. J. Clarke’s, the New York pub, it was more a lounge-act kind of place than a folk club, but it gained a measure of national fame thanks to the quasi-folkie Trini Lopez, whose 1963 live album, *Trini Lopez at P.J.’s*, featured a hit cover of Pete Seeger’s “If I Had a Hammer.”



PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER BORSARI (ANN-MARGRET) AND MAX B. MILLER (HARRISON); ALL OTHERS BY JULIAN WASSE

Valentine had moved to Los Angeles from Chicago in 1960. (That first trip to California, in 1937 on the freight trains, was merely a youthful escapade.) "I left Chicago because my wife dumped me, and I was flipped out," he says. He was also having a little career trouble. When I ask him what kind of cop he was—meaning detective, beat cop, or whatever—he cheerfully responds, "Corrupt!" In the grand tradition of Chicago law enforcement, Valentine was on the take from the Mob. "It was a way of life," he says unapologetically. One Chicago old-timer from that milieu remembers Valentine as a "real sharp dresser, a nice-looking fellow," who worked as a so-called Captain's Man, "collecting the filthy lucre on behalf of the captain." But the authorities caught on to him, and he was indicted for extortion. Though he was never convicted, it was in Valentine's best interests to get out of town. Fortunately, he had picked up another vocational skill while on the Chicago force. "I used to moonlight running nightclubs for the outfit," he says. "For gangsters."

So it was that Valentine found himself trying his hand at full-time nightclub management, overseeing operations at P.J.'s, which he co-owned with some fellow ex-Chicagoans. The club did well, and Valentine took instantly to his new line of work, but he wasn't yet convinced that his future lay in L.A. In 1963 he traveled to Europe with the intent of opening a club in one of the cities there and beginning a new life as an expatriate. But while he was in Paris, he happened to visit a discotheque that was called the Whisky à Go Go. "They had these kids, young people, dancing like you wouldn't believe," he says. "So I came back to Los Angeles,

out on him—had unexpectedly turned the place into a word-of-mouth hot spot. Three times a night, Rivers, a slight, wiry, pompadoured kid from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, played an upbeat set of blues, R&B, and rock 'n' roll covers—"Jimmy Reed and Ray Charles, some Bobby Darin stuff, Chuck Berry," he says—accompanied only by a drummer. Unremarkable as this sounds now, no one in circa-1963 L.A. had ever seen anything like it. "Johnny was like the Pied Piper," says Valentine. "People were waiting in line to go in and dance. When I saw that, I said, 'I gotta get this guy.'"

Another person enamored of Rivers was a new acquaintance of Valentine's named Lou Adler. Though he was only in his late 20s, Adler, a young hustler from East L.A.'s working-class Boyle Heights section, had already established himself as a music-industry operator—running the West Coast office of Don Kirshner's Aldon Music publishing company, producing Jan & Dean's hits, starting up Dunhill Productions (which would evolve into the Dunhill Records label), and dating Ann-Margret and *The Donna Reed Show*'s Shelley Fabares. Like Valentine, Adler had stumbled upon the Johnny Rivers phenomenon—in his case, while killing time before a Don Rickles show down the street—and felt the same shock of recognition. "When I first saw Rivers, part of what interested me was the audience that I saw," he says. "Because they were adults dancing to rock 'n' roll—people in sport coats and ties. That showed the audience was getting really broad." It had previously been presumed that rock 'n' roll was strictly for *American Bandstand* teenyboppers,

performing area. Making the most of the situation's public-relations potential, Valentine asked one of his early partners in the Whisky, a P.R. man named Shelly Davis, to run a public contest for the new girl-D.J. position.

But on the very night of the Whisky's opening, January 15, 1964, the contest winner called Valentine in tears, explaining that her disapproving mother wouldn't let her take the job. So Valentine pressed his reluctant cigarette girl, a young woman named Patty Brockhurst, into action. "She had on a slit skirt, and we put her up there," he says. "So she's up there playing the records. She's a young girl, so while she's playing 'em, all of a sudden she starts dancing to 'em! It was a dream. It worked." Thus, out of calamity and serendipity, was born the go-go girl. Valentine acted fast to formalize the position, installing two more cages and hiring two more girl dancers, one of whom, Joanie Labine, designed the official go-go-girl costume of fringed dress and white boots.

Just about the only person who didn't care for the go-go girls was Johnny Rivers. When they danced during his sets, he let Valentine know how peeved he was: "I said, 'When I'm playing, I want people to listen to my music. I don't want any sideshows.'" It was agreed that the girls would contain their enthusiasm while the star artiste played, though Rivers turned out to be the only Whisky act ever to make such a demand. Generally, everyone involved in the Whisky's first year reveled in the exhilaration of instantaneous success. Rivers's built-in following ensured that the Whisky drew sellout crowds.

"James Mason said, 'Oh, my gosh—how those girls jiggle ... while they're dahn-cing!'"

and I wanted to open a discotheque. I wanted that badly. 'Cause I saw what was happening—the frenzy and the people and the lines." Valentine had made \$55,000 by selling his share in P.J.'s. He re-invested \$20,000 of this money in the refurbishment of a failing club whose lease he'd taken over, a place at the corner of Sunset and Clark called the Party, in an old Bank of America building. The club's new name was nicked straight from Paris: the Whisky à Go Go.

Now he needed an act. One night, he happened to see Johnny Rivers performing at Gazzarri's, a tiny, nondescript Italian restaurant on La Cienega. Rivers, a 21-year-old guitar phenom hired out of expediency by Bill Gazzarri—whose previous booking, a jazz trio, had bailed

and was therefore unsuitable for nightclubs, where the real money was in the liquor tabs. But now, all of a sudden, a white guy playing Chuck Berry's "Memphis" and "Maybellene" on an electric guitar was a viable grown-up attraction—for young grown-ups, anyway.

Adler advised Valentine to sign Rivers to a one-year contract as the Whisky's marquee act. Rivers agreed, the deal being that he'd play three sets a night, with a drummer and a bassist. Between sets, the audience would dance to records spun by a D.J.—but not just any D.J.: a girl D.J., suspended high above the audience in a glass-walled cage. This faintly ridiculous idea was Valentine's pragmatic response to the room's space limitations: the Whisky was not a big club, and the only way he could fit the D.J. booth was to mount it on a metal support beam that ran alongside the

from the night it opened. The novelty of rock 'n' roll on the Strip, plus the added novelty of the girls, attracted national media attention and Hollywood stars. Within months of the Whisky's debut, *Life* magazine had written it up, Jack Paar had broadcast an episode of his post-*Tonight* weekly program from the club, and Steve McQueen and Jayne Mansfield had installed themselves as regulars, Watusi-ing away on the dance floor almost every night while flashbulbs popped. "Everybody was there," says Rivers. "I mean, you'd look up, and there was Cary Grant dancing."

When the Beatles arrived in Los Angeles that year on their first American tour, they let it be known that the Whisky was the place they wanted to see. Valentine took it upon himself to personally chauffeur John Lennon and Paul McCartney to the club—and brought Jayne Mansfield

along for the ride as a bonus. "John was putting Jayne on," says Valentine. "'Jayne, those aren't really your tits, are they?' 'Yes they are!' 'No, no, I can tell . . .' He got her to show them to him." In a not dissimilar episode involving a randy Englishman, James Mason joined Valentine in a booth one night and stared in wonderment at the go-go girls. "I remember this exactly," says Valentine. "He said [clipped English diction], 'Oh, my gosh—how those girls jiggle so much with their *titties* while they're *dahn-cing*.'"

Shrewd businessman that he was, Adler wasted little time in seizing the opportunity to record a live album at the club. *Johnny Rivers at the Whisky à Go Go* was released in May of '64, its back cover laden with celebrity testimonials: "JOHNNY CARSON: 'At 12:00 o'clock I kissed my wife, I thought it was New Year's Eve! Johnny Rivers is the Pied Piper of The Watusi Set.' SAM COOKE: 'Nothing is more exciting than talent on the rise, and Johnny is going all the way.' YOGI BEAR: 'Johnny is my Bobo.' GEORGE HAMILTON: 'Johnny Rivers' beat is magic. You can't help but dance.' JAN: 'Johnny turns Sunset Boulevard into an adult Dick Clark Show.' DEAN: 'Right!'"

"I think I wrote all of those myself," says Adler now, smiling sheepishly. "But some of 'em actually were there." A similar degree of jiggery-pokery was involved in the actual recording. Though the album sleeve says, "Recorded Live—Very Live—At the Whisky à Go Go," Adler admits, "it was all enhanced. I took the basic tracks into the studio . . . and had about maybe 75 to 100 people there," the visitors functioning as his "audience," offering fake-spontaneous commentary on John-

ing in the presence of some very large gentlemen. "He said, 'These guys want me to sign these papers,'" says Adler, meaning documents turning over a percentage of Rivers's earnings. "I said, 'You're not gonna sign any papers.' And the guy said to me something like 'How would you like me to rip off your arms and choke you to death with 'em?'" Adler managed to stall long enough to get Valentine involved, but Valentine had to travel all the way back to Chicago to get his friends to call off the goons for good.

An implicit part of the respect accorded Valentine and his partners by the under-30 crowd was the widespread perception that the Whisky was a Mafia-run club. Even now, the Byrds' Chris Hillman shudders as he says, "Whoever financed Elmer, I don't want to know." Frank Zappa was more explicit in his memoir *The Real Frank Zappa Book*, dryly asserting that the Trip and the Whisky were "owned by the same 'ethnic organization.'" This perception was only encouraged by the fact that Valentine was half-Italian—"My father was a Wop and a greenhorn named Valenti"—and the fact that his most prominent early partner was an L.A. gambler and cardplayer named Phil Tanzini, who, says Valentine, was "involved in the gin-rummy scandal at the Friars Club—he was the eye in the sky, looking at players' hands through a hole in the ceiling." ("Tanzini was a nightmare—sleazeball-desperate," says Gail Zappa, a victim of his roving hands in her secretarial days.)

With his customary blithe candor, Valentine cheerily explains that, while he was not necessarily of the Chicago Mafia, he was certainly friendly with its members. He

ing out at least 14 murders for Sam Giancana and other Chicago bosses. "Milwaukee Phil would chin himself on the go-go cage as it was being built," Valentine remembers. His friendship with Alderisio came in especially handy when Bill Gazzarri decided to voice his displeasure that Valentine had poached Rivers from his place. Gazzarri, calling in connections of his own, sicced another famous Chicago gangster on Valentine, Charles Carmen Inglesia, better known as Chuckie English, who was Giancana's top lieutenant in the early 60s (and who met his end when he was shot between the eyes on February 14, 1985—the 56th anniversary of the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre). One day, Chuckie English paid Valentine an unexpected visit and announced, "Johnny Rivers back to Gazzarri's or you're a dead motherfucker." "So I got Milwaukee Phil to come in from Chicago, and it was straightened out," Valentine says. (Gazzarri didn't exactly suffer anyway—he relocated his club to the Strip, where it persisted well into the 1990s as a heavy-metal showcase.)

Few people outside of Valentine's inner circle were cognizant of these behind-the-scenes shenanigans, though. For most of America, the Whisky was one of the bossest things going in 1964. It quickly spawned imitators, complete with hit-spewing Rivers-alikes and hastily hired go-go girls frugging in hastily erected cages; even the Whisky itself spawned two short-lived satellite franchises, in San Francisco and Atlanta. Patty Brockhurst's unthinking little shimmies of joy were reverberating throughout popular culture: from the Strip to the soundstages of *Shindig* and *Hullabaloo* to prom halls to the White

Love's Arthur Lee recalls the Sunset scene as "a psychedelic movie in technicolor."

ny's show and breaking out into sing-alongs. In any event, the album is a convincing approximation of the ramalama ambience of the early Whisky—an aural picture of hips shaking in shiny suits and kneecaps straining through tight shifts—and it did terrific business, charting at No. 12 and yielding a No. 2 hit in "Memphis." Just two months later, a follow-up album, *Here We à Go Go Again*, yielded a No. 12 hit in "Maybellene."

But the runaway success of Rivers and the Whisky was not without its consequences. When Valentine's mobster associates in Chicago caught wind of their old buddy's gangbusters business, they swooped in, looking for a piece of Rivers's action. One night, Adler recalls, he was summoned to Rivers's dressing room. There, he found the terrified guitarist quak-

even had some gangsterish tendencies of his own in the old days. There's an extraordinary photograph on his bedroom wall that captures him in his 20s, sitting in a restaurant booth flanked by two ugly mugs straight out of *Little Caesar*. "That's right after we held up a gambling joint," Valentine says. Given that he was a cop, I take this to mean they'd all just staged a vice raid. No, he says, that's him with two of his gangster friends: "We held 'em up! We said we'd fuckin' shoot 'em if they didn't hand over the money!" Did Elmer ever actually fuckin' shoot anyone? "That's personal," he says.

One "very close friend" of Valentine's in his Chicago days was Felix Alderisio, also known as Milwaukee Phil, who was arguably the most feared hit man in the country in the 1950s and 60s, carry-

House, where First Teen Luci Baines Johnson was shakin' her ample thang Whisky-style before the year was out.

If there were dissenting voices, people who found it all a bit corny, no one in the mainstream paid them any mind. But certainly the voices were there—the voices of the folkies, loons, and freaks looming on the horizon. People like Frank Zappa, who reflected in his memoir, "During this period in American Musical History, anything with 'Go-Go' pasted on the end of it was really hot. All you were required to do, if you were a musician desiring steady work, was to grind your way through five sets per night of loud rhythm tracks, while girls in fringed costumes did the twist, as if that particular body movement summed up the aesthetic of the serious beer drinker."

And over in L.A.'s Westwood section, two U.C.L.A. Film School students with

intellectual pretensions, Jim Morrison and Ray Manzarek, were duly unimpressed with the goings-on a few miles off to the east. "The Whisky was for Hollywood swingers," says Manzarek. "When you were at U.C.L.A., it was the antithesis of everything artistic that you could imagine. Everyone derided it. It was slick and Hollywood and Sunset Strip—a rock 'n' roll version of the Rat Pack.... And then we wind up being the house band there. How ironic life is."

Ed Ruscha, the L.A.-based artist, recalls "an abruptness, a cultural jump," transforming the Strip in 1965 and '66. Ruscha lived in Hollywood throughout the



GO-GO GUYS
At the Whisky à Go Go in 1964, from left, Elmer Valentine, Johnny Rivers, and club partner Phil Tanzini. In the foreground is Ted Flier, another partner.

"Whoever financed Elmer, I don't want to know," says the Byrds' Chris Hillman.

1960s and made a habit of photographing the various establishments on the Strip in a cold, reportorial deadpan—as the truth-in-advertising title of his 1966 photo book, *Every Building on the Sunset Strip*, suggests. "I liked the plastic glamour of the place," he says of the Strip in its early-60s incarnation. "But suddenly there was this changeover to the hippie thing. What I remember most is that you could stand anywhere on the Sunset Strip and see cars going down very slowly, always with someone in the backseat tapping on a tambourine—going tap, tap, tap."

While Rivers had been tearing up the Whisky, the folkies in the Jet Set—McGuinn, Clark, and Crosby, now augmented by bassist Chris Hillman and drummer Michael Clarke—had become enamored of the Beatles. They hit upon the idea of electrifying their sound, achieving a folk-rock synthesis that no one had yet essayed, and grew their hair out into mushroom-cap dos even more luxuriant than the Beatles'. Changing their name to the Byrds and securing a residency at the down-at-its-heels Ciro's, they honed their sound and built up a following. When the very first Byrds single, their famously jangly version of Bob Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man," went to No. 1 in May of 1965, it ratified the notion of the Strip as a progressive music scene, and the notion of folk-rock hippiedom as a way of life. "From '64 into '65, the focus

shifted from Johnny Rivers east to Ciro's—on us," says Hillman. "And when 'Tambourine Man' became a hit, everything suddenly went from Jay Sebring hairdos—he smooths his hair back tightly on the sides to simulate a neat, sticky quiff—to a more bohemian atmosphere."

"The Byrds were the catalyst—they brought all the kids to the Strip," says Terry Melcher, the band's producer, who was then something of a boy wonder: an A-list producer, a Columbia Records executive, and the son of Doris Day. "They took the Dylan songs, we electrified 'em and rock 'n' rolled 'em, and kids came from everywhere. It just happened. One day you couldn't drive anymore. It was, like, overnight—you couldn't drive on the Strip."

The Strip became a magnet for all sorts of budding hippies, runaway teens, and oddballs without portfolio—Hollywood freaks on the Hollywood scene, to borrow a phrase from an L.A. music star of much later vintage, Beck. The greatest freak of them all was Vito Paulekas, a bearded, longhaired, middle-aged sculptor with a fondness for flowing robes, sartorial dancing, and comely young girls. "Vito was an art instructor. When I was in high school, we'd go to his art studio because he had naked models," says Melch-

er, a 1960 graduate of Beverly Hills High. "I'd just pop in and say, 'Hi, I'm thinking of taking some art lessons.'" Now it was Vito's turn to sponge off of the scene. Melcher was part of, sashaying from Ciro's to the Whisky to the other Strip clubs now showcasing rock acts—the Galaxy, the Action, the Sea Witch, Pandora's Box, and Valentine's new joint, the Trip—with several whacked-out acolytes in tow, all swaying exotically to the ragas in their heads. "Vito would come in every night with an entourage—mostly four or five really great-looking girls," says Adler. "It's a weird parallel, but it was like a non-violent Manson situation, a little cult."

Among Vito's male disciples was Kim Fowley, a six-foot-five, whippet-thin Strip scenester who'd produced the Hollywood Argyles' 1960 novelty hit "Alley-Oop," and who was the son of actor Douglas Fowley, Doc Holliday on TV's *Wyatt Earp*. "Vito had people from 17 to 70 following him," says Fowley. "I was particularly notorious for my interpretive dancing—I did kicks, jumps, martial-arts moves, the Watusi."

"I remember Kim dancing at the Whisky with a very short girlfriend," says Ed Ruscha. "He was so tall, and he'd hold a five-dollar bill in his teeth. She would try to grab the money, and he would shift so she couldn't catch it. Kim made a whole dance out of that. I was impressed."

Another sometime member of the Vito contingent was Pamela Des Barres, a cute Valley teenager who'd discovered with her high-school friends that meeting pop stars was as easy as getting a ride over the hills, knocking on the dressing-room doors of the Whisky or Ciro's, and batting one's eyelashes. "We would wear almost nothing—little bits of lace and stuff—and just be wild girls," says Des Barres, who would go on to chronicle her groupie adventures in her 1988 memoir, *I'm with the Band*. "It doesn't necessarily mean we had a lot of sex. For instance, I would see Jim Morrison

sometimes, and we would just make out." John Densmore, the Doors' drummer, says his favorite Vito dancer was Rory Flynn, "Errol Flynn's daughter. Real tall and"—wolf whistle—"a looker. I'd be playing and getting off on Rory Flynn in her sheer negligee, dancing. And then I'd notice guys in suits trying to be cool and acting like they didn't see."

As in the Johnny Rivers days, the dinner-jacketed denizens of old Hollywood emerged from their Beverly Hills and Bel Air homes to see what all the fuss was about. The cabaret singer Bobby Short, in an E! documentary on the Sunset Strip that aired last year, recalled, "A sort of social thing had developed in Beverly Hills. After dinner, you put your friends in your car, took them for a ride down the Sunset Strip. That was the floor show." "It was slumming for the Hollywood of the

them Love, Buffalo Springfield, and the Doors—is a testament to the wealth of great young talent milling around Los Angeles in the mid-1960s.

And why shouldn't this have been the case? If the summer of 1965 proved anything to aspiring pop stars, it was that L.A. was the place to make it. The Byrds were already huge. Next up were Sonny and Cher, who had labored anonymously through the early 60s under Phil Spector's wing—Sonny Bono as a minion, Cherilyn Sarkisian as a backup singer—before hitting it big in '65 with "I Got You, Babe." (Cher insists that she and Bono were a huge influence on the sartorial revolution taking place on the Strip. "The bobcat vests—we absolutely started it," she says. "There was a guy on La Cienega, a boot-maker, and we saw the bobcat vest hanging outside his store on display, blow-

tion to Adler—and by May 1966 the Mamas and the Papas' first album, *If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears*, was No. 1 in the country, with two Top 5 singles, "California Dreamin'" and "Monday, Monday," to its credit. Buffalo Springfield's ascent was hatched under similarly informal circumstances. Stephen Stills, Neil Young, and company hadn't even spent much time together as a band when Hillman caught on to them and asked Valentine to give them a tryout. "I remember Chris coming up to me, saying, 'Listen, I got a band, I think they're gonna be really big stars, would you put 'em in?'" Valentine says. "And it was the Buffalo Springfield! It just fell into my lap."

Less remembered now but equally important then was the band Love. "We started playing the Whisky five nights a week, and we had crowds lined up around the block to get in," writes

Sitting in a booth, Manson looked at Maglieri and said, "I can have you killed."

40s and 50s," says Fowley. "Ed Begley Sr. would come in with a pack. Paul Lynde would come in with a pack. I'd be dancing and I'd bump into Ed Begley, and he'd smile and say, 'Oh, you're just great.'"

With all things hippie and freaky taking hold on the Strip, Valentine, with the plugged-in Adler serving as his informal musical adviser, began booking more outré acts after Rivers's residency ended—starting with the Young Rascals, followed by Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention, who even played luncheon dates (wearing derbies for some reason). "Ciro's was the catalyst, but Ciro's couldn't maintain the energy," says Hillman. "So the energy went back to the Whisky and the Trip, because Elmer knew what he was doing." The go-go dancers stayed, but their undulations became stranger. Roger McGuinn's homemade 16-mm. psychedelic films were used as background projections during shows. ("I filmed lava lamps and sloshing oil and stuff," he says.) Valentine turned a blind eye to the dealers selling acid in the parking lot behind the club, while the Whisky's new manager, an old Chicago acquaintance of Valentine's named Mario Maglieri, kindheartedly looked after the mongrel kids who now littered the club's doorstep, offering them friendly (if unheeded) anti-drug lectures and free bowls of soup. The Whisky reassured its dominance. Not only did Valentine get prestigious U.K. acts like the Who, the Animals, the Kinks, and Them, he also instituted a policy of showcasing local bands in support slots and on the off nights when big-name acts weren't available. The roster of bands who played in the Whisky's "house band" slot—among

ing around in the wind. I wanted it, but it didn't fit me, so Sonny wore it.") On the heels of Sonny and Cher came Barry McGuire, a New Christy Minstrel turned Dunhill Records solo artist, who went to No. 1 in late summer with his Lou Adler-produced debut single, "Eve of Destruction." Two people paying particular attention to these rapid-fire developments were John and Michelle Phillips, a husband-and-wife folksinging team living in near destitution in New York City. "We were astonished that the Byrds got a record deal, let alone a hit," says Michelle Phillips. "We thought, 'If the Byrds can do it, anyone can.'" Through their soggings on the Greenwich Village coffeehouse circuit, the Phillipses had gotten to know both the Byrds' McGuinn and Barry McGuire, and couldn't believe what they were missing out on; they would later capture this sense of yearning and envy in their 1967 song "Creeque Alley," with its famous line "McGuinn and McGuire just gettin' higher in L.A., you know where that's at."

"We arrived in L.A. at the end of the summer of '65, and we were living with a friend, three blocks from the Whisky à Go Go," says John Phillips. "Elmer was one of the first people we met. He let us in for free, let us stand in the back for a couple of sets. We were nobodies, and we had no bodies, we were so starved. Elmer just took a liking to us." But it didn't take long for the Phillipses, along with their singing partners, Cass Elliot and Denny Doherty, to hit the same heights as their old Village friends. A month after their arrival in Los Angeles, they had a record deal with Dunhill—McGuire had brokered the introduc-

Love's enigmatic front man, Arthur Lee, from California's Pleasant Valley State Prison, where he is 4 years into a 12-year sentence for illegal firearm possession. "Before Love started, they were thinking of closing because business was bad.... We helped keep the Whisky alive!" That's stretching things, but certainly the group sustained the scene's momentum, bridging the L.A.-pop divide between the optimistic Byrds and the sinister Doors. Lee, a handsome black mod with straightened hair and a tightfitting Carnaby Street-style wardrobe, was striking enough by himself, but his multiracial band's ingenious fusion of wildly disparate styles—garage-punk, lounge music, English psychedelia, mariachi—is what made them a sensation. Their reputation for chaotic live shows didn't hurt, either. "We had no stage presence," the group's guitarist, Bryan Maclean, recalled in an interview shortly before his death in 1998 (conducted by Des Barres for her own as-yet-unpublished memoir of the Whisky). "We would stop in mid-song, Arthur would say, 'Your guitar is too loud, motherfucker!' and I'd run off in a huff. One time I ran offstage and into one of Elmer's hoods.... He looked like a kneecapper to me—a sweet guy, but the real deal.... We were the *Jerry Springer Show* of the 60s." (Lee's drug use and hot temper are what have landed him in the clink. In 1995 he allegedly fired a gun into the air during a dispute with a neighbor, a charge he is appealing. With a drug offense already on his record, he opted to go to trial rather than cop a plea, and

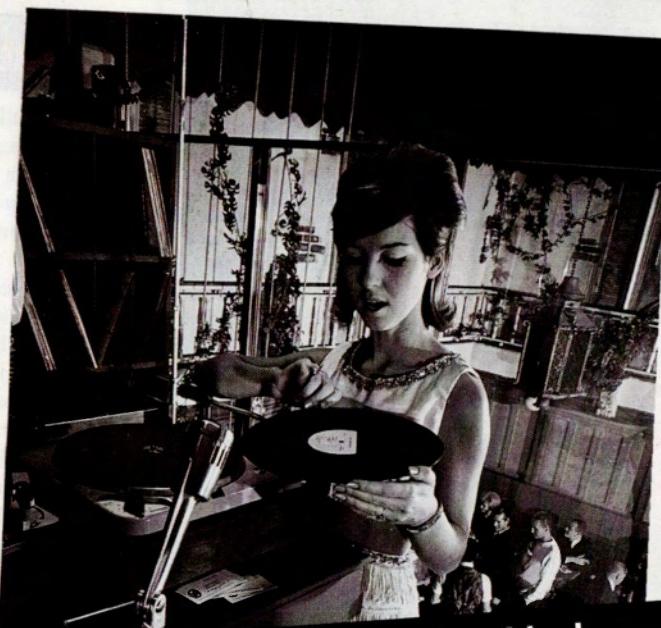
lost; hence the inordinately harsh prison term.)

As these bands got famous and the royalty checks began to come in, an L.A.-pop aristocracy began to take shape—the various members of these groups forsaking their squatly rentals near the Strip for roomy houses in Laurel Canyon, up in the hills above Crescent Heights. The de rigueur splurge for the newly minted male pop star was a Triumph motorcycle, which you'd use to bomb down the Canyon to your gig at the Whisky or the Trip. (Always taking Fountain Avenue, says John Densmore. The incongruously quiet street just a block south of Sunset was invariably traffic-free, whereas the Strip had become so crowded with tambourine rattlers as to be unnavigable.) And if you weren't performing yourself that night, you'd settle into one of the tufted, comfy booths in the Whisky. "It was tough to get a booth," says Adler. "There weren't that many, and the place was packed to the walls." The booths—"wonderful red Naugahyde, like a Mob restaurant," says Hillman—offered a terrific vantage point for people-watching, both because they were a few feet

ed passes, no boundaries, and you could be just a kid and walk up to Lou Adler, and he'd talk to you," says Harvey Kubernik, a music producer and journalist who, as a teenager in the mid-60s, found it delightfully convenient that the Whisky was just "two hitchhikes up the Strip" from his school, Fairfax High. Gail Zappa remembers an incident in which she and a girlfriend found themselves being ticketed by a cop for jaywalking on the Strip, only to be rescued by two heroic young strangers who zoomed to the scene on

interviewed for this story marveled about the uncommon beauty and availability of the girls at the Whisky in the 60s, and offered words to the effect that "I never went home alone." Valentine fondly recounts how Duane Allman remarked to him shortly before his death following a motorcycle crash, "Elmer, I'll always come back here—you've got the best dope and pussy in this country!" He repeats Allman's words with a disarming unfilthiness, like a resort owner pleased that a fat-cat visitor has written "Great golf! Will return soon!" in the guest book.

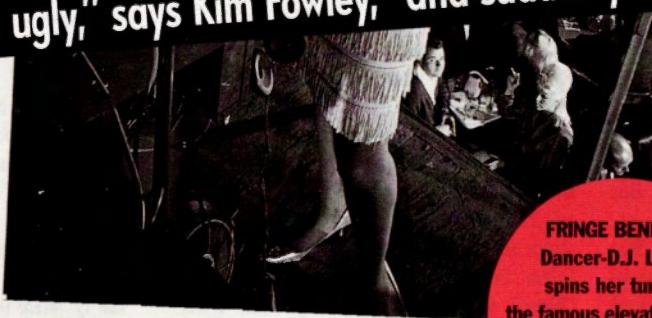
As for Valentine himself, he'd found his Nirvana; any remnants of Chicago toughness left in his makeup had been vaporized by the good vibes and the high-quality pot McQueen had turned him on to. "Elmer was a romantic, a guy who moved from the Midwest and loved California. He saw the Whisky à Go Go as this paradise," says Fowley. "I ran into him once and he gave me this, like, five-minute chamber-of-commerce speech about how great we have it in Los Angeles." But then, that's how everyone felt. Even crazy Arthur Lee, whose lyrics



"I was a creep . . . ugly," says Kim Fowley,

higher than the dance floor and because they were near the entrance, so you could check out who was coming through the door. Adler, V.I.P. that he was, had his own booth, which he regularly occupied with John Phillips and Terry Melcher, occasionally augmented by Michelle Phillips, Cass Elliot, and Denny Doherty. Valentine held court in another booth with Steve McQueen, with whom he'd become best friends. Groupies such as Des Barres prided themselves on being invited into the booths of visiting Brits like Mick Jagger or Keith Moon.

The loose, ad hoc nature of the scene—the way nobodies could collide with somebodies and have their lives changed as a result—contributed to the general feeling of bonhomie and anything-is-possible. "There were no laminat-



FRINGE BENEFITS
Dancer-D.J. Labine spins her tunes in the famous elevated booth, 1964. She designed the official go-go-girl white fringed dress.

motorcycles and spirited them away. "And it was Hillman and David Crosby," she says. "My friend told me later that evening, 'I'm gonna marry that guy,' meaning Chris. And she did."

An air of sexual possibility charged the room, too. "I was a creep, an ugly guy, and suddenly even creeps could get laid," says Fowley. "For a pretty girl, going out with a creep was revenge against your parents. You'd find beautiful girls just lying in the street next to the gutter, sleeping under lice-covered blankets, and you'd take them home, clean them off, and you had a girlfriend for the night." Virtually every man

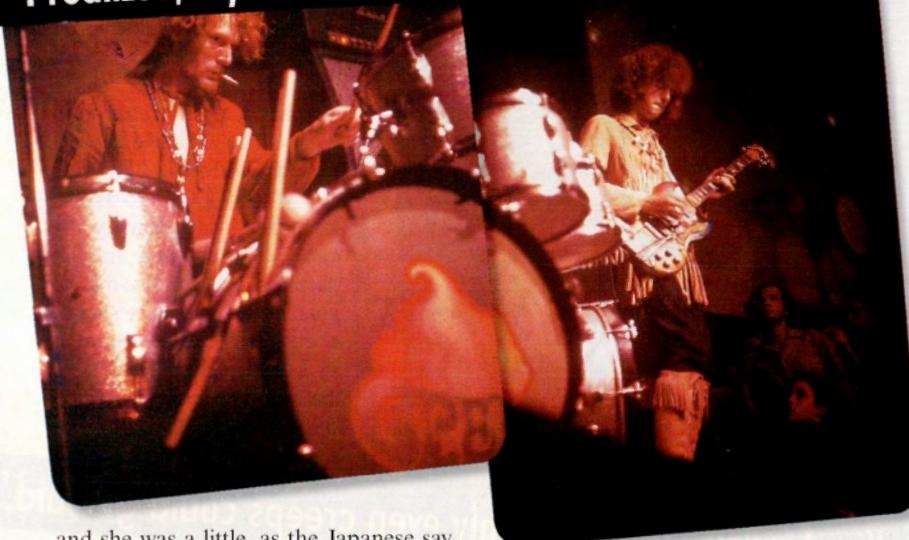
tended toward the menacing and oblique, wrote an upbeat, relatively straightforward song called "Maybe the People Would Be the Times, Or Between Clark and Hilldale"—the Whisky's block—which he today describes as "a panoramic picture of the Strip circa '66-'67." Thinking back on this scene now, Lee writes from his prison cell, "It's like a psychedelic movie in' technicolor!! That my mind rewinds and plays if I blink real hard. It's an endless montage of beautiful people."

The Doors were always different—never schmoozer-socialites in the John Philipps vein, nor folkies like the other bands had once been. As late as mid-1966, they were still considered something of a loser-outcast band, playing in a seedy dive next door to the Whisky called the London Fog, which came complete with indifferent drunken sailors and a B-grade go-go dancer. "Her name was Rhonda Lane,

**BATTLE
OF THE BANDS**
Top, the Doors at the Whisky à Go Go, 1966; **bottom,** Ginger Baker and Eric Clapton perform with Cream, summer 1967.



"I realized, My God, Morrison's doing *Oedipus Rex!*" says Ray Manzarek of the Doors.



and she was a little, as the Japanese say, *genki*—meaning substantial,” says Ray Manzarek, the band’s keyboardist. Densmore remembers peering forlornly through the door of the Whisky—which he couldn’t afford to get into—and seeing Love playing to adulation. “I really wanted to be in Love—they were making it,” he says. “But I was in the demon Doors.”

But they got a break when Ronnie Haran, a young woman working as Valentine’s promotions director, sauntered into the London Fog one evening and liked what she saw. “She saw Jim, and that was it—she was smitten,” says Manzarek. “The arrows of Eros went flying and struck her directly in the heart.”

“That’s bullshit,” says Haran, who now goes by the name Ronnie Haran Mellen. “Jim was too rough-trade for me. I was smitten with the group. The poetry of the words—I’d never heard lyrics like that.”

Whatever the case, Haran Mellen confirms that she launched an all-out campaign to sway her boss. “Ronnie said, ‘You’ve gotta put this band in,’ and she told her friends to call and ask for the Doors,” says Valentine, who admits he was skeptical. “Well, I got so many god-

damned calls, so I put them in. The 60s! I couldn’t go wrong. I didn’t have to know shit!” Actually, it wasn’t quite that smooth a trip to stardom for Morrison and company. Though their residency at the Whisky in the summer of 1966 afforded them a fantastic opportunity to workshop the now famous songs that would form their first album—songs such as “Break On Through,” “Light My Fire,” and “The End”—the flower-power kids didn’t always get Morrison’s Baudelaireisms or the band’s jazz-odyssey explorations. As Densmore says, “We were darker. We were not folk-rock. We would scare people.” And Morrison was even then a loose cannon, prone to scream unprompted “Fuck you, Elmer!” from the stage when drunk or otherwise chemically altered. Nevertheless, they became the toast of the Strip as the summer went on, their music proving to be particularly conducive to the Dionysian swaying of Vito’s dancers, whom Densmore admired for their ability “to Martha Graham-ize what they were hearing.”

One night, however, the Doors’ fierce experimentalism proved too much to bear

even for the indulgent Valentine, and it finished them off as a Whisky band for good. A Doors set had traditionally ended, appropriately enough, with “The End.” “It had started off as a little two-and-a-half-minute love song, a good-bye to a girl: ‘This is the end, beautiful friend,’ ” says Manzarek. But through repeated improvisatory explorations at the London Fog and the Whisky, the song had grown into a 10-minutes-plus epic, a literal showstopper: Morrison would extemporize some Beat poetry, Densmore, Manzarek, and guitarist Robbie Krieger would noodle around ex-

perimentally on their instruments, and they’d bring it home for a big finish. On the night in question, though, it looked as though they wouldn’t even get to play “The End”: Morrison had failed to show up for work. The other three made do playing jazz and blues instrumentals, and would have done so for the second set had Phil Tanzini, still a presence at the club in ’66, not made plain that he was paying for a four-man band, and that the singer had better show up or else.

Manzarek, Krieger, and Densmore piled into Densmore’s Volkswagen bus and drove to the Tropicana, the Sandy Koufax-owned motel where Morrison happened to be living at the time. They found him in his room, “eyes blazing, wearing underwear and cowboy boots,” says Manzarek—totally gone on acid. Hastily, they dressed him, packed him into the van, and drove back to the Whisky. “He seemed to revive in the dressing room,” says Manzarek. “He had a beer and went back to normal. But his eyes still had that strange LSD blazing intensity about them.”

Just three songs into the set, Morrison called for “The End”—way premature, since they had about 40 minutes of performance time left. But the band obeyed and kicked in. As usual, they played a few verses before transitioning into the improvisatory section, where the instruments undulated in a raga style, leaving space for Morrison to freestyle on top. The musicians vamped and vamped, waited and waited . . . until Morrison finally spoke up. “The killer awoke before dawn,” he said. “He put his boots on . . . He took a face from the ancient gallery, and he walked on down the hallway . . .” It was the lead-up to the famous Oedipal climax that everyone now knows from the recorded version of “The End.” But that night in 1966, no one had ever heard it before—including the other three Doors.

Morrison's recitation was so mesmerizingly bizarre that the room fell silent—even the ambient nightclub hum was extinguished. The band continued to vamp quietly, perplexedly, as Morrison got to the part where he says, "Father?" "Yes, son? 'I want to kill you.'"

"At that point, I realized, My God, he's doing *Oedipus Rex*!" says Manzarek. "And then I thought, My God, I know what's coming next!"

Sure enough, Morrison, after a dramatic pause, came forth with "Mother . . . I want to FUCKYOU MAMA ALL NIGHT LONG—YEAAHHHH!"

The band instinctively erupted into a cacophonous frenzy, and the audience broke out in furious free-form dance—proto-moshing. The crowd, evidently, had loved it. But to the old-fashioned, Runyonesque fellas in Valentine's crew, this was way, way outta line. An appalled, disbelieving Maglieri summoned Tanzini as the drama unfolded to witness the scene for himself. After the show, says Manzarek, "Phil Tanzini came running up the stairs [to the dressing room] saying, 'You *filthy* motherfuckers! You guys have the dirtiest fuckin' mouths I've ever heard in my life!' Morrison, you

don't know what it's like to be a pop star. They think I have a 12-inch dick. I wanted to show that I have a little one—and he *did* have a small dick—so that they'll leave me alone." In 1969, by which time Morrison was an alcohol-bloated mess alienated from the rest of the band, Valentine tried to get the singer into acting—his buddy McQueen was involved in the production of a picture called *Adam at 6 A.M.*, about a young college professor, and maybe Morrison could star in it. He persuaded Morrison to cut his hair and shave the beard he'd grown, the better to impress McQueen's co-producers at a lunch meeting, but it was to no avail. Michael Douglas got the part.

The same summer of the Doors' residency, the police and the local merchants on Sunset Boulevard grew increasingly alarmed by the throngs of young folk on the Strip. The NO CRUISING ZONE policy took effect, and Sheriff Peter Pitchess's force bore down on the clubs, enforcing curfews and rounding up kids into paddy wagons. ("'Vagrancy'—that's what everybody got busted for," says Gail Zappa.) The city's sudden announcement that it needed to demolish Pandora's Box in order to widen the road at the Crescent

Heights–Sunset intersection seemed spurious to the smarting longhairs, and thus began a series of demonstrations characterized in the national press as the "riots on Sunset Strip."

"Sonny and I were right in the middle of it," says Cher. "We were in a huge protest when they tore down Pandora's Box." Adler insists that the events of that summer and fall were "nothing more than a major crowd that was controllable," but Des Barres remembers that a bus got overturned, and Valentine, Sonny, Cher, and David Crosby all lent their names to an advocacy organization called CAFF (Community Action for Facts and Freedom). The so-called riots also inspired Stephen Stills to write Buffalo Springfield's most famous song, "For What It's Worth" ("There's battle lines being drawn / And nobody's right if everybody's wrong"), and Hollywood to make the tut-tutting teensploitation flick *Riot on Sunset Strip*, featuring a truly awful title track by the also-ran Strip band the Standells ("Long hair seems to be the main attraction / But the heat is causin' all the action").

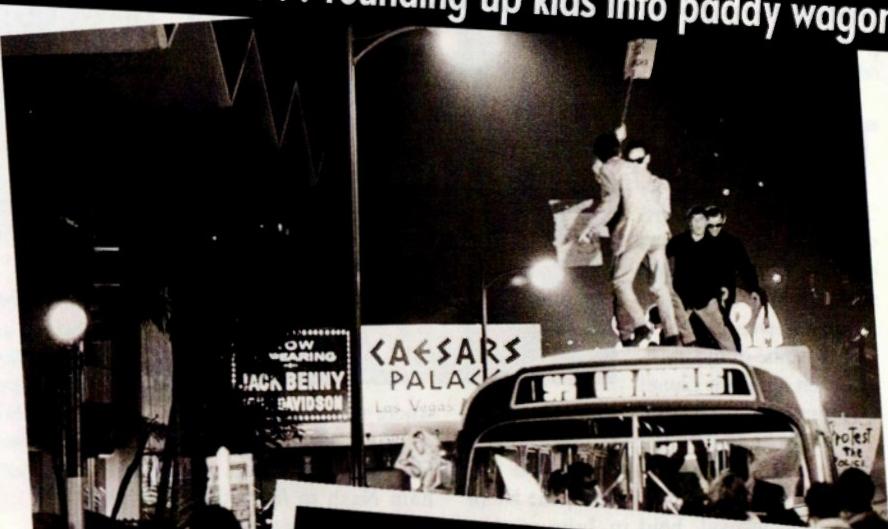
More consequentially, the Whisky's dance license was revoked by the city of Los Angeles. "Because they felt if the kids couldn't dance they wouldn't come in. It's

Sheriff Peter Pitchess's force bore down . . . rounding up kids into paddy wagons.

can't say that about your mother—"Mother, I want to fuck you." What kind of pervert are you? You guys are all sick with that crazy, loud music! You're fuckin' fired!" Tanzini had already called Valentine, who was at home, and reported, "You got this fuckin' Jim Morrison singing a song about fucking his mother! What are you gonna do?" Valentine responded, "Pull him off the stage and break his fuckin' legs!"

"I was serious!" says Valentine. "I was a redneck ex-policeman from Chicago! Catholic boy. Fuck your mother? That's the worst thing I could ever . . ." The Doors were allowed to finish out the week, but were then sent packing. Though they would become only more famous in the following year as their debut album came out, they never played the Whisky again.

Ironically, though, Valentine and Morrison subsequently struck up an intimate friendship. As the fame got to Morrison and he began to self-destruct, he used Valentine's house as a hideaway when he felt like shirking his responsibilities. "He had four or five guys like me, people he'd hide out with," says Valentine. "He couldn't handle being that big. Remember how he got arrested in Miami for indecent exposure? He was up here in the house one night, and he said, 'Would you like to hear what really happened? You



BATTLE LINES BEING DRAWN

Above, the November 1966 riots on Sunset Strip. Bottom, Cher and Sonny during the riots. "Sonny and I were right in the middle of it," says Cher.



like cutting my legs off," says Valentine. He successfully sued to get his license back, and counterpunched with a scheme of his own. As Gail Zappa tells it, "Elmer decided, 'O.K., I'm only gonna book black acts.' Which, by the way, were extremely popular. But overnight the Strip was black. The merchants *really* got nervous then. And Elmer thought it was a great joke."

"It's fuckin' true!" says Valentine of Zappa's recollection. "It was out of spite, but also because I loved the music." Indeed, it was no skin off Valentine's back to "go black." He was close to

around," says Adler. "The groups all got better contracts. The record companies that were aware of what was happening all of a sudden became bigger. You know, Clive Davis started signing groups."

David Crosby's virtual defection from the Byrds to Buffalo Springfield at Monterey—he played with Springfield for most of their set—was symbolic of the death of jingle-jangle Strip pop, and indicative of

house on Cielo Drive in Benedict Canyon that Roman Polanski and his wife, Sharon Tate, were renting in 1969, and it was there that Manson's "family" murdered Tate, hairdresser-to-the-stars Jay Sebring, and three others on August 9 of that year. Manson, sprung from prison in 1967 after having run a prostitution ring, was an aspiring rock singer who had managed to insinuate himself into the L.A. music community, befriending the Beach Boys' Dennis Wilson. He's generally remembered more as a desert

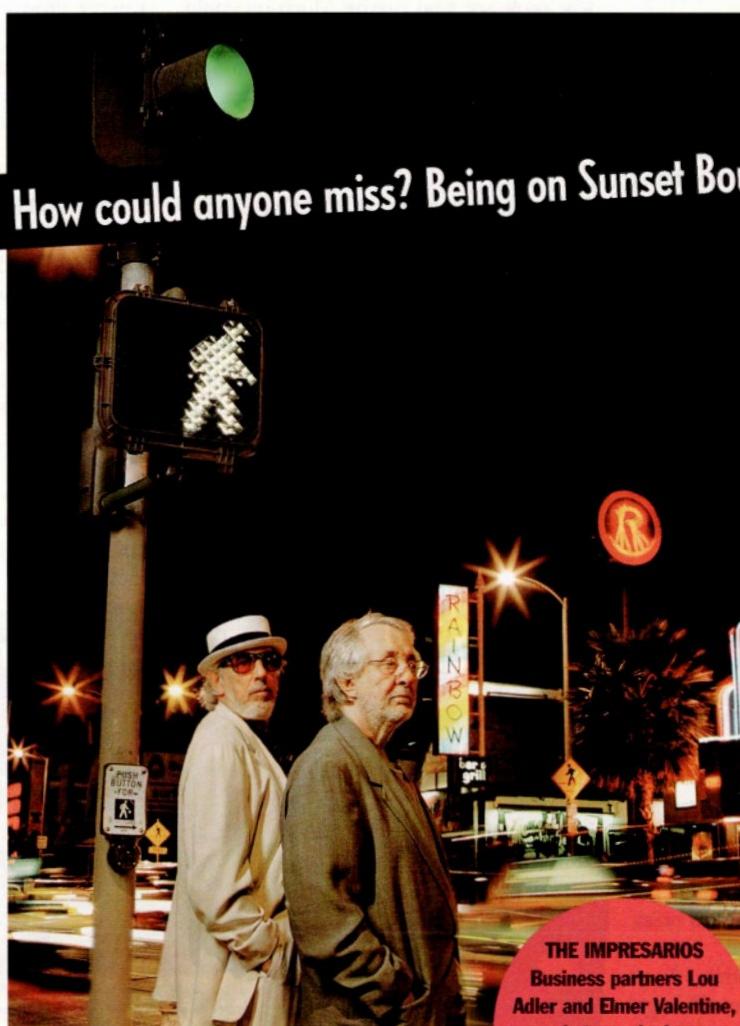
"It was easy.... How could anyone miss? Being on Sunset Boulevard in the 60s!"

Otis Redding and loved Motown acts such as the Miracles, Martha and the Vandellas, and Marvin Gaye, and was already booking them into the Trip anyway. But the merchants, mindful of the Watts riots of '65, found throngs of Negroes even scarier than throngs of white long-hairs. The point was made, and a more integrated booking policy resumed at the Whisky.

The intimacy of the scene started to come undone in 1967, a victim of the L.A. groups' success—bands were touring rather than hanging around the Whisky, and as their wealth grew greater, some of the musicians left tight-knit Laurel Canyon for ritzy neighborhoods. (John and Michelle Phillips, for example, bought Jeanette MacDonald's old house in Bel Air.) Compounding matters was the Monterey Pop festival, held in June of that year. Organized primarily by Adler and John Phillips, the festival brought together the L.A. groups, San Francisco acts such as the Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane, British bands such as the Who and the Animals, plus Jimi Hendrix, Otis Redding, and Ravi Shankar, among others. The massive exposure the festival provided to its performers, and the presence of contract-brandishing record-company executives from the East Coast, marked Monterey as the moment when rock music grew up and became a business. "Monterey completely turned the music industry

where rock music was headed. Soon he and Springfield's Stills would team up with Graham Nash to form the first big-money supergroup (which would occasionally be augmented by Neil Young), and the loose, hangin'-at-the-Whisky days would take on a cast of juvenile naïveté. "If I had to, I'd blame it all on David Crosby," says Melcher, only semi-facetiously. "He broke up the Byrds and joined Buffalo Springfield, and broke *them* up. And then formed C.S.N. I'd have to say that, personally speaking, Crosby was worse for the good feelings of [L.A.] rock 'n' roll than Manson was."

There's a devilish glint in Melcher's eye as he says this, for his name is inextricably linked to Charles Manson's—it was his



THE IMPRESARIOS
Business partners Lou Adler and Elmer Valentine, photographed on Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles, September 6, 2000.

The news of Tate's and Sebring's gruesome deaths was chilling enough to people in Hollywood—Valentine was friends with both, and Adler was an investor in Sebring's salon—but the subsequent implication of bearded, longhaired Charlie Manson and his similarly styled acolytes was especially disturbing. "It changed the tenor of the scene a lot," says Melcher. "Because they looked like all the other runaway kids on the Strip. So there was an obvious loss of trust." As it turned out, the lead killer of the bunch, Charles "Tex" Watson, was a regular patron of the Whisky, a wide-eyed college dropout from Texas who cruised the Strip in his yellow 1959 Thunderbird convertible. "I went there often," writes Watson, now a born-again Christian, from his cell in a California prison. "It was so laid back in those

days that you could go by in the afternoon when they were not even open, walk in the door, and watch a practice. One afternoon, I recall, the Fifth Dimension was practicing. My friend and I were welcomed to watch." It was one of his Strip adventures, Watson says, that led to his "family" induction: "I picked up Dennis Wilson hitchhiking on Sunset, took him home, and he introduced me to Manson. I did what a lot of kids did, dropped out of society, so to speak.... [Manson's] philosophy took over my mind as the drugs made me gullible to his influence. Pretty soon, his drugged, crazed philosophy became mine, although I did not totally understand it."

Valentine insists that business at the Whisky never suffered in the aftermath of the Manson murders—the street-level kids who just wanted to hear music "didn't care about that shit," he says—but the paranoia wrought by the killings was the final nail in the coffin of a cohesive L.A.-pop nightclubbing brigade. "That was it—that's when our innocence was shattered," says Michelle Phillips, who took to carrying a loaded gun in her purse. "The social fabric was completely torn by the murders." Before Manson was implicated, says John Phillips, "Roman Polanski suspected *me*. And I suspected him." (The hard drugs that Phillips and his friends had gotten into didn't exactly help in tamping down the paranoia.) Polanski even went so far as to hold a cleaver to Phillips's neck and demand, "Did you kill Sharon? Did you?" Melcher, for his part, had to weather the charge that he was in some way responsible for the deaths, since he hadn't signed Manson to Columbia and was therefore the murderers' target that night—a charge that miffs him to this day. "I should probably put the record straight," he says. "The Manson family knew I did not live in my house. They knew I'd been living in Malibu for a year."

Even with the old in-crowd staying away, the Whisky lost little of its luster in the late 60s, remaining the premier venue for any band passing through Los Angeles—Valentine recalls with particular fondness Led Zeppelin's 1969 engagement, "five straight nights with Alice Cooper as the opening act." But as the decade turned and rock spread to ballrooms, arenas, and stadiums, the Whisky did begin to struggle. And when Valentine changed strategy in the early 70s, briefly turning the club into a legit theater and cabaret, the glorious heyday of L.A. pop was emphatically over.

There's no tragic, gutter-ball ending to this story, no vacant, weedy lot where the Whisky once stood. The place is still there and still turns a profit, and has enjoyed two significant renaissances as a scene nexus since its original run: first in

the late 70s, when L.A. punk blossomed with such bands as X, the Germs, the Dils, the Weirdos, and Black Flag, and then in the 80s, when spandex metal took hold with Mötley Crüe and Guns N' Roses. Today, the Whisky is in the hands of Maglieri and his son Mikeal, to whom Valentine sold out just a year ago, as did Adler, who'd bought into the club in 1978. Valentine and Adler still own the Roxy, a larger club farther west on the Strip that they opened in 1973; and Valentine and Maglieri, despite a falling-out, are still partners (along with Adler) in the Rainbow Bar & Grill, the dark, beery-smelling rock 'n' roll pub up the block from the Roxy.

Sitting at a café table outside the Rainbow, where the spirit of 80s metal rocks on—the walls are covered with candid snapshots of David Lee Roth, Pamela Anderson, and members of Poison—Mario Maglieri puffs on a cigar and talks about how good life has been to him. "The Whisky used to be a Bank of America," he says, smiling. "It's still a Bank of America. Generates a lot of money." Maglieri is, above all else, a businessman. As he holds forth, talking about "Ozzy" and "Blackie from W.A.S.P." as warmly as he does about Roger McGuinn and Gene Clark, you're happy for his success, but there's no escaping a feeling of lost magnitude, of cultural fizz. "As far as crossing the lines of music and culture and social, it was those early years," says Adler. "Up until '68—those were the really great years of the Whisky."

The Whisky today, he says, is "pretty much a space that acts are booked into. Other than the name, which remains, it doesn't really have a personality." The booths and cages are gone. Right now, the club gets a lot of the angry-white-boy bands currently in vogue—Slipknot, Papa Roach, Corrosion of Conformity—and, like a lot of places on the Strip, does a percentage of its business as a "pay to play" venue, where aspiring bands actually put up money to stage a concert.

Valentine could easily play the crank, blathering on about how it's not how it was, but that's not his nature. He asserts his belief that, above all, fortune smiled upon him. When he was a child, he says, a teacher said to him, "Elmer Valentine, when you grow up, they're gonna send you to the electric chair!" Even his beloved mother, when he announced his intention to leave Chicago for California, responded, "You're going to California? No, you're going to 26th and California—the county jail!"

So the way he sees it, he's come out way ahead. "It was *easy*," he reiterates. "You know why it was easy? How the fuck could anyone miss? Being on Sunset Boulevard in the 60s! I'm not being humble. Fuckin' idiots that I had for competition!" □

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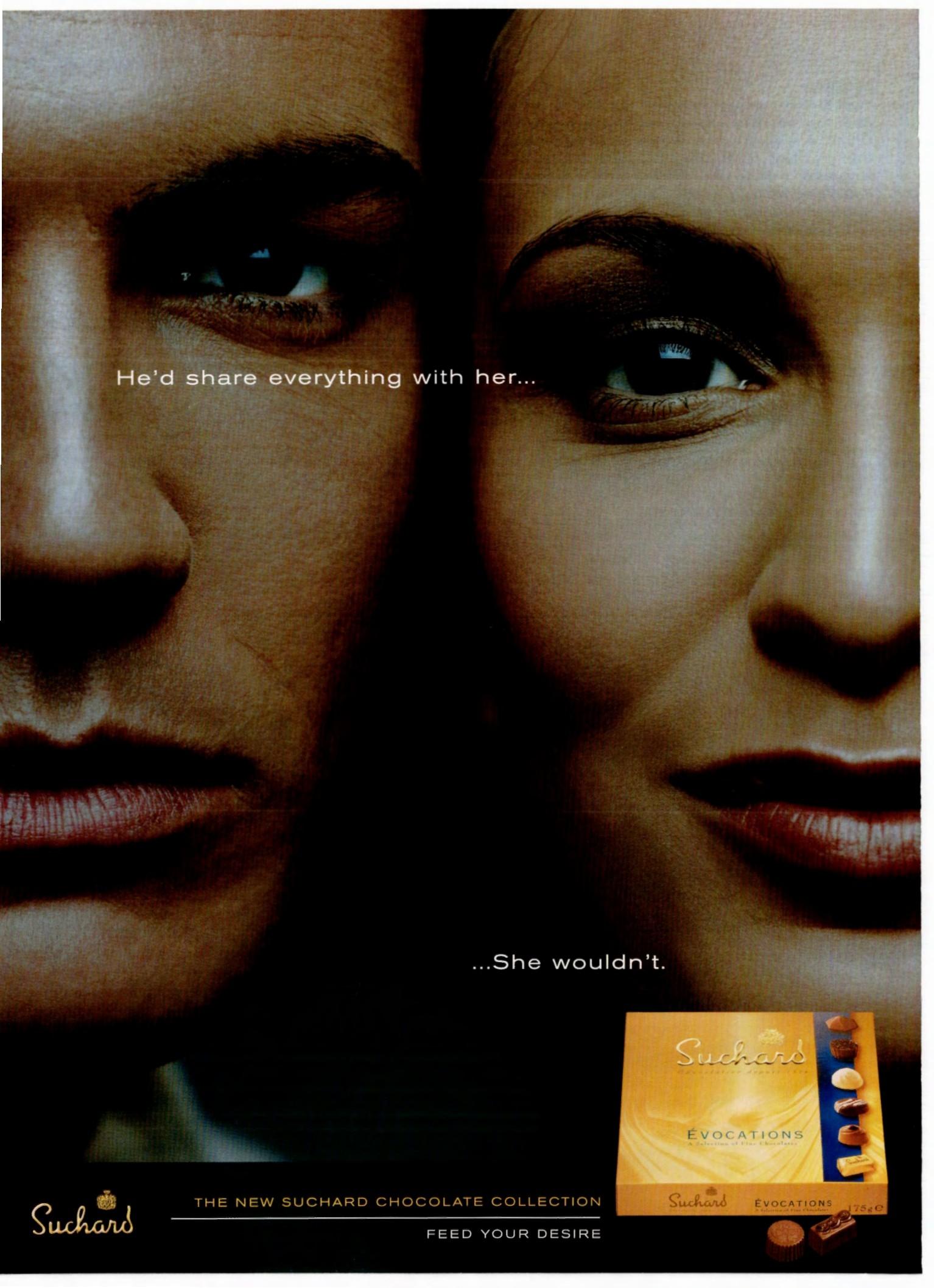
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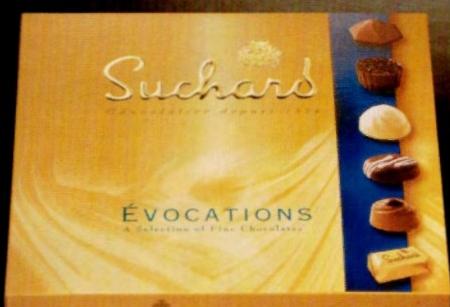
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VANITIES

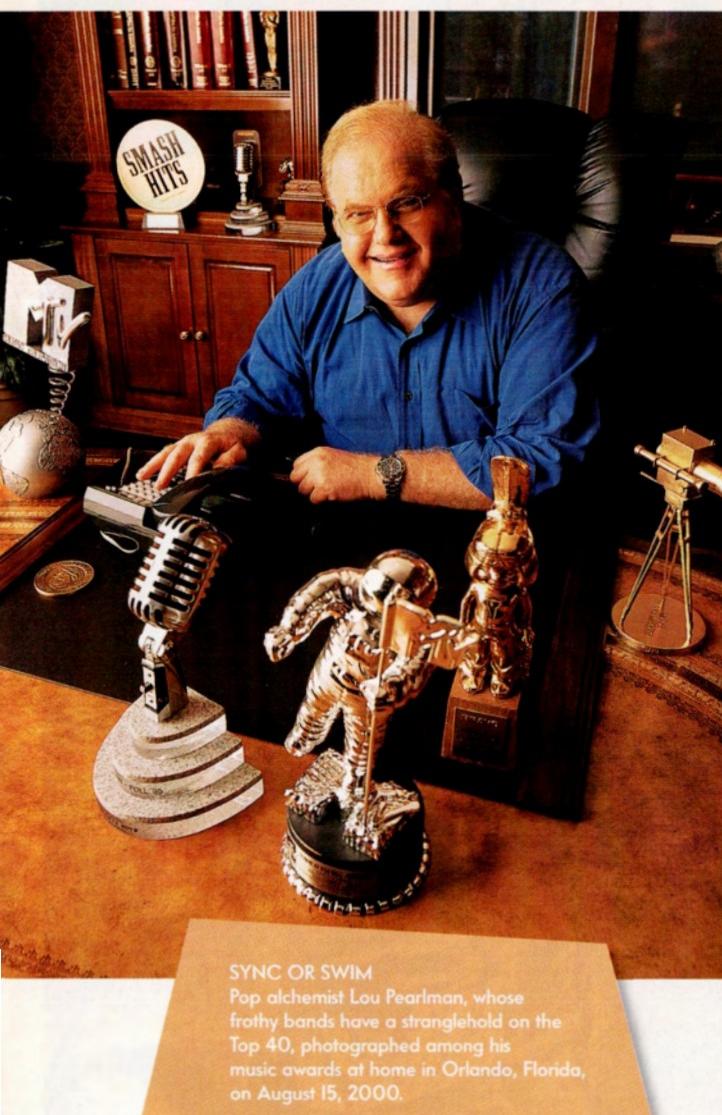


STYLED BY MIRANDA ROBSON; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

Massive Attack is back. After the B-boys of Bristol's debut album, *Blue Lines*, was released in 1991, Robert Del Naja (left), Grant Marshall (right), and Andrew Vowles (known as 3D, Daddy Gee, and Mushroom, respectively) transcended the offbeat club scene they had helped create. Formed in 1990 from the ashes of the Wild Bunch, an influential English dance collective, Massive Attack blends the influences of Scorsese and Rakim with a unique blackboard-jungle style of dub and a revolving list of rock stars and rude boys as vocalists. Their third album, the brooding opus *Mezzanine*, made them 1998's critical darlings and sold more than 2.5 million copies worldwide, introducing the experimental collective to a broader audience. Although the treacherous three are now down to a dynamic duo—Vowles recently quit the act—a fourth album is expected sometime next year. Massive indeed.

—ASH CARTER

VANITIES



SYNC OR SWIM
Pop alchemist Lou Pearlman, whose frothy bands have a stranglehold on the Top 40, photographed among his music awards at home in Orlando, Florida, on August 15, 2000.

Lou Pearlman's Touch-Tone access is dreamy enough to give any 12-year-old girl the shrieking vapors. As founder of Trans Continental Companies, the boy-band factory responsible for the birth and incubation of the Backstreet Boys, 'N Sync, LFO, Take 5, and O-Town, Pearlman can put his finger on two of teendom's reigning frothies: A. J. McLean (No. 1) and Howie Dorough (No. 2) of the BSB. Their prime position on Lou's speed dial is a tad curious, considering that the BSB sued him—as did 'N Sync—over a share of earnings two years ago. The BSB tiff was a “family disagreement,” says Lou, 46, and has since been settled out of court. Which may explain why Larry Rudolph (No. 3), Trans Continental's legal counsel, who moonlights as Britney Spears's manager, slips into the lineup beneath the litigious lads. Pearlman's Orlando-based empire also includes a casino charter-airline service, a blimp-advertising company, and those risqué dancing *descamisados* the Chippendales: an interesting, if not scary, synergy that no doubt is whetted by the empowering blather of Tony Robbins (No. 4), author of the best-selling *Awaken the Giant Within*, which, considering Pearlman's impressive girth, has been taken to heart. Business moves aside for family on button No. 5, which is assigned to Pearlman's cousin Art Garfunkel, of 60s duo Simon and Garfunkel but more recently known as the singing moose on the PBS children's television series *Arthur*. Also entering the Trans Con fold is Kenny “The Gambler” Rogers (No. 7), whose company, Dreamcatcher Entertainment, coupled with Trans Con to create Marshall Dylon, a five-member country boy band . . . certainly not to be confused with the four-member Latin boy band C Note, or the five-member funk boy band LFO, led by Rich Cronin (No. 6), or the five-member hip-hop boy band Take 5, or the five-member “survivor” band O-Town. Proving that, in the world according to Lou, boys will be boyz.

—MELISSA DAVIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN SMITH; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



ANTONIO "L.A." REID
president and C.E.O., Arista Records

The Measure of a Man: A Spiritual Autobiography,
by Sidney Poitier
(HarperSanFrancisco).
“I’m in the middle of Poitier’s book. It’s a real example of the perseverance of the human spirit. I’m loving it.”

NIGHT TABLE READING

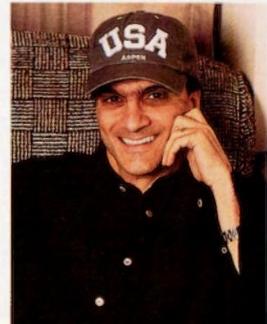
LYOR COHEN
president, Island/Def Jam Records

The Promise,
by Chaim Potok (Knopf).
“My appendix burst, and the book was sent to me instead of flowers by Matthieu Lauriot-Prevost.”



JIMMY IOVINE
co-chairman, Interscope/Geffen/A&M Records; C.E.O., Jimmy and Doug's Farmclub.com

Shadow,
by Bob Woodward (Simon & Schuster).
“Nixon’s lyrics on these [Watergate] tapes are more damaging to our culture than any record put out since the invention of the phonograph.”



AHMET ERTEGUN
co-chairman/co-C.E.O.,
the Atlantic Group

Healing from the Heart,
by Dr. Mehmet Oz (Dutton).
“During my recent hospital stay, I found this book, by the famous heart surgeon at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital, to be most enlightening. Dr. Oz brilliantly combines Western medicine, Eastern traditions, and alternative practices in a powerful and moving work.”



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LEADING MAGAZINES ON-LINE

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Intelligence Report

The musicians



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER

	ICON	HIP-HOPPER	GIRL SINGER	COUNTRY STAR	WAIF BOY
ROLE MODEL	▲ Mick	▲ Puffy	▲ Britney	▲ Shania	▲ Beck
TRAINING GROUND	The Marquee	Fulton Street Mall	Mickey Mouse Club ▶	Bluebird Cafe	Spaceland
HANGOUT		East Hampton	Tour-bus pillow room	The Pancake Pantry, Nashville	The Coffee House, West Hollywood
ACCESSORY	Paternity test	Bulletproof vest	◀ Navel gem	Producer-Svengali husband	Bed hair
ACCESSORY IN THE ATTIC	Bike tights	Eight-ball jacket	Mr. Microphone	Wynonna '88 frizz wig	Six Million Dollar Man ▲ lunchbox
DESIGNER	Versace	Sean John	Dolce & Gabbana	Marc Bouwer	Marc Jacobs
HOMETOWN	Birmingham, U.K.	"Strong Island"	"I've been on the road since I was six."	Ontario, Canada	Brentwood
BLACK SHEEP		Eminem	◀ Ginger Spice	Chris Gaines	◀ Evan Dando
ROMANTIC STATUS	Wife No. 12 missing in Aruba	Splits time between girlfriend and "the mother of my children"	"Carson Daly's kind of hot."	"Tryin' to get back on my feet."	"I'm taking some time to focus on myself."
ENTOURAGE	Interventionist	Scapegoat chauffeur	Diet technician	Her eight sisters	Andy Dick
MENTOR	Lazard Frères	Russell Simmons	◀ Dr. Drew	Dolly Parton	◀ Johnny Depp
PICKUP LINE	"74,852 groupies couldn't be wrong, luv."	"What's krizznickin', bee-ahch?"	"Do I look bloated?"	"I'd like to give something back to my fans."	"Just don't touch the hair."
SEX PARTNER		Former Fly Girl	"Saving myself for the one."	Fan-club president	◀ Winona
BEST-KEPT SECRET	◀ 1980s Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue cover girl "Kiss the Chef" apron	PRINCETON class of '96	Implants ▶	Bat Mitzvah	Mail-order-catalogue heir
SIGNATURE SCANDAL	Bill Wyman's pedophilia	East Coast vs. West Coast	◀ LeAnn Rimes vs. father	"She turned her back on the people who brought her here."	Kurt Cobain's death
DRUG	Scag	Cognac and blunts	Reese's Pieces and purge	◀ Paxil and grits	Scag
PLACE TO GET REAL	VH1 Storytellers	Maximum-security D-block	TCBY	Fan Fair	Yoga class
WHAT KEEPS THEM GROUNDED	Weekly blood transfusions ▶	"The Creatah"	Mother	"Mah fans"	Wizened boho grandpappy

—ADAM LEFF and RICHARD RUSHFIELD

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Carson Daly's daily grind

Every weekday in Times Square a screaming throng of teenage girls lines up in front of the MTV studios to display their lust for Carson Daly, the 27-year-old host of *Total Request Live*. As Daly prepares to branch out with his own production company and a new show, George Wayne learns about the heartthrob's wild breakup with Jennifer Love Hewitt, his very heavy birthweight, and the bright future of Eminem.

George Wayne: Is Carson Daly a California boy?

Carson Daly: Santa Monica, California, St. John's Hospital, second floor, C-section. And Dr. Hummer, the guy that delivered me, said, "Somebody call the Rams." I was nine pounds ten ounces, and I didn't cry.

G.W. Would you agree that you are the most successful creation of MTV?

C.D. I would agree with that statement based on the fact that I can't imagine anybody before me, or now, who loves what they do as much as me.

G.W. Which group will be huge next year?

C.D. I think for some sick reason Eminem has just started. I think the song "Stan" that's about to come out, about a stalker, is gonna really blow up. I think it could be the biggest song ever.

G.W. What was crazier than being dumped by your girlfriend, Jennifer Love Hewitt, on a radio show?

C.D. I never really knew how this whole thing worked, if you were on TV, and went out with someone else on TV or in the movies. That was definitely a low point. I have never had somebody tell me something in all seriousness, and then act 180 degrees different.

G.W. You miss nothing about Jennifer Love Hewitt besides her big luscious breasts.

C.D. Oh, George, stop.

G.W. Wasn't that the best part of the relationship?

C.D. No, not at all.

G.W. Tara Reid, your new girlfriend, is not as stacked, but she's a more talented actress.

C.D. I think Tara is a great actress.

G.W. The best American pie you've ever tasted?

C.D. What a great question, but I'm no Faye Dunaway—I'm not leaving the interview.

G.W. You and Tara live together now, don't you?

C.D. Yeah, it's great. I lived like in a crack den before with two buddies, a real fucking shit hole. Now Tara and I have a nice place with a doorman.

G.W. So no more underwear with skid marks all over the apartment.

C.D. I don't wear underwear, George.

G.W. The rumors of you and Christina Aguilera just won't go away.

C.D. There is no truth to that.

G.W. And it's true that one of her hair extensions came out while she was—

C.D. No, no, no, not at all.

G.W. What's the weirdest thing about you?

C.D. That I don't do drugs.

G.W. When did you start wearing nail polish?

C.D. It started with playing with my sister's clothes; the tutus; Shaun Cassidy. No, it started in radio, because I used to color-code my nails to the board so I could move the levels while interviewing.

G.W. The five CDs you take with you to the Australian outback?

C.D. Steel Pulse's *True Democracy*, N.W.A.'s *Straight Outta Compton*, NOFX's *White Trash, Two Heebs and a Bean*, the new Eminem, Kid Rock's *Devil Without a Cause*, and anything by Stevie Wonder.

G.W. And that's a wrap.



PHOTOGRAPH BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

Mad About Those Villagers

Travel correspondent Nan Darien goes on a goodwill mission

When I told my friends that I was going to do some volunteer work with Geri Halliwell, the former Spice Girl who is now a roving ambassador of goodwill for the U.N., they laughed. They reminded me of the time I manned Lenox Hill's suicide-prevention hot line and, irritated, hung up on all my callers. ("You're no Mother Teresa," Pat Buckley told me later. "More like Mother Kevorkian.") But I have always had empathy for the underprivileged: when I was 12, my horse was crushed by a meteorite.

The U.N. flew Geri and me to our "site." I'm not quite sure where we were (not Gstaad). Ever since Larry King showed that videotape of Geri pinching Prince Charles on his backside, I've felt a little ... tentative in Geri's presence; granted, I'm not royalty, but I'm often referred to in the popular press as "the next Mrs. Astor" and, as such, am eager to avoid a pinch-based incident with a pop-star-in-transition. Fortunately, Geri was lovely to me.

What to wear while promoting safe sex in a small Third World village? In Geri's and my hut, I slipped into a scoop-neck shift of burlap, with ibex-hoof buttons; then I donned a very strappy sandal and a facial expression of utter gravity. It was *perfect*, just right. Unobtrusive, but noble. Audrey Hepburn, but with a

touch of "I, too, have lived without running water." Then the U.N. people took Geri and me to a charming thatched meeting hall, where we were to distribute and talk about condoms. Now, I have no problem whatsoever discussing sex—to me, there is nothing more divine than a weekend spent in bed

with a Princeton graduate who is possessed of a startlingly erect penis. It turned out I was to walk amongst the assembled villagers and hand out the condoms, a sort of sexual Santa. ("No, no, darling—not to eat. To wear," I had to tell one gentleman, who had completely misconstrued Geri's demonstration with a banana.)

Back in New York, I was dismayed that my friends seemed unmoved by my altruism; all they wanted to know was why Geri had really left the Spice Girls. (You should flee *any* job that saddles you with the name Ginger Spice—ginger is a spice; you might as well be called Mustard Condiment or Pantyhose Hosiery.) Would I ever volunteer out "in the field" again? If I did, I would spend less time trying to get the villagers to prophylact, and more time trying to get the female Peace Corps volunteers to shave their legs. Such thickets of hair! To my mind, the male Peace Corps volunteers are the Third World's true *Les Misérables*.



Briefly, Cat Power

NAME AND OCCUPATION: Chan (pronounced "Shawn") Marshall, singer-songwriter who performs under the name Cat Power. AGE: 29. PROVENANCE:

Atlanta. ACHIEVED INDIE-ICON STATUS WITH: Her spare, emotionally charged albums, *Myra Lee*, *What Would the Community Think*, *Moon Pix*, and *The Covers Record*, her aptly titled album of cover songs released earlier this year, with homages to artists such as the Rolling Stones, the Velvet Underground, and Bob Dylan. ON THE ORIGIN OF HER NOM DE GUERRE: "In 1991, I started playing with these guy friends of mine in Atlanta, and one of them called me up and said, 'We need a name for the band.' There was this guy standing at the bar where I was working, and he was wearing a Cat Diesel Power hat. So I just said, 'Cat Power,' and hung up." IS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE DUBIOUS ACCOLADE THAT YOU'RE "HUGE IN

FRANCE"? "Oh yeah, they love me there. I can't even hail a fucking cab without someone asking for me to sign their stomach. No, it's really not true. It was just sensationalized hype." YOU'VE ALSO BEEN CHARACTERIZED AS A RATHER

MELANCHOLY SORT: "People always say I'm so sad, but it's not sadness, it's just release, in a way. For *The Covers Record*, those songs to me were all about love. They're just very sweet songs. I wanted to change the name of it to *The Lovers Record*." SO WILL YOUR NEXT RECORD HAVE MORE OF A MEL TORME VIBE? "It's going to be more, I don't want to say rock, but something more fun. I wish I could do a rap record, but I can't rap. Wouldn't that be funny?" —JOHN GILLIES



POWER PLAY
Chan Marshall,
photographed in
New York City on
September 13, 2000.

HEART STRINGS
Sitarist Anoushka
Shankar. Photograph
by John Huba.

Sitar Star

Anoushka Shankar comes full circle

That she sat still as a child at her father's feet, both as daughter and student, is not surprising—her father, after all, is Ravi Shankar, the sitar maestro greatly credited with bringing Indian classical music to the West. But that Anoushka, 19, has followed in her father's giant footsteps so surely, so swiftly, is remarkable, even touching. "It's been a special relationship, for both of us," says Anoushka. She's just released her second album, *Anourag*, and will be joined by her father, now 80, on a "Full Circle" tour across America this fall.

Keeping it in the family has also prevented Anoushka from being fazed by her rare status as a female sitarist. "Because it's what my dad does, the way I see it, it was more of a default thing than trailblazing. But now little girls are coming up to me and saying they want to play the sitar." She's also introducing the exquisite sound of the ancient, multi-stringed instrument to a new generation. Yet, like her father, she has remained faithful to her roots. "I believe in keeping to the traditional music in the sense that I think it's right for me. I don't know what's going to happen in 20 years." Clearly, she's learned from a master—it's enough to make any father proud.

—ANDERSON TEPPER



Tiger Lili

Pop violinist Lili Haydn
blends genes with *Lotus*



"I'll sing you a song," she says in a warm tone. "I was at my acupuncturist's—I probably seem like some New Age schizophrenic here—and I was kind of going through one of those days, and the acupuncturist's assistant, this sweet Chinese woman, told me she knew a Chinese song."

A self-conscious chuckle.

"It's so sweet. It's a little love song, a Chinese folk song about this little couple that fall in love and ride off into the crescent moon."

And she sings. Sweetly. Softly. Beauty in even this most simple of things. There are no prescriptions for Lili Haydn. No formula for this self-described unashamedly passionate alternative-pop violinist. She dances outside the lines of easily digestible popular music, tempo tapped by a flood of diverse experiences: 28-year-old classically trained violinist; rocked onstage with Jimmy Page and Robert Plant; daughter of performance artist and comedian Lotus Weinstock; child actress; California girl; Brown-educated; singer of Chinese folk songs.

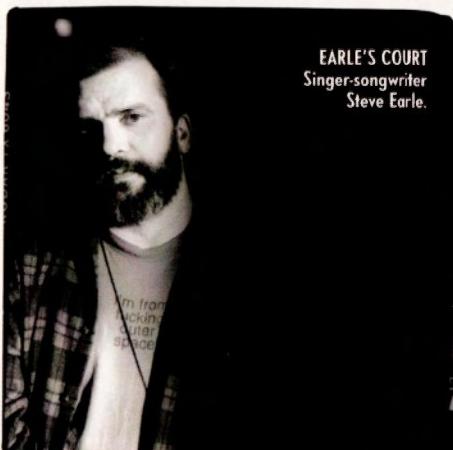
A diverse flood indeed, but one threaded by three uniting elements—passion, spirituality, and love of her mother. Lili's self-titled 1997 debut on Atlantic Records showcased their interplay. But this new record springs primarily from one. Lotus Weinstock died some three years ago now. And yet she remains the key influence in her daughter's life, and the emotional linchpin of her new work, the appropriately titled *Lotus*. "The last couple of years since my mom passed away have been really, really intense for me, and [this] is the greatest gift I can give," she murmurs. "I feel I need to communicate that 'your mama loves you' to everyone." In English or Chinese.

—SELWYN SEYFU HINDS

Duke of Earle

Ask Steve Earle his thoughts on contemporary country music and he'll tell you he doesn't think about it at all. And whatever you do, don't call him a country singer. "I'm a songwriter," says Earle. "I'm interested in a lot of things, and my music reflects that." Since his 1986 debut album, *Guitar Town*, Earle, now 45, has been a reminder that country music—and its tales of broken hearts, life on the road, running from your demons and the law—is as vital an American art form as any other. And Earle knows a few things about demons and the law. After spending three weeks in jail in 1994 for drug possession, Earle came out clean and sober, rolled up his sleeves, and got back to work. Releasing five albums since—including this year's eclectic *Transcendental Blues*—Earle is already considered one of the greats of the genre. "Thinking about one's legacy is like reading your own press. I do it sometimes, but I find it unhealthy." So while there's a chance he won't be reading this, there's no chance his legacy isn't firmly established.

—DANA BROWN



TOP: BY MICHAEL WILSON;
FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



Do you have an annoying muso friend who regularly peppers his conversation with inscrutable references to people named Gram Parsons and Nick Drake? Are you regularly flummoxed by rock critics' casual references to "Stax-y horns" and "plangent, chiming Rickenbackers"? Have you no idea who Harry Smith is? Well, fret no more, because *Vanity Fair* at last brings you relief in the form of ...

THE ROCK SNOB'S DICTIONARY

Compiled by Steven Daly, David Kamp, and Bob Mack

The Rock Snob is a confounding person in your life. On one hand, he (and he almost always is a he) brooks no ignorance of pop-music history, and will take violent umbrage at the fact that you've never heard of Jack Nitzsche, much less heard Nitzsche's ambitious pop-classical album *St. Giles Cripplegate*. On the other hand, he will not countenance the notion that you may actually know more than he about a certain area of music. If, for example, you mention that *Fun House* is your favorite Stooges album, he will respond that it "lacks the visceral punch of 'I Wanna Be Your Dog' from a year earlier, but it's got some superb howling from Iggy and coruscating riffing from Ron Asheton, though not on the level of James Williamson's on *Raw Power*"—this indigestible clump of words acting as a cudgel with which the Rock Snob is trumping you and marking the turf as his. *The Rock Snob's Dictionary* enables you to hold your own in such situations, with the added benefit of saving you the trouble of actually listening to the music.

The Rock Snob's Dictionary makes no claim to be a comprehensive reference in the vein of *The Rolling Stone*

Encyclopedia of Rock & Roll. Indeed, just because a musician has enjoyed lasting success and critical acclaim doesn't mean he warrants inclusion here. *Only persons and entities that are the psychic property of Rock Snobs make the cut*. For example, there is no entry for David Crosby, because practically every person over 30 knows who he is and can hum a few bars of "Teach Your Children." However, the late Gene Clark, Crosby's colleague in the original lineup of the Byrds, warrants an entry because, while the average Joe hasn't the faintest idea who he is, the Rock Snob has fetishized him for his poor-selling post-Byrds output of country rock.

It bears mentioning that the Rock Snob is hardly some hidebound, patchouli-drenched anachronism. He is, by definition, *in touch*—in touch with anything that will allow him to lord it over mere rock aficionados (the lightweights!). The Rock Snob's fear of calcification ensures that artists in such exotic genres as world music and hip-hop will one day enter the pantheon alongside such unimpeachables as Syd Barrett and Big Star. The editors of *The Rock Snob's Dictionary* will be vigilant in keeping track of such developments for future editions.

Alt.country. Self-righteous rock-country hybrid genre whose practitioners favor warbly, studiously imperfect vocals, nubby flannel shirts, and a conviction that their take on country is more "real" than the stuff coming out of Nashville. Heavily influenced by GRAM PARSONS. Also known as the No Depression movement, after the title of an album by the SEMINAL alt.country band Uncle Tupelo (which itself purloined the title from The Carter Family song "No Depression in Heaven"). Current alt.country standard-bearers include the Jayhawks, Freakwater, and Whiskeytown, plus the Uncle Tupelo splinter groups, Wilco and Son Volt.

Anthology of American Folk Music, The. Multi-volume collection, first issued by the Folkways label in 1952, of obscure and semi-obscure folk recordings as compiled by eccentric musicologist Harry Smith (1923–1991). Significant for having allegedly triggered the late-50s-early-60s "folkie" movement that gave us Bob Dylan (see also ZIMMY)—and therefore, by extension, for making pop music subversive, turning the Beatles into druggies, and irreparably rending the fabric of our society.

Bacharach, Burt. Rehabilitated songwriter whose metrically and melodically unorthodox 60s pop-lux hits, such as "Anyone Who Had a Heart" and "I Say a Little Prayer" (written with lyricist Hal David), were dismissed for two decades as square and Muzak until Rock Snobs decided in the 1990s that it was O.K. to like them again. Particularly active latter-day boosters have been Noel Gallagher of Oasis and Elvis Costello, with whom Bacharach recorded a 1998 "comeback" album. *That song has a very Bacharach-esque flügelhorn part.*



Burt Bacharach

Bad Brains. Hard-luck jazz-fusion weirdos from Washington, D.C., who cashed in on the New York hard-core punk scene in 1980 with their minute-and-a-half-long single "Pay to Cum." The subsequent introduction of reggae and heavy-metal elements into Bad Brains' sound did little for their sales but everything for their legend, as evidenced by the band's feverish championing by the Rock Snob collective the Beastie Boys.

Bangs, Lester. Dead rock critic canonized for his willfully obnoxious, amphetamine-streaked prose. Writing chiefly for *Creem* magazine, Bangs stuck two fingers down the throat of the counterculture elite and kept alive the scuzzy legacy of bands such as the Velvet Underground, the STOOGES, and the MC5. Though every Rock Snob worth his salt reveres Bangs (a heavy biography by Rock Snob author Jim DeRogatis was published earlier this year), his writing has aged rather less well than that of his less strident contemporaries Richard Meltzer and Nick Tosches. *They're all pussies at Rolling Stone now, man; not a Lester Bangs among them.*

Barrett, Syd. Founding member of Pink Floyd who defined the group's early sound with his juvenile, peculiarly English take on psychedelia. Already in the process of becoming rock's most celebrated acid casualty at the time of Pink Floyd's 1967 debut, Barrett left the band in 1968, managing to record two solo albums of skeletal meanderings (one of them entitled *The Madcap Laughs*) before drifting into the permanent twilight in which he lives today. The post-Barrett Floyd song "Shine On You Crazy Diamond" is about him.

Beefheart, Captain. Performing name of Don Van Vliet, a California-desert kid and childhood friend of Frank Zappa's whose 1969 album, *Trout Mask*



Captain Beefheart

VANITIES

Replica, is, Rock Snobs swear, a classic whose brilliance will reveal itself after you've listened to it 6,000 times or so. A typical Beefheart song showcased Van Vliet yawping dementedly over the intricately arranged yet chaotic-sounding playing of his backing group, the Magic Band, whose members used "wacky" stage names such as Zoot Horn Rollo and Antennae Jimmy Semens. Van Vliet retired from music in the early 80s and is now a painter. *I'm feeling nostalgic, honey—let's drop some acid and put on some Beefheart.*

Big Star. Anglophilic early-70s American combo whose first two albums, #1 Record and Radio City, have Koran-like status in POWER-POP circles. Led by Memphis native Alex Chilton, who began his career as a teenager with the blue-eyed-soul boys the Box Tops ("The Letter"), Big Star recorded tunes that, while catchy, were too fraught with druggy tension to be commercial—thereby guaranteeing the group posthumous "great overlooked band" mythology. Chilton, who later had a REPLACEMENTS song named after him, is now a rheumy-eyed eccentric with a reputation for self-immolating live shows.

Buckley, Tim and Jeff. Symmetrically ill-fated father-and-son artists whose early deaths, swooping voices, and Pre-Raphaelite beauty are irresistible to the romantic wing of Rock Snobism. Jeff Buckley was eight years old when his father, a honey-voiced folkie turned jazz dabbler, died of a drug overdose, aged 28, in 1975; Buckley fils went on to become a singer-songwriter of equal repute, winning raves for his 1994 debut album, Grace, but drowned in Memphis, aged 30, before he could complete a studio follow-up.

Clark, Gene. Brooding, handsome founding member of the Byrds who quit the band in 1966 after having written songs that included "Feel a Whole Lot Better" and "Eight Miles High." (Ironically, Clark's fear of flying contributed to his exit.) Subsequent albums such as Echoes (1967) and No Other (1974) achieved cult status for their audacious blend of pop, country, and gospel, and a 1968 collaboration with banjoist Doug Dillard, The Fantastic Expedition of Dillard & Clark, is also considered a Rock Snob classic. But none of these albums sold beans, their poor commercial performance hastening Clark's alcohol-related decline and premature death in 1991.

Crawdaddy! The first mainstream rock magazine, founded in 1966, a year before Rolling Stone, by Paul Williams. Though it ceased publication in 1979, Williams revived it as a newsletter in 1993. Just about every major rock biography seems to rely heavily on ancient Crawdaddy! interviews.

Drake, Nick. Sad-sack, compulsively muted English singer-songwriter from posh background, posthumously canonized by Rock Snobs for the three plaintive, delicately wrought albums he recorded before dying, an apparent suicide, in 1974 at the age of 26. Was frequently photographed standing dolefully among trees. Achieved a measure of posthumous fame when his song "Pink Moon" was used in a Volkswagen TV commercial.

Earle, Steve. World-weary singer-songwriter, hailed in Rock Snob circles as the only contemporary country artist (as opposed to ALT.COUNTRY artist) fit to polish Hank Williams's cowboy boots. Earle made a triumphant debut with his 1986 album, *Guitar Town*, only to fritter away his early promise on a five-year drugs-and-drink bender. Now clean and 45 years old, he inspires a Springsteen-like reverence among fans and critics, both for his story-tellin' songs and his impassioned political positions, such as his anti-death-penalty stance.

Eno, Brian. Egghead producer and electronics whiz with appropriately futuristic name and aerodynamic pate. Eno started out as the keyboard player for Roxy Music and went on to make his name as a producer (Talking Heads, Devo, U2) and pioneer of ambient music, the soundtrack for everything from aromatherapy to recreational drug use to booting up Windows 95. Eno enjoys his greatest Rock Snob status, however, for his 70s solo albums, Another Green World, Here Come the Warm Jets, and Before and After Science.

Erickson, Roky. Texas psychedelia kingpin often championed, like SKIP SPENCE, as North America's answer to SYD BARRETT. The oddball lead singer of the 13th Floor Elevators, Erickson was arrested for possession of drugs in 1968. Attempting to avoid jail time, he pleaded insanity and was committed to Texas's Rusk State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, where electroshock therapy exacerbated his eccentric tendencies more than drugs ever did. Now lives like a hobo in Austin, occasionally recording gonzo albums that actually get decent reviews.

Fender Rhodes. Electric piano with resonant, fuzzy timbre that bestows instant sensitivity upon its user. Originally a jazz-club staple, the Rhodes became ubiquitous in the squishy mid-70s, appearing on everything from jazz-rock fuzak albums to the Rolling Stones' "Fool to Cry," and has recently been revived by mood-music trendsetters such as Air and Portishead.

Gainsbourg, Serge. Raffish, *joli laid* French balladeer revered by kitsch-loving Rock Snobs for his sleazy-listening pop of the 1960s and 70s. Despite hangdog looks and an inability to actually sing, Gainsbourg embodied the pungent flower of French manhood in all its Gallic glory, duetting and getting busy with such hotties of the period as Brigitte Bardot and English dolly bird Jane Birkin. A less edifying collaboration was 1984's "Lemon Incest," a duet with his 12-year-old daughter, Charlotte. Gainsbourg died in 1991, five years after saying "I want to f**k you" to Whitney Houston on live television.

Hazlewood, Lee. Hard-drinkin', ultra-manly producer of Native American extraction who first made his name working with twangy guitar slinger Duane Eddy and went on to become the premier *auteur* of Rat Pack-offspring kitsch, writing and producing material for Dino, Desi & Billy, and, most notoriously, for Nancy Sinatra ("These Boots Are Made for

Walkin'"). Following a 1973 solo debut candidly titled Poet, Fool or Bum, Hazlewood moved to Sweden and made lousy movies. Currently living in America again, where his oeuvre is being reissued by a small label owned by Sonic Youth drummer and confirmed Rock Snob Steve Shelley.

Krautrock. Blanket term for offbeat hippie-era music recorded by Germans, meaning everything from the proto-Sprockets' stylings of Kraftwerk to the meandering soundscapes of Tangerine Dream to the starkly aggressive output of the dauntingly named bands Can, Neu, and Faust (the last of which actually recorded a song called "Krautrock"). Some of that last R.E.M. album was, like, total Krautrock!

Lo-fi. Luddite recording aesthetic championed by contemporary artists who tend toward sparse, raw production and believe that older, analog equipment produces a more "honest" or "organic" sound; or, more realistically, by artists too musically incompetent and undisciplined to record crafted, finished music. Pavement combines Phi Beta Kappa smarts with an endearing lo-fi slipshodness.

Love. Baroque mid-60s L.A. popsters led by Arthur Lee, a black hippie of prodigious talent and erratic discipline. Love's ability to combine such seemingly irreconcilable genres as psychedelia, West Coast sophisto-pop, mariachi, and garage-punk reached its apex with the band's 1967 album *Forever Changes*. Lee is currently serving time in a California prison on an illegal-firearms possession charge.

MC5, the. Wild-eyed, butt-ugly rhetoricians who emerged from Detroit's White Panther enclave in 1969 to debut with the insurrectionary live album Kick Out the Jams (whose title song amended this command with the word "motherfuckers!"). Kick Out the Jams and its follow-up, Back in the USA, stood in bracing contrast to the hippie nooddles offered up by other bands of the era; dropping the MC5's name—and that of its decadent Detroit neighbors the STOOGES—was positively de rigueur for British punk's class of 1977.

Mellotron. Primitive 60s synthesizer whose keys, when pressed, activate pre-recorded tape loops; used to famous effect in the opening bars of "Strawberry Fields Forever." Vintage mellotrons are now purchased at great cost (approximately \$10,000) by retro rockers angling to sound Beatles-esque. Oasis went too far with that mellotron on "Go Let It Out."

Mojo. Seven-year-old English magazine offering an exuberant, high-production-values take on Rock Snobism. A typical issue offers a reverent interview with a crinkly rocker of 60s vintage, a couple of multipart, photo-laden articles on suitably obscurist topics (such as the Doug Yule-era Velvet Underground, or the triumphal years of English blues plodders Free), and some sort of article on NICK DRAKE.

Moog. Squelching old-school synthesizer invented in 1965 and first popularized by Walter Carlos's bachelor-pad suite *Switched-On Bach*. The prodigiously corded instrument (and its Austin Powers—sounding offspring, the MiniMoog) went on to become a staple of prog rock and KRAUTROCK. Today, the Moog is fetishized by instrument snobs such as Beck, as well as dance-music acts such as the Prodigy and Fatboy Slim, who remixed a track on this year's kitschy *Best of Moog* compilation.

Neil, Fred. Ringleted, mild-mannered folkie and early Dylan acolyte best known for his anti-urban plaint "Everybody's Talkin'," which was sung by HARRY NILSSON on the *Midnight Cowboy* soundtrack. Painfully shy and empathetic, Neil identified more with dolphins than with humans (his elegiac song "Dolphins" was covered by TIM BUCKLEY), and now lives in blissful anonymity in the Florida Keys, painting Rock Snobs by refusing to record new music.

Nilsson, Harry. Powerfully piped singer-songwriter equally famous for well-realized retro-pop albums such as *Nilsson Schmilsson* (1971) and for being John Lennon's drinking buddy/partner in crime during the latter's "Lost Weekend" period in Los Angeles. (Nilsson was once rumored to be joining the Beatles.) After he died of a heart attack in 1994, Nilsson's oeuvre acquired significant hipster cachet.

Nitzsche, Jack. Runty, cantankerous, recently deceased Phil Spector protégé who started out as a session pianist but quickly graduated to status as rock's A-list arranger, working with Neil Young, the Rolling Stones, and TIM BUCKLEY. Though his ambitions as a recording artist were extinguished with the poor sales of his 1972 opus *St. Giles Cripplegate*, he gained new renown as a soundtrack composer; movies as diverse as *Performance*, *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and *An Officer and a Gentleman* bear his spectral imprimatur. Check out that awesome Nitzsche arrangement on Springfield's "Expecting to Fly."

Nuggets. Landmark anthology LP of obscurish 60s "punk" singles by one-hit-wonder garage bands, compiled in 1972 by Lenny Kaye, a scrawny, prototypical rock nerd who would shortly thereafter be a prime mover in the 70s punk movement as the guitarist for the Patti Smith Group. Early Nirvana combined Beatles-esque songcraft with Nuggets-y abandon.

Parks, Van Dyke. Campy, southern-born, half-pint composer-lyricist best known for being tapped by BRIAN WILSON to write the words to the Beach Boys' aborted *Smile* album. Though Parks's bizarre, Joycean, free-associative lyrics served him well on his own albums (such as the Rock Snob orchestral-pop favorites *Song Cycle* [1968] and *Discover America* [1972]), his baroque tendencies (including the deathless line "Columbiated ruins domino" in the song "Surf's Up") alienated the other Beach Boys



Lee Hazlewood



Brian Eno



Harry Nilsson

and exacerbated tensions within the group. Parks and Wilson reteamed on the 1995 album *Orange Crate Art*.

Parsons, Gram. Southern, Harvard-educated, trustafarian pretty-boy who invented country rock by bringing his high-lonesome tastes to bear on his one album as a Byrd (1968's *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*, considered the first country-rock LP). Parsons and fellow Byrd Chris Hillman went on to form the Flying Burrito Brothers. A hard-livin' soul who favored tightfitting Nudie suits custom-decorated with pictures of naked girls and marijuana leaves, he greatly impressed Mick Jagger and Keith Richards (inspiring them to write "Wild Horses"), and recorded two Rock Snob-ratified solo albums, *GP* and *Grievous Angel*, before dying of a morphine-and-alcohol overdose in a motel in Joshua Tree, California, in 1973 at the age of 26.

Penn, Dan, and Spooner Oldham. Memphis-based songwriting duo invariably praised for being "real soulful for white boys." Their 1960s hits include "Do Right Woman—Do Right Man," "Dark End of the Street," and "You Left the Water Running." Penn and Oldham have lately hit the road as performers, doing a *Storytellers*-like set of their oldies, plus some new songs. The raggedy-looking Spooner Oldham, whose funny name Rock Snobs like to utter just for the sheer frisson of it, is also an in-demand session keyboardist.

Perry, Lee "Scratch." Mercurial, kooky, formerly forgotten reggae shaman (born in 1936) who has enjoyed new recognition since being pronounced cool by ageless Rock Snob collective the Beastie Boys in the early 1990s. As a producer and as the front man for his own band, the Upsetters, Perry was, in the 1960s and 70s, a prime exponent of Jamaica's swashbuckling "dub" remix genre. Though his gargantuan output is as hard to penetrate as the quasi-mystical pronouncements he gives to interviewers from his home in Switzerland, he now plays to packed houses of young hipsters, few of whom actually know any of his songs.

P-Funk. Catchall term used to encompass the multifarious output of two no-longer-extant 1970s funk-R&B collectives, Parliament and Funkadelic, that were both founded by ex-hairdresser George Clinton. Parliament began its life as a doo-wop act but progressed to elaborate concept albums about outer space; live shows featured musicians in diapers along with a giant "mother ship" descending from an enormous denim cap. The rocker Funkadelic made LSD-tinged music that Clinton devised to be "too black for white folks and too white for black folks." Clinton tours today with veterans of both bands as the P-Funk All Stars.

Pixies, the. Boston-based 1980s alterna-band whose formula—grunged-up pop that alternated between quiet verses and loud choruses—was transmuted into platinum sales in the 1990s by the grungy likes of Nirvana. (See also THE REPLACEMENTS.) The Pixies' chubby lead singer, Black Francis (né Charles Kitteridge III), still plays the club circuit solo as Frank Black; tough-gal bassist Kim Deal disappeared from sight after enjoying initial success with her boisterously poppy band the Breeders.

Power-pop. Record-reviewer term for Beatles-esque music made by intelligent-dork bands that, though they've given it the old college try, can't actually muster the songcraft, cleverness, vocal agility, or production ingenuity of the Beatles. First applied to early-70s acts such as the Raspberries and Badfinger (the latter group actually being McCartney protégés), and subsequently given a new lease on life with the 90s advent of such bands as Jellyfish and the Apples in Stereo. *The first song on the new Apples in Stereo album shimmers with pure power-pop exuberance.*

Replacements, the. Shambolic 80s guitar band from Minnesota whose plaid-shirted, raspy-throated leader, Paul Westerberg, was a profound influence on both the grunge movement and the more recent "modern rock" travesties of the Goo Goo Dolls. Westerberg broke up the band in 1990 due to poor sales and has subsequently alienated his fan base by "going soft."

Rhino Records. Juggernaut reissue label launched out of a Los Angeles record shop in the late 70s. One of the first labels to divine the commercial appeal of kitsch, oddities, and forgotten gems, Rhino astutely assembled several compilation series of period pop, such as the *Have a Nice Day!* series of 70s hits, the *Golden Throats* series of celebrity debacles (Shatner sings "Mr. Tambourine Man!"), and more tasteful assemblages of soul and lounge. Major deals with Atlantic Records and Turner Entertainment enable this good-taste clearinghouse to resell you every pop-culture memory you've ever had.

Rickenbacker. Distinctively jangly-sounding, California-manufactured electric guitar associated with mid-60s pop in general and the "Mr. Tambourine Man"-era Byrds in particular. Retro-pop acts from Tom Petty to the Rembrandts (the *Friends* theme song) have long found the Rickenbacker—particularly in its 12-string incarnation—efficacious in evoking an era of "quality pop," much as harpsichords evoke the court of Queen Elizabeth. *The plangent chime of McGuinn's Rickenbacker embodied the jingle-jangle optimism of mid-1960s California.*

Roland 808. Primitive yet cherished drum machine introduced by the Roland company in 1980. The user-friendly "808" combines metallic, artificial top-end sounds with a distinctive bass drum whose amniotic *whoomp* is the closest thing electronic dance music has to a trademark sound à la the RICKENBACKER's jangle. *The bottom end on that track is heav-ee; that's got to be an 808 kick in there.*

Seminal. Catchall adjective employed by rock writers to describe any group



Gram Parsons

or artist in on a trend too early to sell any records. *The Germs* were a seminal L.A. punk band; David Johansen, who fronted the seminal glam-rockers *The New York Dolls* ...

Spence, Skip. Canadian-born musician and acid casualty who, like ROKY ERICKSON, is often held up as a North American answer to SYD BARRETT. Spence played drums for Jefferson Airplane before achieving greater fame as a guitarist for the psychedelic band Moby Grape. After quitting the Grape and sojourning for a time at New York's Bellevue Hospital, Spence retired to Nashville, where, wearing pajamas, he recorded a bunch of dithering, fried-brain song fragments, out of which was constructed the 1969 album *Oar*. Though it sank without a trace upon its release, *Oar* was subsequently re-released in 1991, and today is held up by overeager Rock Snobs as a lost classic. Spence, to his credit, professed before his death in 1999 that he was, in a friend's words, "mildly puzzled by all the hoopla surrounding *Oar*."

Stax/Volt. Composite term for two Memphis-based soul labels of the 1960s, Stax Records and its subsidiary, Volt, whose releases, by the likes of Sam & Dave, Otis Redding, and Rufus Thomas, provided a rawer, grittier counterpart to the more polished black pop of Motown. Rock Snobs are particularly enamored of Stax/Volt's crack house band, Booker T. and the MGs, and its equally adept horn section, the Mar-Keys. *When I saw all those great Stax/Volt players backing up Belushi and Aykroyd, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.*

Stooges, the. Filthy-sounding, drug-addled late-60s-early-70s band fronted by charismatic, self-mutilating singer Iggy Pop, né James Osterberg. The Stooges' primal, three-chord rock and Pop's naughty, nihilistic lyrics (on such songs as "I Wanna Be Your Dog" and "Your Pretty Face Is Going to Hell") helped form the template for punk. *Degenerate drummer seeks like-minded fuckups to jam and kick ass like the Stooges.*

Television. Late-70s guitar band lumped into the New York punk movement by dint of connections to the CBGB's scene (Blondie, Talking Heads, Ramones) but actually wont to do unpunk things such as play eight-minute songs featuring noodly guitar duels between second banana Richard Lloyd and ornery, beanpole-ish front man Tom Verlaine (whose ex-girlfriend Patti Smith described his playing as sounding "like a thousand bluebirds screaming"). Considered by Rock Snobs to be more important than any other New York band of the era, despite having released just two albums, 1977's *Marquee Moon* and 1978's *Adventure* (plus an obligatory 1990s reunion album).

Thompson, Richard. Wry, bearded singer-songwriter-guitarist and veteran of SEMINAL British folk group the Fairport Convention; unaccountably deified by rock critics for his intelligent yet ultimately tedious albums. Thompson provided the template for a slew of younger, similarly overpraised troubadours such as Freedy Johnston, Vic Chesnutt, and Ron Sexsmith (whose next album is being produced by STEVE EARLE).

Tropicalia. Term describing both a 1968 compilation of avant pop released in Brazil and the subsequent movement it inspired. Mixing Brazilian rhythms with Anglo-American songcraft and hippie flourishes, Tropicalia—and its foremost practitioners, such as the Rock Snob cult fave Tom Ze—gained new currency in the late 90s thanks to youthful champions such as Beck, who included a song called "Tropicalia" on his album *Mutations*.

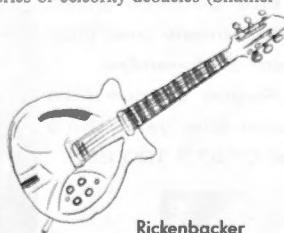
Walker, Scott. Morose crooner, born Noel Scott Engel in Ohio, who first achieved success as part of the Walker Brothers, a 1960s teenybop trio (not actually brothers) that scored a hit with BURT BACHARACH and Hal David's "Make It Easy on Yourself." Walker's lasting Rock Snob appeal comes from the string of solo albums he made in the late 60s and early 70s, which are worshiped in his adopted homeland of Great Britain. Setting his ridiculously vibrato'd, Vegas-worthy wail against Weill-esque orchestral arrangements, he became the dark knight of schlack. In 1995, Walker released an impenetrable, Trent Reznor-influenced comeback album entitled *Tilt*.

Webb, Jimmy. Oklahoma-born, Los Angeles-based songwriter currently enjoying a BURT BACHARACH-like renaissance after years in too-soft-for-these-times exile. The author of such 1960s cocktail-pop classics as "MacArthur Park" and "Up, Up and Away," Webb recently played a few feel-good reunion dates with Glenn Campbell, who scored Top 10 hits 30-odd years ago with Webb's "Wichita Lineman" and "By the Time I Get to Phoenix."

Wilson, Brian. Mentally fragile Beach Boys leader. While revered by normal people for the catchiness and ingenuity of such hits as "I Get Around" and "California Girls," Wilson is revered by Rock Snobs more for his sensitive orchestral-pop masterwork, *Pet Sounds*, and for the ambition and general way-outness of its unfinished follow-up, *Smile*, the unraveling of which sealed his reputé as a misunderstood genius forever persecuted by his own demons and "the Man."

Wrecking Crew. Crack team of 60s-era Los Angeles session musicians whose number included drummer Hal Blaine, bassists Carol Kaye and Ray Pohlman, keyboardists Larry Knechtel and Leon Russell, saxophonist Steve Douglas, and guitarists Jerry Cole and Tommy Tedesco. Often summoned at odd hours to execute the tricky, ambitious arrangements of Phil Spector, BRIAN WILSON, and JACK NITZSCHE.

Zimmy. Insider nickname for Bob Dylan, favored by shut-in Dylanologists in their painstaking discussions of their godhead's oeuvre; derived from Dylan's actual surname, Zimmerman. *Man, Blood on the Tracks* is just a harrowing document of Zimmy's divorce.



Rickenbacker



Richard Thompson



Brian Wilson

P
Z

CULTURE CUTS

NOVEMBER

JAZZ, ART, AUCTIONS, EXHIBITIONS AND MORE

1. Get some swing at the London Jazz Festival. Elvis Costello, Debbie Harry and Courtney Pine join veteran jazz players in venues on the South Bank, 10-19 November. Call 0870 906 3898 for details.

2. View new and previously unseen works by the American abstract painter Brice Marden at the Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, W2. 17 November-7 January 2001.

3. Look east. The third annual Asian Art in London Festival features exhibitions, displays, lectures and auctions at venues across London, 9-17 November. Call 020 7499 2215 for details.

4. Check out The Bush Bar and Grill at 45a Goldhawk Road, W14. The former dairy has been transformed by the restaurateurs of Woody's, the Groucho Club and 192.

5. Strike a pose. *The Century of the Body* observes a century of body photography and includes works by Man Ray, Brassai and Stieglitz. Published by Thames & Hudson on 6 November, £36.

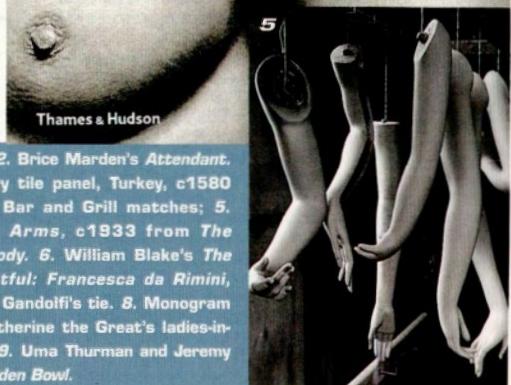
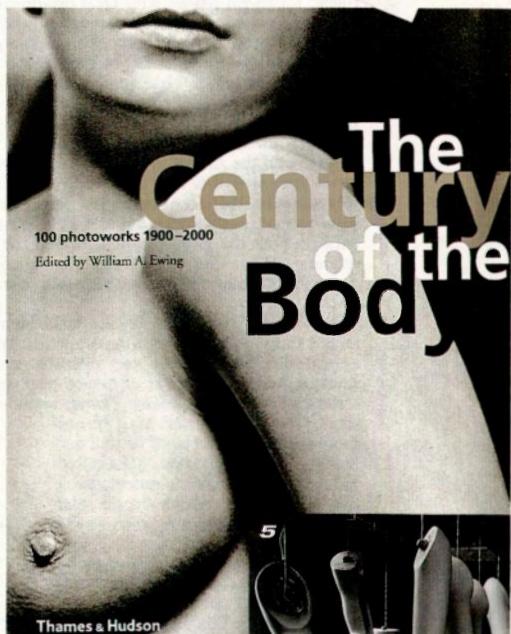
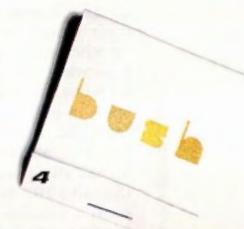
6. Draw divine inspiration from the William Blake exhibition at the Tate Britain, Millbank, SW1. 9 November-11 February 2001.

7. Seventy-five artists, including Jake and Dinos Chapman and Maggi Hambling, have designed a limited-edition tie for Cultural Ties, to be auctioned in aid of UNICEF. westzonegalleriespace, 19 Clifford Street, W1. 7 November-22 December.

8. The Treasures of Catherine the Great exhibition reveals the tastes of one of the greatest art collectors of all time. The Hermitage Rooms, Somerset House, Strand, WC2. 25 November-23 September 2001.

9. The screen adaptation of Henry James's *The Golden Bowl* brings back the bodice-ripper, starring Uma Thurman, Kate Beckinsale and Nick Nolte. At cinemas nationwide from 3 November.

10. Calling all film buffs. The Regus London Film Festival returns in expanded form this year, 1-16 November. For a programme, call 07973 100 222.



1. Courtney Pine. 2. Brice Marden's *Attendant*. 3. An Iznik pottery tile panel, Turkey, c1580 AD. 4. The Bush Bar and Grill matches; 5. Werner Rohde's Arms, c1933 from *The Century of the Body*. 6. William Blake's *The Circle of the Lustful: Francesca da Rimini*, 1824-27. 7. Paola Gandolfi's tie. 8. Monogram badge worn by Catherine the Great's ladies-in-waiting, 1770-80. 9. Uma Thurman and Jeremy Northam in *The Golden Bowl*.



7

Combine Woodstocks One, Two, and Three with a night at the Metropolitan Opera, another night at the Village Vanguard, showtime at the Apollo, and a side trip to Nashville. Toss in a visit to *Total Request Live*. Now you're getting close. The triple-platinum lineup on the next 59 pages is an ultimate Who's Who of hit-makers and chart breakers, rock legends and folk heroes, rappers and divas, photographed by Annie Leibovitz, David Bailey, Julian Broad, William Claxton, Michel Comte, Todd Eberle, Timothy Greenfield-Sanders, Sam Jones, David LaChapelle, Mary Ellen Mark, Michael O'Neill, Herb Ritts, Bruce Weber, and more. With captions by Aliyah Baruchin, Bruce Handy, Michael Hogan, David Kamp, and Jim Windolf

THE

MUSIC PORTFOLIO

• THE SAVANT





BRIAN WILSON

Composer, bassist, high-harmony singer,
inventor of California.

Thirty-two albums as singer, songwriter, and producer for
the Beach Boys; three solo albums; inducted into the Rock and Roll
Hall of Fame with the Beach Boys in 1988.

There used to be two Brian Wilsons: Happy Brian, who wrote songs like "Fun Fun Fun," and Moody Brian, who studiously avoided otherwise chipper Beach Boys albums with yearning tunes like "In My Room" and "The Warmth of the Sun," a vein that would climax with the group's 1966 masterpiece, *Pet Sounds*, 35 minutes of the sweetest ache imaginable. Then, as myth fashions it, he flew too close to the sun and paid the price, unable to finish what was

supposed to be the greatest pop album of all time, his "teenage symphony to God"—*Smile* (astonishing nonetheless in its variously released fragments).

Three and a half decades later, after years spent battling mental illness and drug use—and still coming up with odd, naïf gems for the Beach Boys' later albums—Brian is finally back, recording solo albums and giving well-received concerts, his legendary stage fright overcome. The constant throughout: an unmatched, almost godlike ability to conjure a universe out of sheer harmony.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz
at his Beverly Hills home on April 25, 2000.

• THE FUNKMASTERS



GEORGE CLINTON and BOOTSY COLLINS

Funk innovators, intergalactic ambassadors.

Clinton: More than 50 albums as leader of Parliament, Funkadelic, and various other bands, and under his own name; inducted (with Parliament-Funkadelic) into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1997.

Collins: 15 albums with Clinton, 12 solo albums.

"Inspired madman or complete jackass??" —Question posed on the cover of Clinton's You Shouldn't Nuf Bit Fish album.

Bandleader, composer, daddy figure, language unto himself: George Clinton, 60, is to funk what Duke Ellington was to jazz, though Clinton's acid-test personal style shows more affinity to Sun Ra. In the role of Billy Strayhorn/Jimmy Blanton: William "Bootsy" Collins, 49, the bass player who first made his name re-energizing the "Sex Machine"-era James Brown, joined Clinton and his various Parliament-Funkadelic aggregations in the early 70s. The results, in concert and on hits such as "Up for the Down Stroke," were the wittiest, 'fro-fryingest jams ever conceived. And not only that: the pair and their other collaborators were laying down the rhythmic foundations and try-anything ethos of the best hip-hop. No one, with the possible exception of Brown, has been sampled more—is there greater praise?

Photographed (with models Tia, Lois, and Clara) by David LaChapelle in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, on July 11, 2000.

STYLED BY LISA VON WEISZ; CLINTON'S SHIRT BY ECKO; UNLINED HAIR BY IVY SUPERSONIC; MODELS' COSTUMES AND BOOTS BY MANOLO; COLLECTION HAIR BY RENATO CAMPORA; MAKEUP BY CAROLINA GONZALEZ; MANICURE BY GIGI; PROPS STYLED BY JASON HAMILTON. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

COSTOCCO



LOU REED

Singer, songwriter, guitarist, chameleon.

Twenty-four albums, six greatest-hits collections, and a boxed set as a solo artist; seven albums with the Velvet Underground; two collections of lyrics, *Between Thought and Expression* and *Pass Thru Fire*.

"My week is your year." —Lou Reed, taunting his critics
in the liner notes to *Metal Machine Music* (1975).

Lou Reed has been to hell and back, several times, and lived to tell of it in graphic detail. His well-documented former addictions and sexual adventures have been fodder for his gorgeously disturbing music, from the junkie anthems "Heroin" and "I'm Waiting for the Man" to "Walk on the Wild Side," his paean to the transsexual hustlers of the Warhol Factory set. But Reed's songs are no mere confessional. The stories that spring from his rich imagination and dark-alley sensibility— inhabited by speed freaks, drunks, dealers, pimps, whores, cross-dressers, wife beaters, and beggars—have the moral complexity of the best literature, with the added benefit of a flawless musical underpinning rooted in pure rock 'n' roll.

And talk about influential: playwright turned president Václav Havel christened the liberation of Czechoslovakia the Velvet Revolution after Reed's legendary group, the Velvet Underground.

Even the Beatles never got that big.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in the Edwin Booth Bedroom of the Players club in New York City on August 8, 2000.

THE TRANSFORMER





THE GUITAR GOD

ERIC CLAPTON

Guitarist; songwriter; film scorer;
founder of the Crossroads Centre,
a drug-rehab facility on Antigua.

Twenty gold albums as a solo artist; the only person to be inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame three times—as a member of the Yardbirds in 1992, as a member of Cream in 1993, and as a solo artist in 2000; ironic nickname: Slowhand; un-ironic nickname: God.

"I am, and always will be, a blues guitarist," Eric Clapton has said. This bedrock statement of purpose has been true from the beginning of his career, when he famously left the Yardbirds, just as the band was about to break, because he thought the single "For Your Love" was too pop. In the years since, Clapton's blues playing has only grown in power, expressiveness, and genuine reverence.

But you knew all that. So let us then pay tribute to Clapton's less celebrated gifts as, of all things, a pop tunesmith. From "Let It Rain" and "Wonderful Tonight" to "Tears in Heaven" and "My Father's Eyes," his best songs limn joy and sorrow with the same ringing, weeping clarity of his guitar. No matter the idiom, his music tells us, beauty derives from honesty.

Photographed by Norman Watson
in New York City.

THE BEASTIE BOYS

Hip-hop elders, taste arbiters.

ADAM HOROVITZ, ADAM YAUCH, and MIKE DIAMOND.

Five proper studio albums, plus myriad EPs and offcut collections; one sporadically published 'zine, *Grand Royal*.

The cover of last year's Beasties anthology album, *The Sounds of Science*, depicted the Boys in comically low-budget old-man getups—pasted-on white beards, porkpie hats, nubby cardigans. It was a typical example of the trio's goofball humor, but also an acknowledgment that they ain't no spring chickens: by next year, all three Beasties will be on the wrong side of 35. There are even murmurings that Messrs. Diamond, Horovitz, and Yauch may hang it up soon, detonating their little combo in order to pursue the extracurricular activities to which they've increasingly devoted themselves in recent years: acting, producing, publishing, executivizing, agitating for Tibetan independence, actually playing instruments. In the 14 years since their cheeky, obnoxious *Licensed to Ill* album made them stars, the Beastie Boys' cultural blender has absorbed, processed, and spit out everything from rap to metal to jazz to lounge-schlock to Buddhist chanting to the Beatles to Ted Nugent's libertarian rants to their own Jewish roots.

And, practically alone among American cultural entities, they've gotten some serious mileage out of the dead-horse premise that the 1970s are endlessly hilarious and minable—their *Kojak-Mannix-Baretta* homage video for 1994's "Sabotage" remains the high-water mark of music video.

Photographed by Christian Witkin on Seventh Avenue in New York City
on September 14, 2000.

THE SUPER-LONG-LASTING FLAVOR •

THE REUNION



THE BYRDS

Seminal folk-rock band.

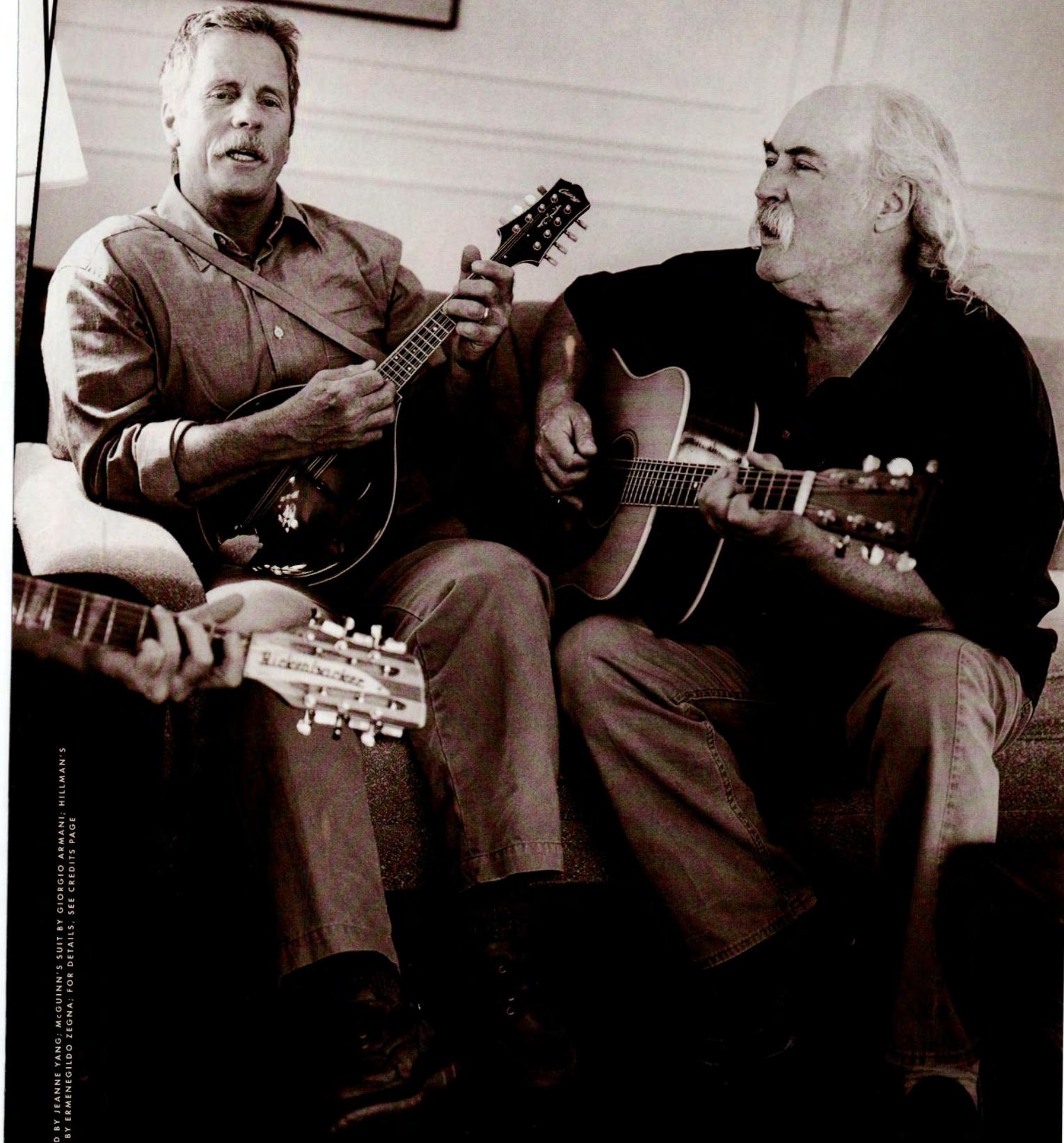
ROGER McGUINN, CHRIS HILLMAN,
and **DAVID CROSBY**, playing together for the first time in 27 years.

Eleven Byrds albums, 13 members in at least three distinct configurations; one lawsuit over rights to the group's name; inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1991.

It's inevitably referred to as "jingle-jangle": the compressed sound of Roger McGuinn's 12-string Rickenbacker guitar, which lit up the Sunset Strip in the spring of 1965 and sent the L.A. band's first single—an electrified cover of Bob Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man" with high, jet-stream harmonies—straight to No. 1. No group has done as much for the treble knob. Few groups have been as influential: they were playing country-inspired licks years before Linda Ronstadt and the Eagles. Of the original five, only David Crosby, Chris Hillman, and McGuinn—the lone constant through all incarnations of the group—are still with us. Michael Clarke died in 1993, Gene Clark in 1991. Of late, McGuinn and Hillman have been recording traditional folk and bluegrass music. Crosby, when not getting a liver transplant or donating sperm to Melissa Etheridge, still performs in varying clusters with post-Byrds mates Stephen Stills, Graham Nash, and Neil Young.

Photographed by Sam Jones at the Ambassador Hotel
in Wilmington, California, on August 8, 2000.

STYLED BY JEANNNE YANG; MCGUINN'S SUIT BY GIORGIO ARMANI; HILLMAN'S SHIRT BY ERMENTE GILDO ZEGNA; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



• THE DIVA NEXT DOOR



STYLED BY KIM MEEHAN; VINTAGE CHEMISE FROM THE FAMILY JEWELS VINTAGE CLOTHING,
N.Y.C.; BRA BY DOLCE & GABBANA; BLANKET BY TSE; HAIR BY ROQUE; MAKEUP BY
KRISTOFER BUCKLE; MAKEUP FROM PRESCRIPTIVES; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

MARIAH CAREY

Singer, songwriter, producer.

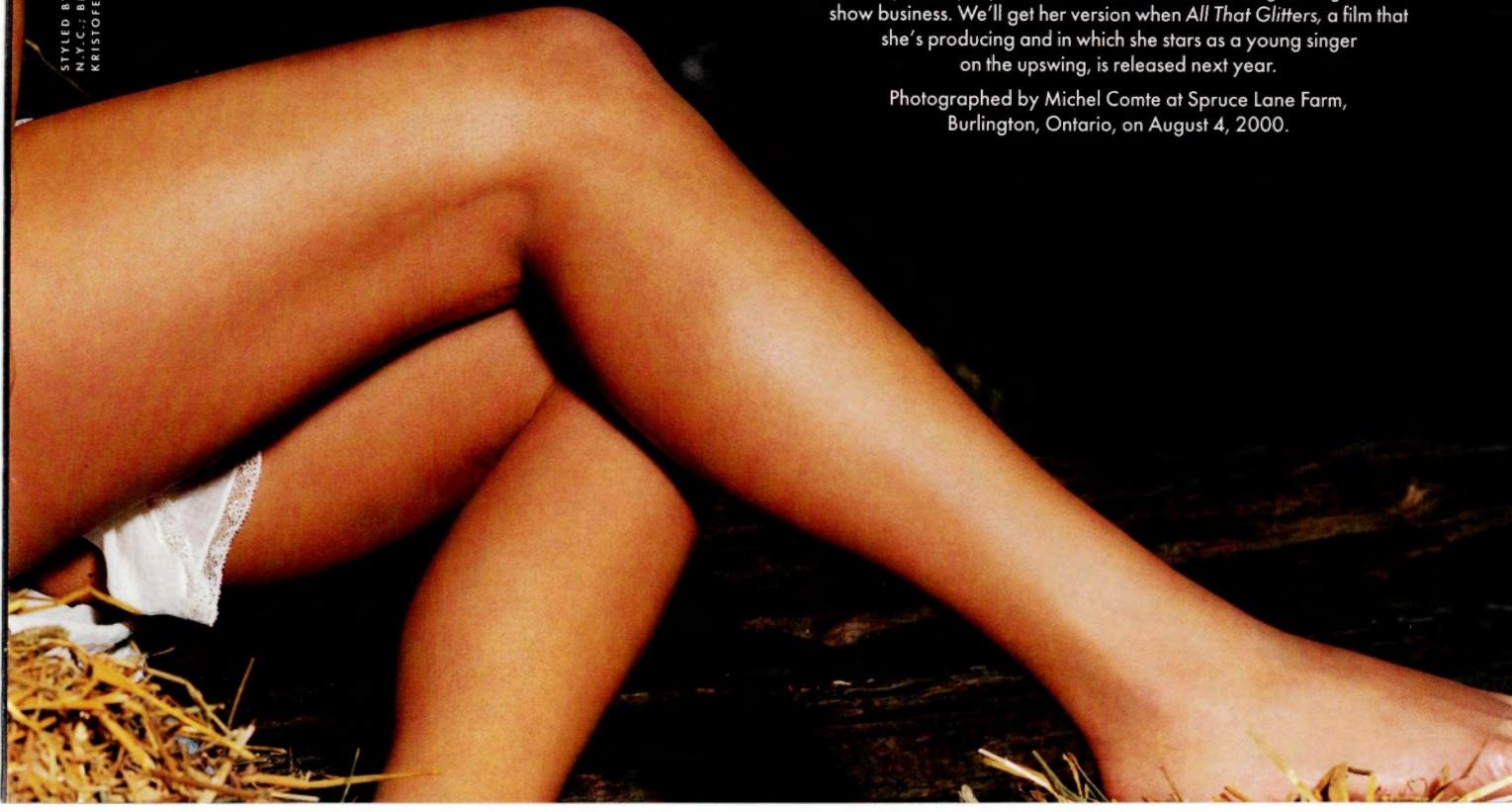
Nine albums, 14 No. 1 singles
(the most ever after Elvis Presley and the Beatles);
obsessed since childhood with the word "Guam."

She can belt, she can croon, she can sob, and she can
hit helium highs unheard in pop since the heyday of Minnie Riperton—
sometimes all in the space of one astonishing melisma.

Pipes: she's got 'em. And unlike some of her fellow "divas," Carey tends
to use hers for good instead of evil, relishing rap and R&B, investing
even the rotest of ballads with hints of actual personality. But whose? Is she
the savvy, driven woman who has taken control of life and career
after the bust-up of her marriage to Tommy Mottola, her former mentor
at Columbia Records? Or the lolly-licking Varga Girl she

portrays to such pointed effect on album covers and in videos?
Maybe it's just plain Mariah: the hardest-working homegirl in
show business. We'll get her version when *All That Glitters*, a film that
she's producing and in which she stars as a young singer
on the upswing, is released next year.

Photographed by Michel Comte at Spruce Lane Farm,
Burlington, Ontario, on August 4, 2000.



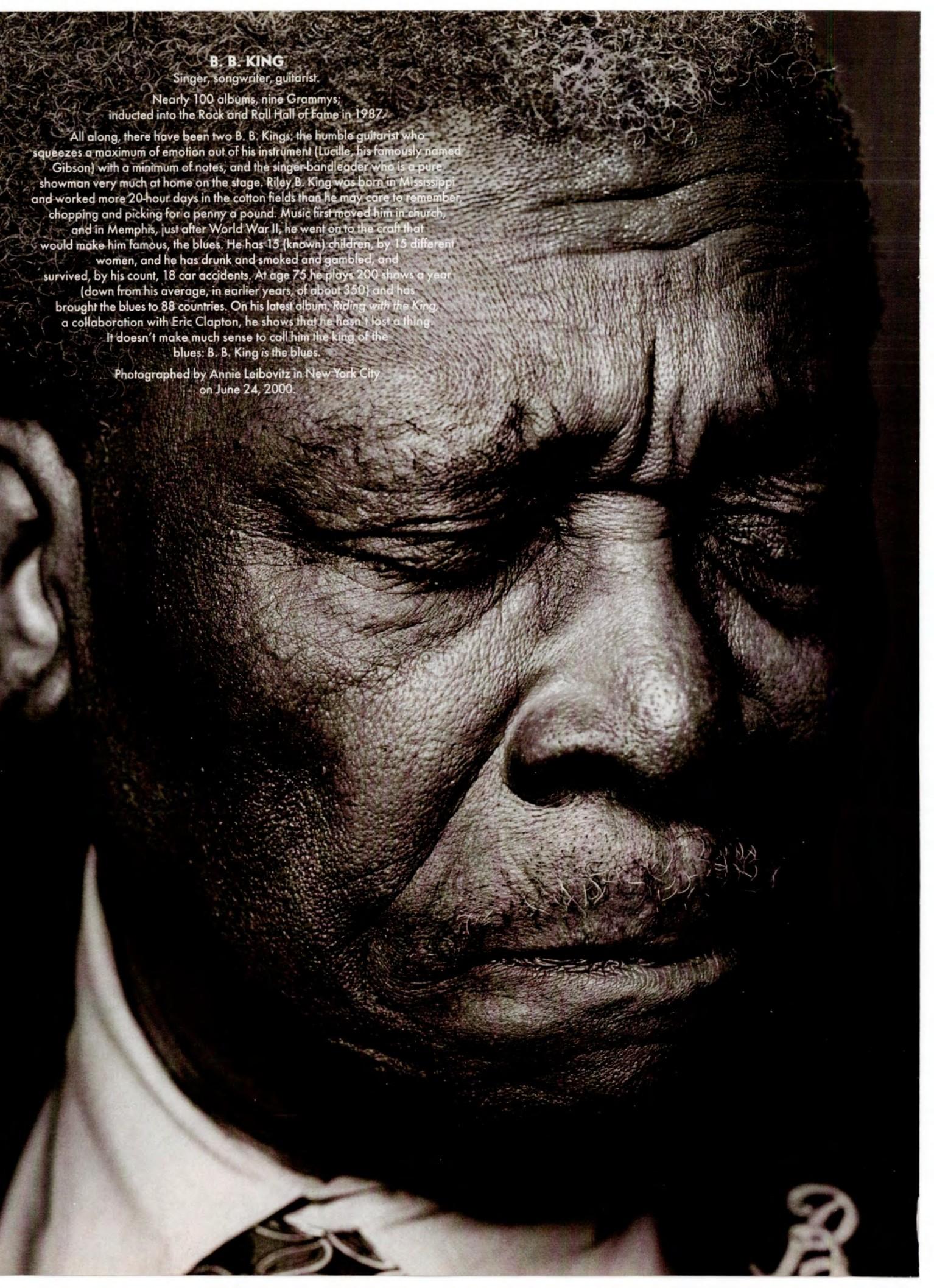
B. B. KING

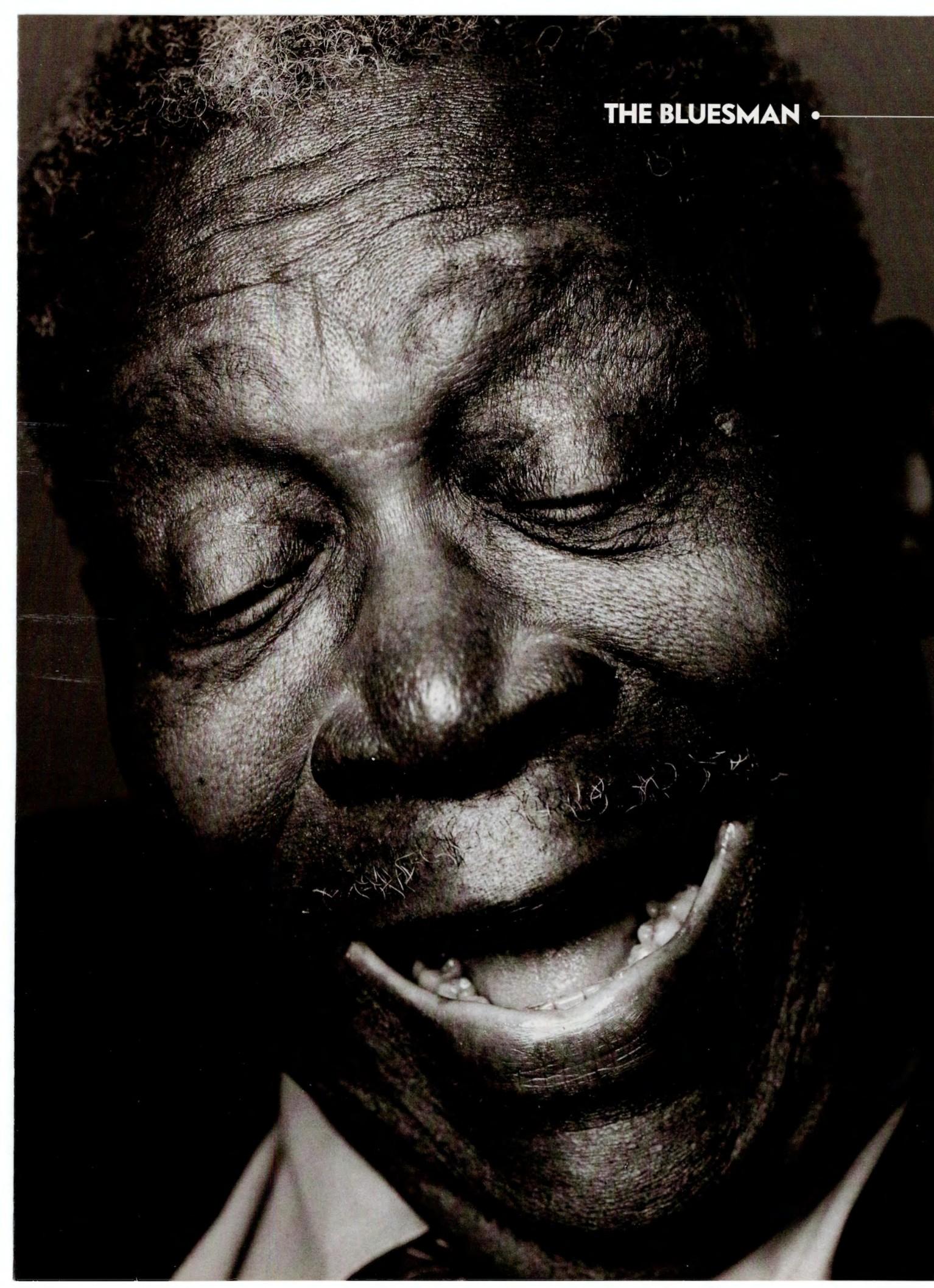
Singer, songwriter, guitarist.

Nearly 100 albums, nine Grammys;
inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1987.

All along, there have been two B. B. Kings: the humble guitarist who squeezes a maximum of emotion out of his instrument (Lucille, his famously named Gibson) with a minimum of notes, and the singer-bandleader who is a pure showman very much at home on the stage. Riley B. King was born in Mississippi and worked more 20-hour days in the cotton fields than he may care to remember, chopping and picking for a penny a pound. Music first moved him in church, and in Memphis, just after World War II, he went on to the craft that would make him famous, the blues. He has 15 (known) children, by 15 different women, and he has drunk and smoked and gambled, and survived, by his count, 18 car accidents. At age 75 he plays 200 shows a year (down from his average, in earlier years, of about 350) and has brought the blues to 88 countries. On his latest album, *Riding with the King*, a collaboration with Eric Clapton, he shows that he hasn't lost a thing. It doesn't make much sense to call him the king of the blues: B. B. King is the blues.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in New York City
on June 24, 2000.





THE BLUESMAN •



• THE SAVIORS

RADIOHEAD

Smartest working rock band.

COLIN GREENWOOD, ED O'BRIEN, and THOM YORKE
(not pictured: JONNY GREENWOOD and PHIL SELWAY).

Four albums and one collection of B sides; one Grammy nomination; one gloomy documentary, *Meeting People Is Easy*.

"Radiohead are so good they scare me." —Michael Stipe.

Back when MTV was practically running the band's hit single "Creep" on an endless loop, Radiohead seemed like just another of Britpop's sizable collection of one-hit wonders. But the song's hooks and fascinatingly miserable lyrics were no lucky accident, and Radiohead proved it on two classic albums, *The Bends* and *OK Computer*, which made Oasis look like a pack of drunken Beatles impersonators. *OK Computer* was widely regarded as the best album of 1997, and Radiohead was soon being hailed as the Future of Rock—the one band that could save music from the threats of techno, rap, and boy/girl groups. Expectations are piled sky-high for *Kid A*, just out, and an as-yet-unnamed record due in early 2001, but the band isn't worried. They have a way of exceeding expectations.

Photographed on tour by Julian Broad in Milan, Italy,
June 19, 2000.





• THE IMPRESARIO

QUINCY JONES

Trumpet player, arranger, record producer,
film producer, force.

More than 75 gold albums, more than 100 gold albums
as producer and/or arranger, 26 Grammys,
77 Grammy nominations (a record), composer of 36 film scores
and eight television themes (including *Ironside* and *Sanford & Son*),
seven Oscar nominations; winner of the Jean Hersholt
Humanitarian Award in 1995.

In terms musical, sociological, and metaphysical, Lesley Gore is the precise opposite of Miles Davis—and yet Quincy Jones produced them both. Just as the dimensions of the universe are impossible for the layman to comprehend, so too the breadth of Jones's career.

For instance, he was the arranger and conductor of Frank Sinatra and Count Basie's recording of "Fly Me to the Moon," the pinnacle of the singer's late, hard-swinging style. Two decades later he produced Michael Jackson's multi-platinum *Thriller*. A lesser-known but no less important career highlight: the Jones album *Walking in Space*, released in 1969 (and recently re-released on CD), which joined rock and funk rhythms with big-band swing and provided a brief glimpse of a bracing alternate universe where even smooth jazz can swing.

Photographed by Antoine Le Grand in the
South of France on July 25, 2000.



THE LATIN ROYALS

MARC ANTHONY and CELIA CRUZ Singers.

Anthony: six albums; first salsa singer to have a gold record in the United States; played the title role in Paul Simon's intermittently wonderful 1998 Broadway musical, *The Capeman*.

Cruz: 78 albums, 30 gold albums worldwide, two Grammys; awarded a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame in 1987.

Born in Havana, now a resident of New Jersey, Celia Cruz, 74, is the undisputed Queen of Salsa—a tribute to her vocal agility, her unmatched ability to command a stage, her longevity (she's been a pro since the late 1940s), and, alas, the fact that there hasn't been a lot of competition in this male-dominated field. Often likened to Ella Fitzgerald, Cruz shares Fitzgerald's genius at playing sweet havoc with a melody or a rhythm.

Marc Anthony, 32, was born in New York to Puerto Rican parents, grew up listening to Billy Joel and Air Supply, and only began cutting his innovative salsa records after having a go at contemporary dance music (which explains why his singing shows the influence of 80s power ballads).

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the El Flamingo in New York City on August 3, 2000.

• THE AX MEN



DUANE EDDY and LES PAUL

Electric guitarists.

Eddy: 15 Top 40 hits; co-wrote a song with Ravi Shankar; inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, 1994.

Paul: 38 Top 40 hits; once recorded with W. C. Fields; inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, 1988.

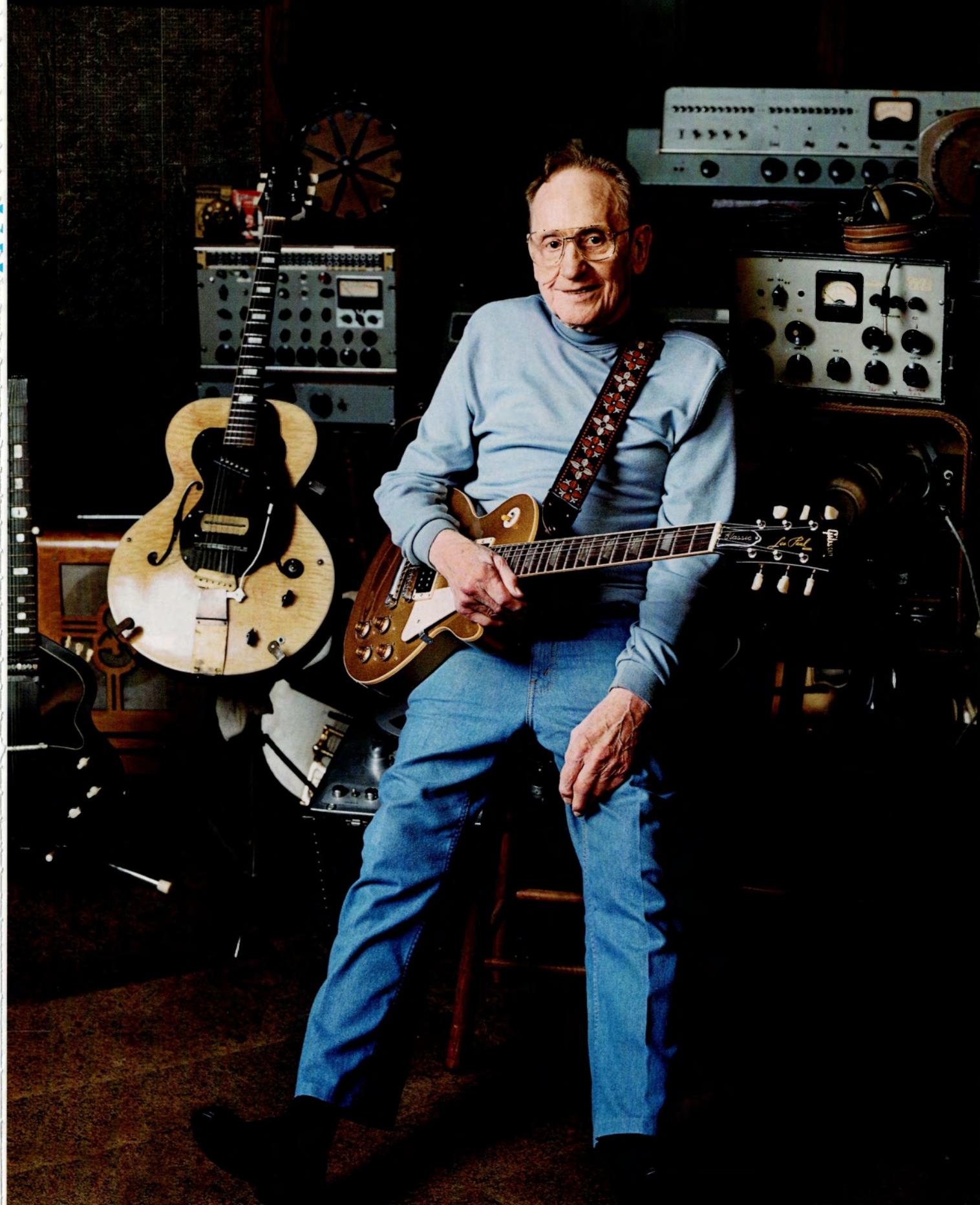
"This is like having the Bible signed by Jesus Christ!" —Anonymous fan, immediately after getting his Les Paul guitar autographed by Les Paul himself.

Though he recorded and continues to perform mostly as a jazz and pop artist,

Les Paul, 85, has been called the Thomas Edison of rock 'n' roll for his innovations in recording-studio technology (among other things, he pioneered multitracking) and for his invention, along with Leo Fender and Adolph Rickenbacker, of the solid-body electric guitar.

Duane Eddy, 62, has been called the first rock 'n' roll guitar hero for the series of terse instrumental hits he recorded between 1958 and 1962, and for his distinctive "twang" sound—played on a hollow-body Gretsch—which was soon appropriated by surf bands and composers of spaghetti-Western scores. A world without the two of them would be a world without Jimmy Page, Eddie Van Halen, Slash, and Wayne Campbell.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at Les Paul's Mahwah, New Jersey, home on July 19, 2000.



VAN CLIBURN

Pianist.

More than two dozen albums (including the first classical album in America to go platinum); has performed for every U.S. president since Truman.

He embodied the hopes and briefly alleviated the fears of Americans during the Cold War when, in Moscow in 1958, he beat the Russians at their own game by winning the first International Tchaikovsky Competition, a victory so unexpected and controversial that it had to be vetted by Premier Nikita Khrushchev. Upon his return, the 23-year-old Van Cliburn was given a hero's welcome, with a ticker-tape parade through New York's Canyon of Heroes, and immediately became the most famous pianist in the world. Over the next 20 years he pursued a grueling schedule of concerts—nearly all of them featuring his signature rendition of Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto—and launched his own, eponymous piano competition in his hometown of Fort Worth, Texas, before quitting the stage, exhausted and disillusioned, in 1978. It was Ronald Reagan who coaxed Cliburn out of retirement nine years later by inviting him to perform at the White House for a state dinner honoring Mikhail Gorbachev. Since then, he has concertized regularly, and if he hasn't strayed very far from the Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky repertoire that made him famous, there is still no one better at playing it with all the romantic grandeur of that earlier era.

Photographed by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders
at the Carlyle Hotel in New York City
on July 12, 2000.

• THE PRODIGY

STYLED BY TINA SKOURAS; SUIT AND TIE BY RALPH LAUREN PURPLE LABEL;
CUFF LINKS BY POLO RALPH LAUREN; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



THE QUEEN

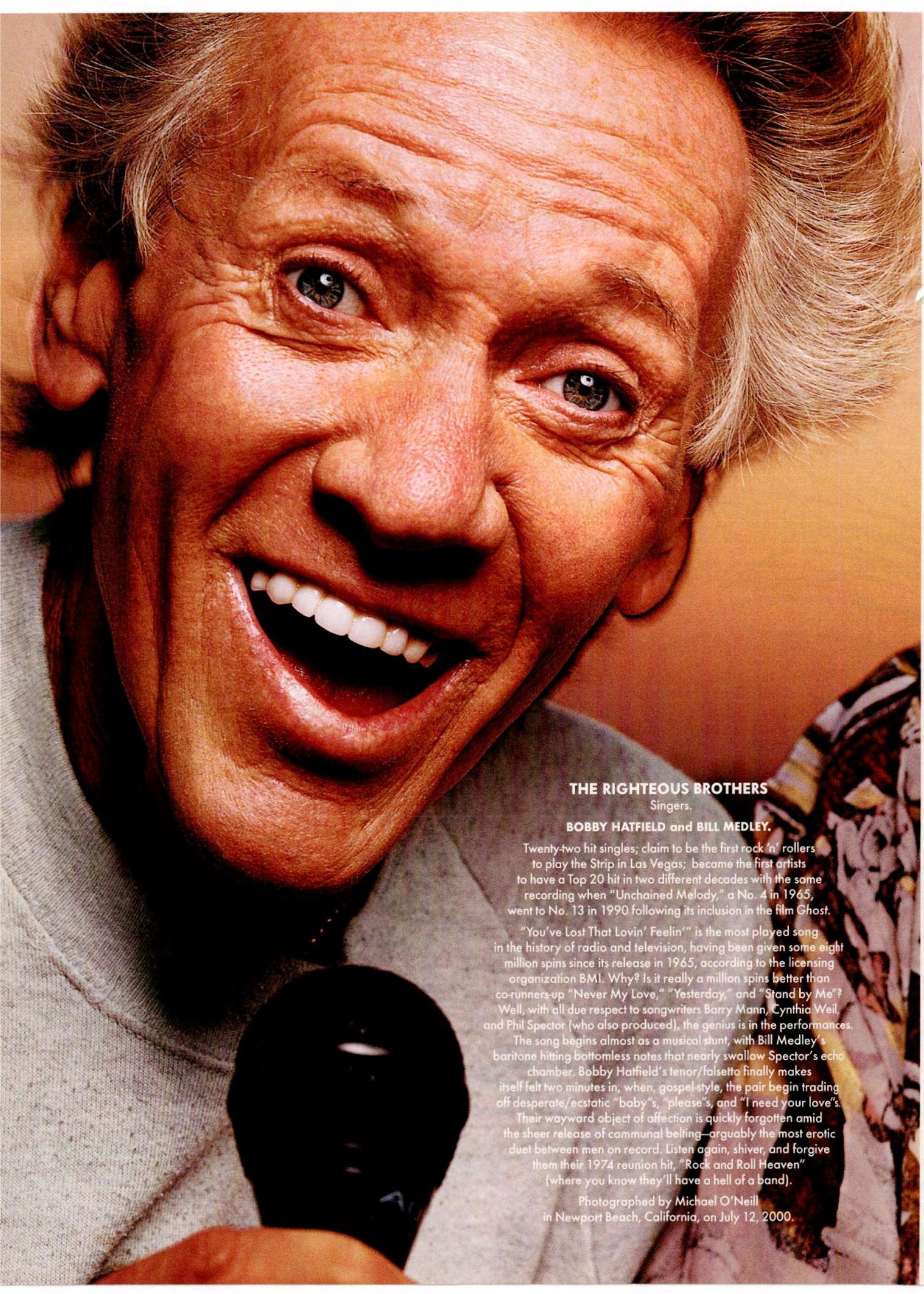
ARETHA FRANKLIN

Singer

More million-selling singles than any woman in recording history; 15 Grammy Awards (a record for a female performer); the first woman inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, in 1987.

As the music critic Christopher John Farley has pointed out, the Queen of Soul is perhaps the one "title" in popular music that has not grown ill-fitting with age. While she had substantial hits in the 80s and 90s, we will always owe her fealty for the astonishing records she cut for Atlantic in the late 60s and early 70s: "Respect," "Chain of Fools," her shatter-the-stained-glass gospel album *Amazing Grace*, all driven by one of the most miraculous voices in history, a fusion of tuning-fork clarity and sheer, gut emotion. Listen to her bite off the angry/hurting lines in her very first session for Atlantic Records, where she laid down the R&B hit "I Never Loved a Man (The Way I Love You)": "You're no good / Heartbreaker / You're a liar and a cheat." Surely she never had to talk to Jesus like that as a young girl singing in her father's church.

Photographed by Michael O'Neill in Southampton, New York, on July 17, 2000.



THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS

Singers.

BOBBY HATFIELD and BILL MEDLEY.

Twenty-two hit singles; claim to be the first rock n' rollers to play the Strip in Las Vegas; became the first artists to have a Top 20 hit in two different decades with the same recording when "Unchained Melody," a No. 4 in 1965, went to No. 13 in 1990 following its inclusion in the film *Ghost*.

"You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'" is the most played song in the history of radio and television, having been given some eight million spins since its release in 1965, according to the licensing organization BMI. Why? Is it really a million spins better than co-runners-up "Never My Love," "Yesterday," and "Stand by Me"? Well, with all due respect to songwriters Barry Mann, Cynthia Weil, and Phil Spector (who also produced), the genius is in the performances.

The song begins almost as a musical stunt, with Bill Medley's baritone hitting bottomless notes that nearly swallow Spector's echo chamber. Bobby Hatfield's tenor/falsetto finally makes itself felt two minutes in, when, gospel-style, the pair begin trading off desperate/ecstatic "baby's," "please's, and "I need your love's."

Their wayward object of affection is quickly forgotten amid the sheer release of communal belting—arguably the most erotic duet between men on record. Listen again, shiver, and forgive them their 1974 reunion hit, "Rock and Roll Heaven" (where you know they'll have a hell of a band).

Photographed by Michael O'Neill
in Newport Beach, California, on July 12, 2000.

A close-up, warm-toned photograph of a smiling man with blue eyes and a woman's profile. The man has short, light-colored hair and is wearing a light-colored shirt. He is smiling broadly, showing his teeth. To his left, the profile of a woman's face is visible, looking towards the right. The lighting is soft and focused on the man's face.

THE BLUE-EYED SOUL MEN •



**EVE, RAH DIGGA, MISSY
"MISDEMEANOR" ELLIOTT, and DA BRAT**
Hip-hop artists.

"A man cannot speak for us. It's our time." —Eve

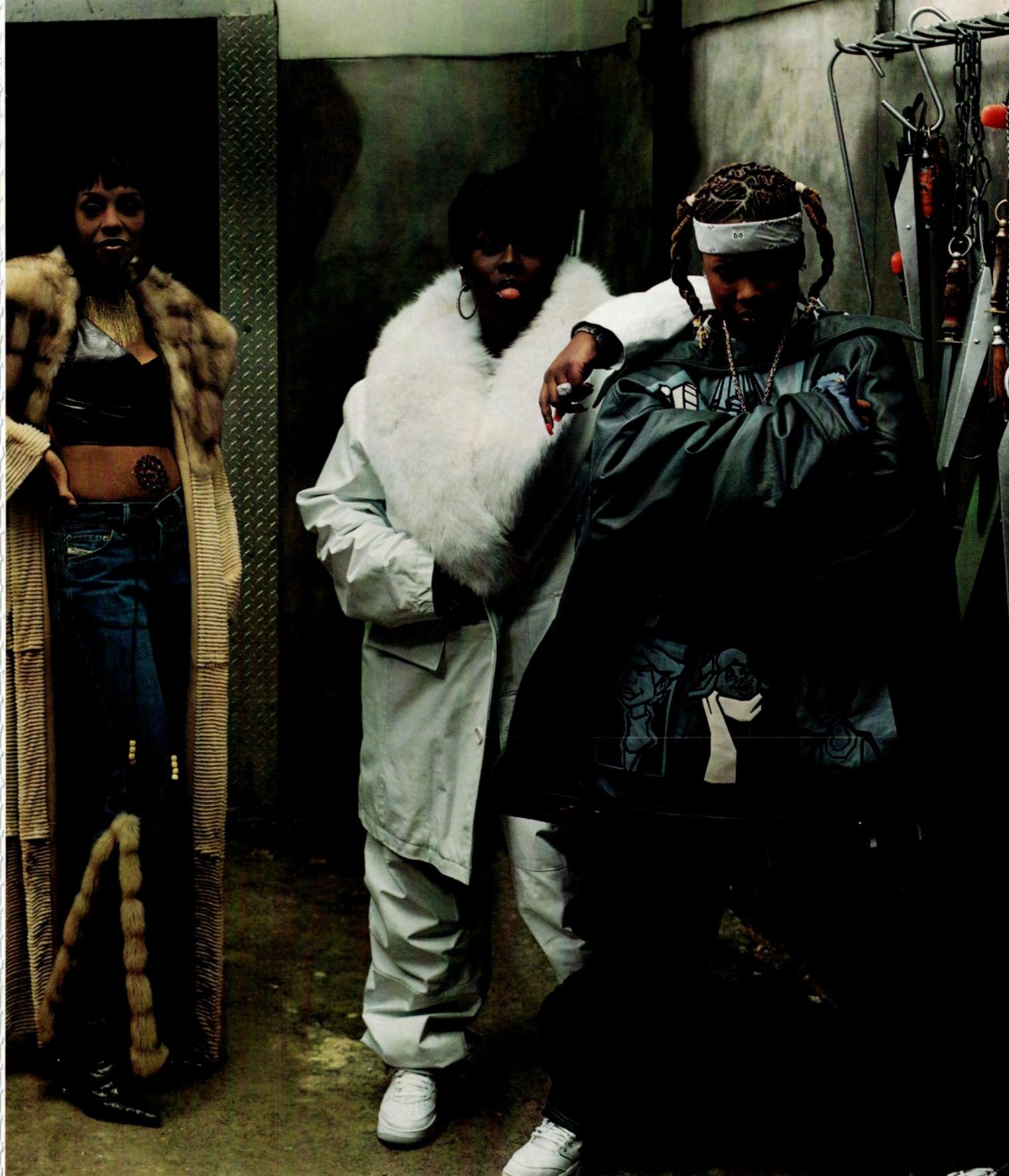
They are the grossly outnumbered but increasingly powerful women of hip-hop, mixing designer-clad sex appeal and street-tested microphone skills, keeping the party rolling even as they add a much-needed dose of reality to the testosterone-drunk fantasy world of rap. Taking after Salt-N-Pepa, Eve, of DMX's Ruff Ryders' crew, and Da Brat, whose 1994 album, *Funkdafied*, was the first by a female rapper to go platinum, give players and thugs a taste of their own medicine, demanding sexual satisfaction, but strictly on their own terms. The gruff-voiced Rah Digga, who calls herself the Harriet Tubman of hip-hop and is a member of Busta Rhyme's Flipmode Squad, mixes supermodel looks with a hard rhyming flow. And the multitalented and supremely savvy Missy Elliott sings, raps, arranges, and produces, and writes songs for the likes of Aaliyah, Mariah Carey, and Whitney Houston, often with the hot young producer Timbaland, a childhood friend.

People sometimes refer to her as Puff Mommy, but watch out, Puffy: they may soon be calling you Mister Elliott.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at Weichsel Beef Co.
in New York City on July 17, 2000.

STYLED BY KIM MEEHAN, EVE'S COAT AND BELT BY GUCCI, HOT PANTS BY FAUSTO PUGLISI; GLOVES BY LA CRASIA; HAT BY B. MICHAEL; BOOTS BY MICHAEL PERRY; JEWELRY BY ASPREY & GARRARD. RAH DILLIGA'S COAT AND JEANS BY S.J. MENDEL; TANK TOP BY CHROME ANTONI; BOOTS BY SERGIO ROSSI; JEWELRY BY DKNY JEWELRY. ELLIOTT'S COAT AND JEANS BY S.J. MENDEL; TANK TOP BY CHROME HEARTS; SHOES BY NIKE; JEWELRY BY HARVEY DAVIDSON. DA BRATS' JACKET, SHIRT, AND JEANS BY FUBU; SHOES BY NIKE; JEWELRY BY HARVEY DAVIDSON. DA DIAMONDS' DIAMONDS BY MIGH D'MONADS. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

THE SISTERHOOD •



THE SISTERHOOD

• THE TEMPEST





TORI AMOS

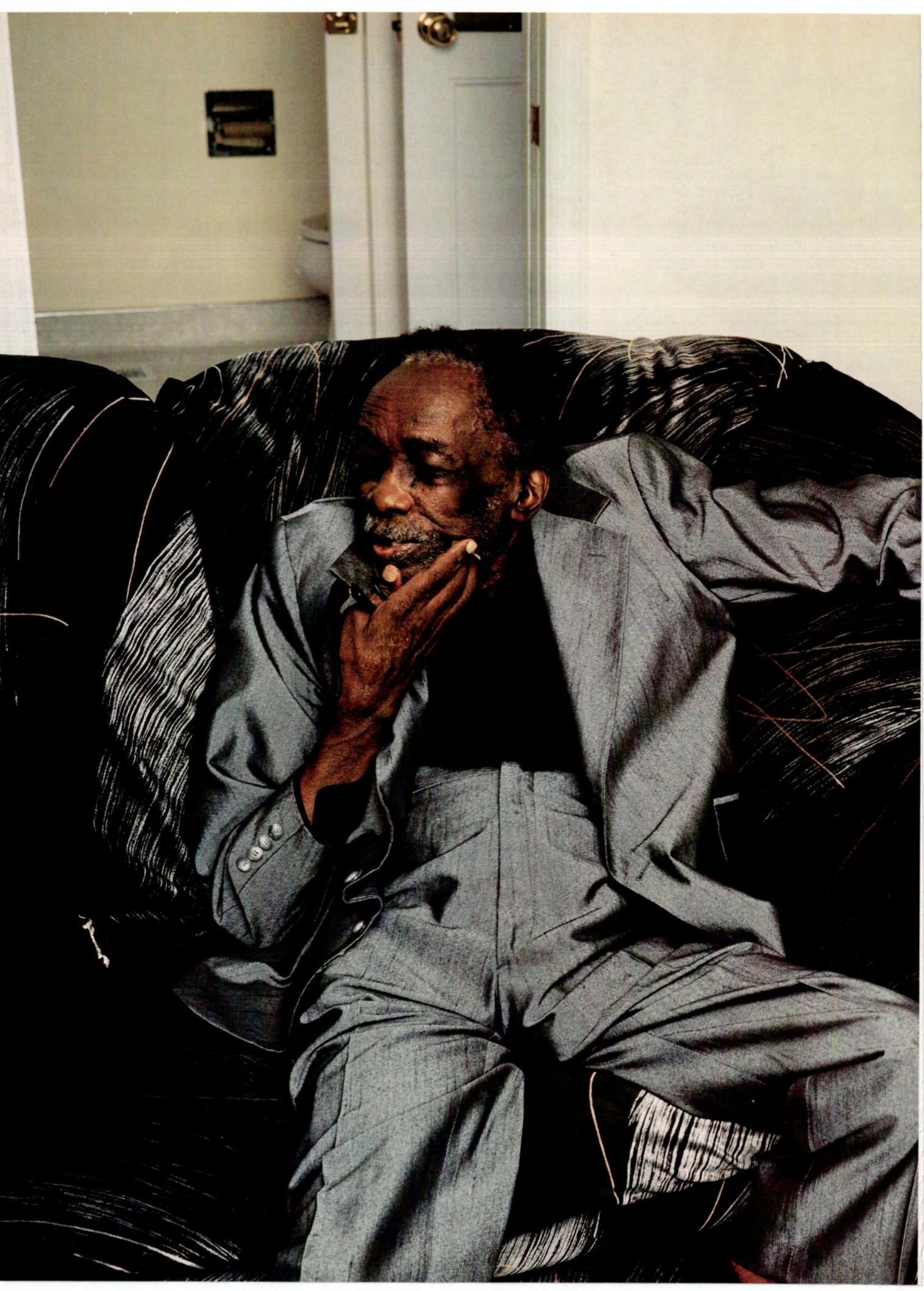
Singer, songwriter, pianist.

Five albums and a devotional following.

With her naked, confessional lyrics, her sinuous piano lines, and the blurry intimacy of her voice, the sprite-goddess of alternative rock has earned the tremulous, quasi-religious adoration of millions of fans who have revered her as mother, minister, and muse since the 1992 release of *Little Earthquakes*.

Too cutting to be New Age, too honest to be twee, Amos, 37, trades in myths and faeries without ever losing sight of planet Earth and its sticky realities—the fraught landscapes of religion and sexuality, the primal realms of female experience, the secret corners of interior life. As she sings on her latest album, *To Venus and Back*, "My fear is greater than my faith but I walk."

Photographed by Sam Jones at her home in Stuart, Florida, on July 7, 2000, when Amos and her studio-engineer husband, Mark Hawley, were expecting their first child. (Natashya Lórien Hawley was born on September 5, 2000, seven pounds one ounce.)





THE BOOGIE KING •

JOHN LEE HOOKER
Singer, songwriter, guitarist.

More than 100 albums, four Grammys,
inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1991.

The blues has been a lifelong discipline for the 83-year-old John Lee Hooker. In the late 1920s, when he wasn't yet a teenager, he played dances in Mississippi with his mentor and stepfather, bluesman Will Moore. At age 14, Hooker (and his guitar) moved on to Memphis, and from there to Cincinnati, and then on to Detroit, where he settled down, working in factories and playing the bars and nightclubs whenever he could. While Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf were developing a distinctive style of electric blues in Chicago, Hooker had his own sound going in Detroit. In 1948 he pulled off the amazing feat of selling one million copies of "Boogie Chillen," which went on to be his signature tune. His guitar style is hard and rhythmic, with not much in the way of fancy finger work. He likes to talk when he sings, and sometimes he mumbles or moans—whatever it takes to put across the deep blues. After countless comebacks—his riveting appearance in *The Blues Brothers* in 1980; his amazing late-period albums, such as *The Healer* (1989) and *Don't Look Back* (1997)—Hooker says he still hasn't mastered the blues form. "You never learn it all," he said in a recent interview. "You always learnin' something different. Always learnin'."

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at his home in Los Altos, California, on July 27, 2000.



THE SOPRANOS

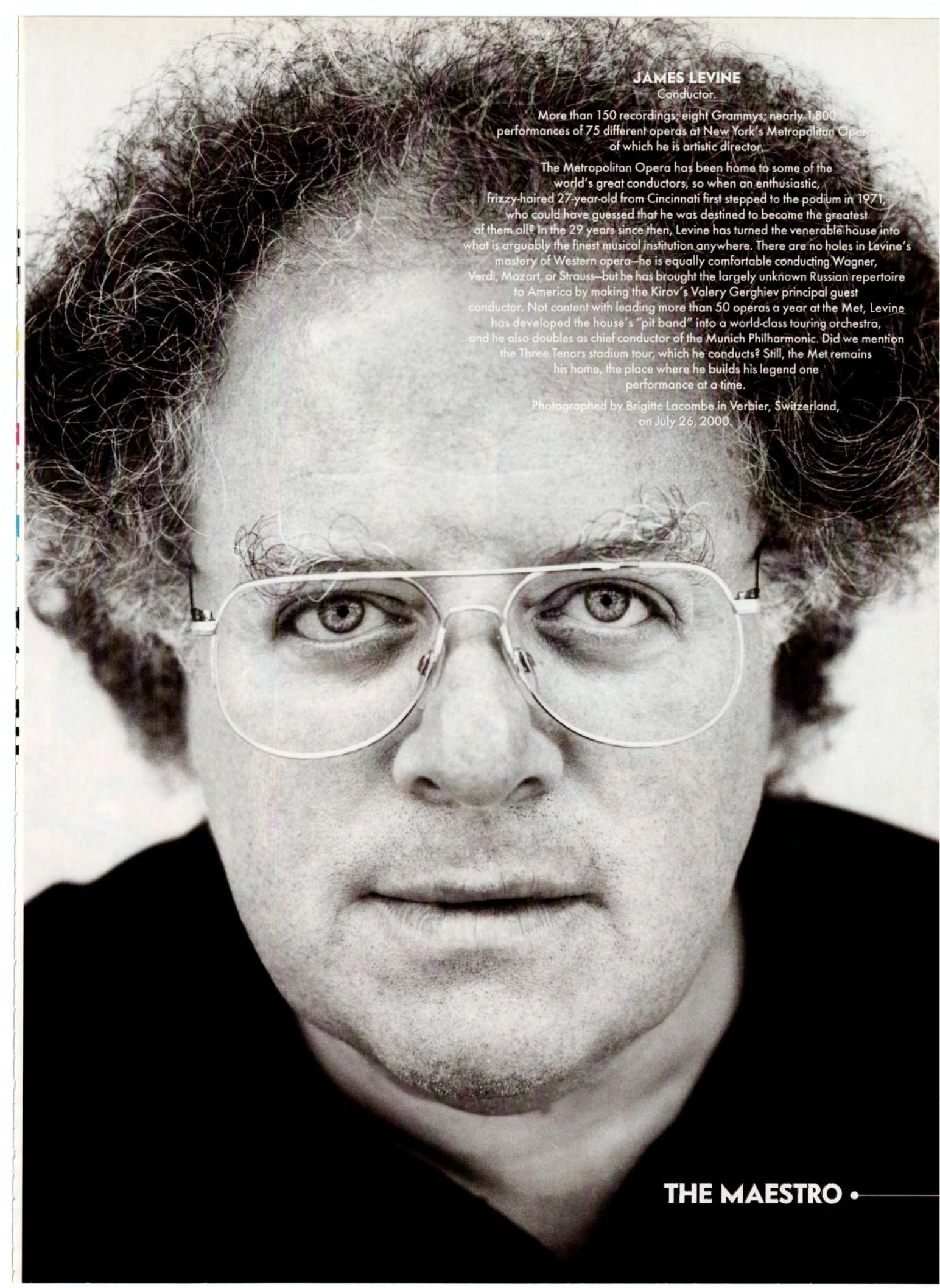
RENÉE FLEMING and SUSAN GRAHAM

Opera singers.

Phones rang off their hooks last year when Renée Fleming and Susan Graham performed Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* at the Metropolitan Opera. Everyone expected Fleming to be divine as the aging Marschallin, and she was, but who could have foreseen that Graham, in the trouser role of Octavian, would match America's favorite soprano, who at 41 is in full possession of the most beautiful voice in the world? Now Graham, 40, has joined Fleming as one of those rare singers for whom composers write new operas. Just as André Previn wrote the part of Blanche DuBois in his San Francisco Opera-commissioned *A Streetcar Named Desire* specially for Fleming, Jake Heggie fashioned the role of Sister Helen Prejean in *Dead Man Walking*, which opens this month at the S.F.O., to highlight Graham's creamy mezzo. Each of these divas can spellbind by herself, but opera buffs who can't get enough of them together will soon have their chance: they are reprising *Der Rosenkavalier* this season in San Francisco, and a partial recording is available on Decca. Erato also released a CD of their performance of Handel's *Alcina*, which earned them raves in Paris in 1999. Not since Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne made magic has there been such a perfectly matched pair.

Photographed by Anders Overgaard
at the Salzburg Festival, Austria, on July 30, 2000.

STYLED BY YOAN GONFOND; FLEMING'S DRESS AND SCARF BY ISSEY MIYAKE; GRAHAM'S DRESS BY GABRIELLE STREHLE; SCARF BY ATIL KUTOGLU. HAIR AND MAKEUP BY MONIKA PUJMAN AND MARIE THERESE WEINMANN FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



JAMES LEVINE

Conductor.

More than 150 recordings; eight Grammys; nearly 1,800 performances of 75 different operas at New York's Metropolitan Opera, of which he is artistic director.

The Metropolitan Opera has been home to some of the world's great conductors, so when an enthusiastic, frizzy-haired 27-year-old from Cincinnati first stepped to the podium in 1971, who could have guessed that he was destined to become the greatest of them all? In the 29 years since then, Levine has turned the venerable house into what is arguably the finest musical institution anywhere. There are no holes in Levine's mastery of Western opera—he is equally comfortable conducting Wagner, Verdi, Mozart, or Strauss—but he has brought the largely unknown Russian repertoire to America by making the Kirov's Valery Gergiev principal guest conductor. Not content with leading more than 50 operas a year at the Met, Levine has developed the house's "pit band" into a world-class touring orchestra, and he also doubles as chief conductor of the Munich Philharmonic. Did we mention the Three Tenors stadium tour, which he conducts? Still, the Met remains his home, the place where he builds his legend one performance at a time.

Photographed by Brigitte Lacombe in Verbier, Switzerland, on July 26, 2000.

THE MAESTRO •

THE GUILTY PLEASURE



TYLED BY NICK GRIFFITHS. LE BON'S TURT AND SUNGLASSES AND HIS CO. S SUIT BY AVES SAINT LOUIS. LEFT RIVE GAUCHE BY PAUL SMITH; SHOES BY MARCAZOS. RIFLES SHIRT AND DOLCE & GABBANA PANTS BY CAMPOARO. MANICURE BY GIGI GIORGIO. SET STYLING BY KRISTEN VOGEL. HAIR BY REINA CAMPORA. DETAILS SEE CREDITS PAGE.



DURAN DURAN

Rock band.

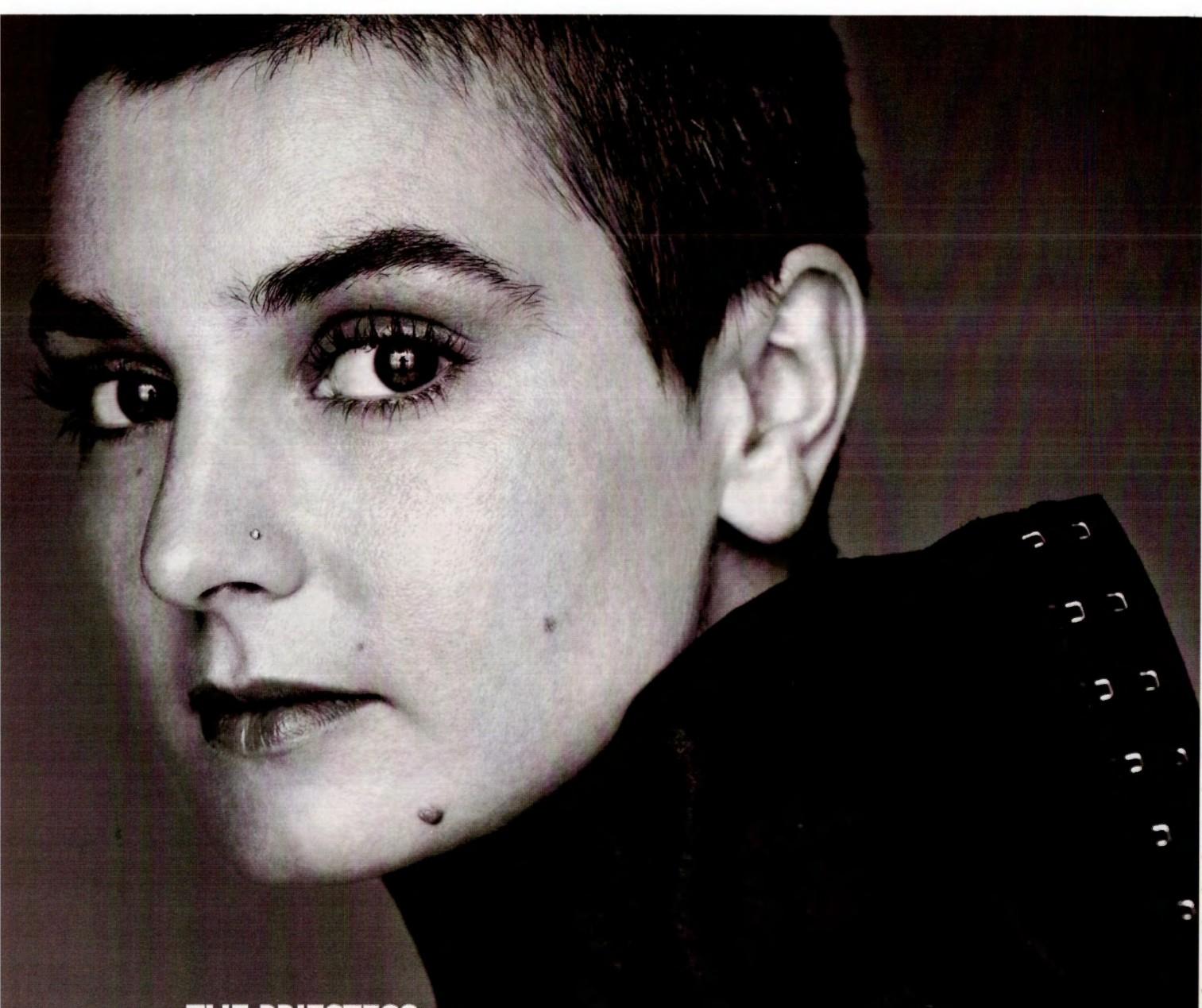
SIMON LE BON and NICK RHODES.

Twelve albums, nine Top 20 singles, no arrests.

"Look at that! It's so 80s. It's so *Dynasty*. It's so . . . me." —Simon Le Bon, noticing a white leather couch in his dressing room, 1998.

Scary to think that the band that defines the term "Big 80s" has released as many albums in the 90s—and, um, aughties—as they did in the decade of Ronald Reagan and Robin Leach, and that the group's 1993 single "Ordinary World" was its biggest ever worldwide, outselling such cocaine-and-wine-cooler anthems as "Rio" and "Hungry Like the Wolf." But then, for all their eyelinered, razor-tie naughtiness, for all the high-end slut gloss of their videos—for all the over-the-top synthesizers—what Duran Duran delivered time and again was the pure pop blast, as enduring as "I Get Around" or "Bernadette." Since their first record, in 1980, three of the original fab five have fallen by the wayside, but keyboard player Rhodes and lead singer Le Bon carry on with all due verve.

Photographed by David LaChapelle aboard the Entrepreneur II
on the East River, New York City, May 13, 2000.



• THE PRIESTESS

SINÉAD O'CONNOR

Singer-songwriter.

Seven albums, one Grammy.

Sinéad O'Connor is, truly, a soul singer. Since her 1987 debut album, *The Lion and the Cobra*, and probably even before that, she has sung to release her inner demons ("Last Day of Our Acquaintance," an angry divorce song from 1990), to chronicle heartbreak (her mesmerizing cover, that same year, of Prince's "Nothing Compares 2 U"), and to offer tenderness (the touching "Daddy I'm Fine," from her newest album, *Faith and Courage*). All the while, O'Connor has had a shadow career as a firebrand, whose greatest hits include: refusing to appear on an episode of *Saturday Night Live* hosted by Andrew Dice Clay; tearing up a picture of the Pope on *S.N.L.* two years later, after singing Bob Marley's "War"; courageously facing down a Madison Square Garden filled to the blue seats with booing Bob Dylan fans at his 30th-anniversary tribute concert weeks after the Pope incident; discussing the touchy topics of racism and child abuse in the press again and again; having herself ordained by the Latin Tridentine Church; and coming out in an interview this year with the lesbian magazine *Curve*. Long may she preach the word.

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy in New York City on June 12, 2000.

THE BREAKOUT



MOBY

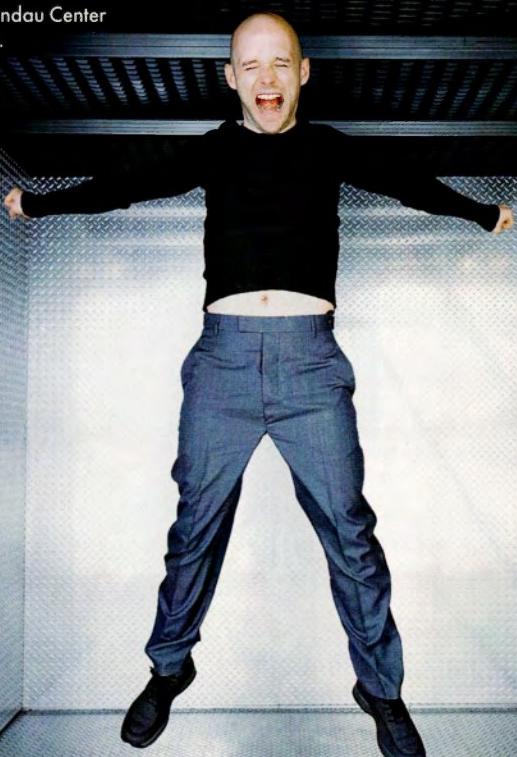
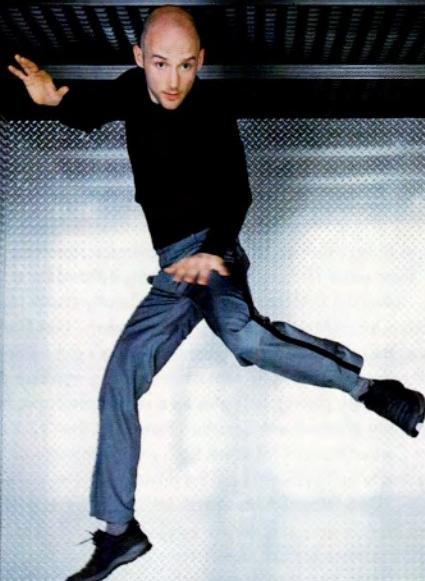
D.J., composer, evangelical vegan.

Four albums, two Grammy nominations,
a direct descendant of Herman Melville (hence the nickname).

Though he found a modicum of fame in the early 90s as a star in the otherwise faceless world of techno, Moby (also known as Richard Melville Hall) became a commercial force last year at the age of 34 with the platinum-selling *Play*, on which he used his cinematic, gently propulsive touch to knit together contemporary beats with samples from old-school rappers and long-gone gospel singers. The result was a true sonic landmark—beautiful, fresh, uncategorizable. And therefore the record was initially ignored by MTV and radio; most audiences didn't discover *Play* until its songs began to be licensed by advertisers such as Nordstrom and Labatt; one cut, "Bodyrock," was used as the theme song for the final season of *Veronica's Closet*. One's few remaining notions about coolness must be jettisoned when it's left to Canadian beer commercials and lame sitcoms to break music this good.

For his part, Moby seems happiest when confounding expectations.

Photographed by Todd Eberle at the Fisher Landau Center
in New York City on May 7, 2000.





THE ROAD WARRIOR

BOB DYLAN

Singer, songwriter, bard, enigma.

Thirty official albums, hundreds more bootlegs, five children, including one legitimate rock star.

"It's not dark yet," sings Bob in his most recently written classic, "but it's gettin' there." There's an audible grin in his delivery; Dylan, paradoxical as ever, seems to be relishing the fact of his own encroaching mortality.

Ever since 1997, when he was hospitalized for a heart infection and he released his brilliantly crusty album *Time Out of Mind* (which yielded the song "Not Dark Yet"), there's been a spring in his step: he's put on tight, dither-free concerts; he's taken to wearing cowboy suits with snappy piping; he's played a set for the Pope; he's gamely chatted with Charlton Heston at the '97 Kennedy Center Honors (at which both men received medals); he's finally authorized the official release of his much-bootlegged 1966 "Royal Albert Hall" concert in Manchester; and there's even talk that he's going to do a Bob Hope-style TV variety special. Great news all around, portending even greater things to come as his 60th birthday approaches next spring, but kind of worrisome too: Who are you really, sir, and what have you done with mumbly, gloomy, decomposing Bob?

Photographed by Danny Clinch at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles on March 23, 2000.



THE ROCK STAR •

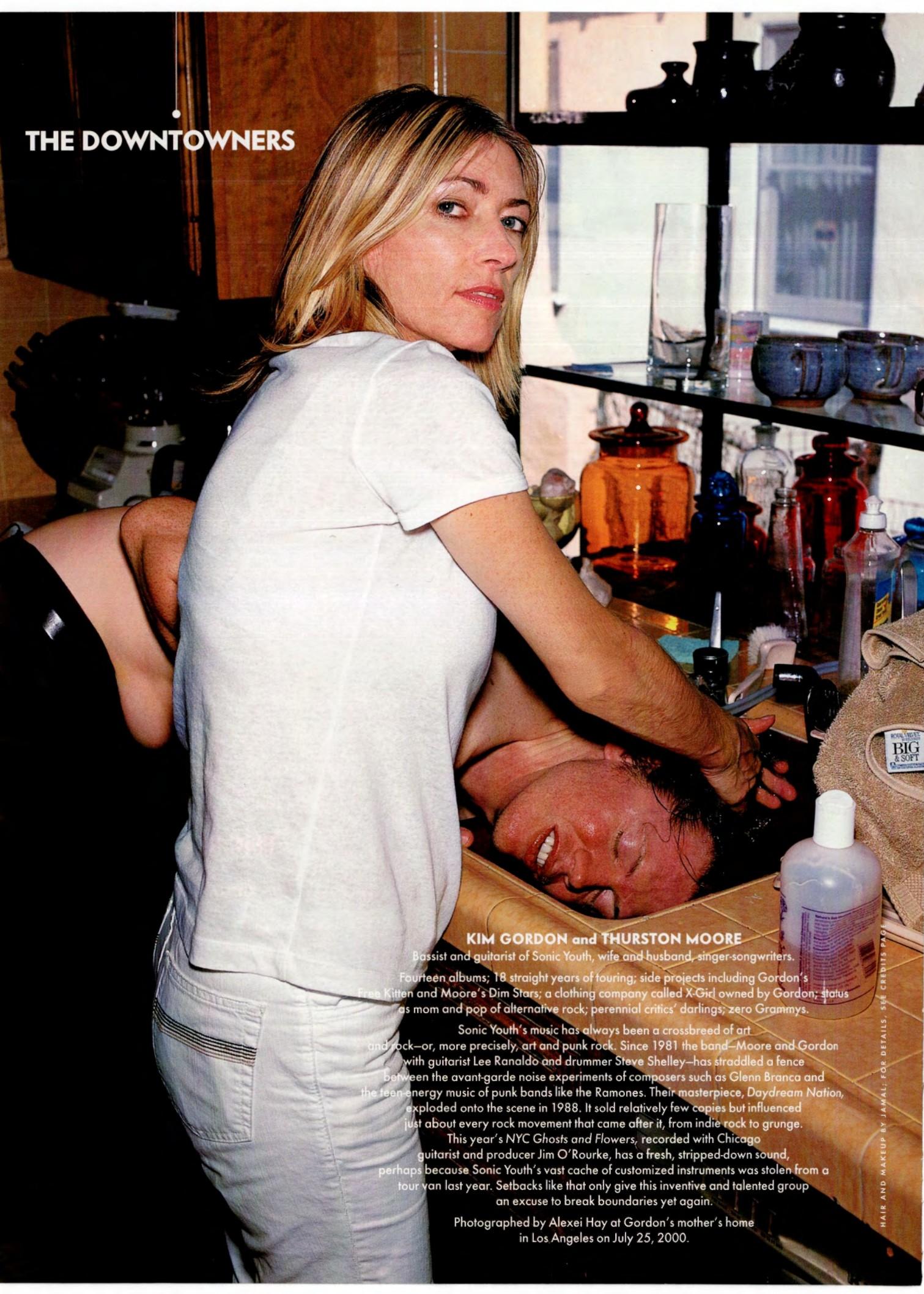
RICHARD ASHCROFT
Singer-songwriter.

One solo album, four albums with the Verve.

In a time when the music stars fall into two camps—louts (Eminem, Kid Rock) and fresh-faced teen idols ('N Sync, Ricky Martin)—it's a relief to have Richard Ashcroft on the pop-music stage. Like Jagger and Bowie before him, Ashcroft belongs to that particularly British species of entertainer: the sensitive iconoclast who looks good with a cigarette dangling from his lips. Ashcroft is a mesmerizing performer, whether onstage, losing himself as he seems to speak in tongues, or in videos, such as the one for the Verve's hit "Bitter Sweet Symphony," in which he plays a cruel romantic punk taking a rather psychotic stroll down an endless sidewalk. With his solo debut this year, *Alone with Everybody*, Ashcroft, who is married to former Spiritualized keyboardist Kate Radley (they have a baby son), does what true rock stars have always done: he has laid himself bare, damn the critics and damn the consequences. Oh, and one more thing—the man knows how to write a melody.

Photographed by David Bailey in London on July 10, 2000.

THE DOWNTOWNS



KIM GORDON and THURSTON MOORE

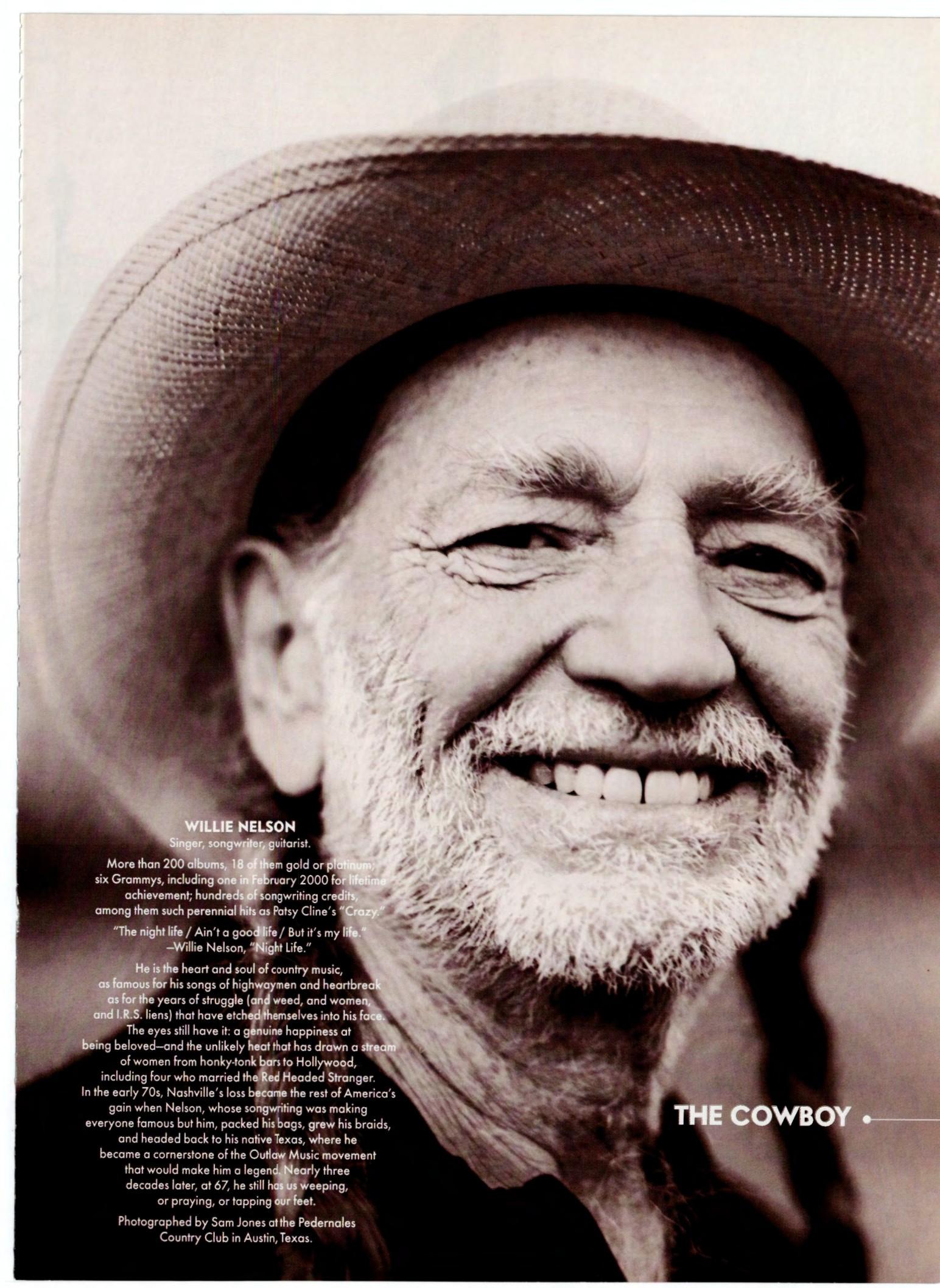
Bassist and guitarist of Sonic Youth, wife and husband, singer-songwriters.

Fourteen albums; 18 straight years of touring; side projects including Gordon's Free Kitten and Moore's Dim Stars; a clothing company called X-Girl owned by Gordon; status as mom and pop of alternative rock; perennial critics' darlings; zero Grammys.

Sonic Youth's music has always been a crossbreed of art and rock—or, more precisely, art and punk rock. Since 1981 the band—Moore and Gordon with guitarist Lee Ranaldo and drummer Steve Shelley—has straddled a fence between the avant-garde noise experiments of composers such as Glenn Branca and the teen-energy music of punk bands like the Ramones. Their masterpiece, *Daydream Nation*, exploded onto the scene in 1988. It sold relatively few copies but influenced just about every rock movement that came after it, from indie rock to grunge.

This year's NYC *Ghosts and Flowers*, recorded with Chicago guitarist and producer Jim O'Rourke, has a fresh, stripped-down sound, perhaps because Sonic Youth's vast cache of customized instruments was stolen from a tour van last year. Setbacks like that only give this inventive and talented group an excuse to break boundaries yet again.

Photographed by Alexei Hay at Gordon's mother's home
in Los Angeles on July 25, 2000.



WILLIE NELSON

Singer, songwriter, guitarist.

More than 200 albums, 18 of them gold or platinum; six Grammys, including one in February 2000 for lifetime achievement; hundreds of songwriting credits, among them such perennial hits as Patsy Cline's "Crazy."

"The night life / Ain't a good life / But it's my life."
—Willie Nelson, "Night Life."

He is the heart and soul of country music, as famous for his songs of highwaymen and heartbreak as for the years of struggle (and weed, and women, and I.R.S. liens) that have etched themselves into his face.

The eyes still have it: a genuine happiness at being beloved—and the unlikely heat that has drawn a stream of women from honky-tonk bars to Hollywood, including four who married the Red Headed Stranger.

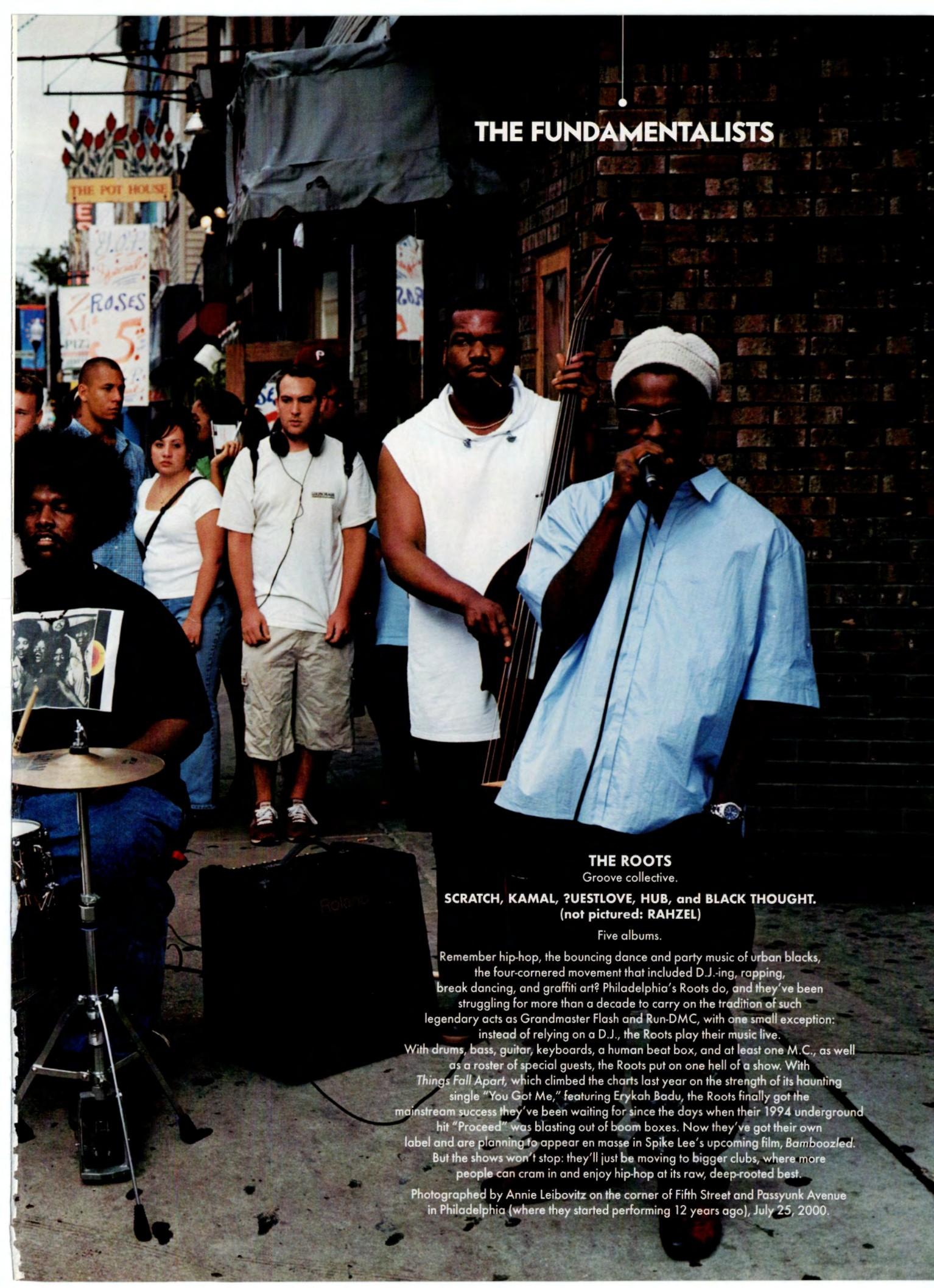
In the early 70s, Nashville's loss became the rest of America's gain when Nelson, whose songwriting was making everyone famous but him, packed his bags, grew his braids, and headed back to his native Texas, where he became a cornerstone of the Outlaw Music movement that would make him a legend. Nearly three decades later, at 67, he still has us weeping, or praying, or tapping our feet.

Photographed by Sam Jones at the Pedernales Country Club in Austin, Texas.

THE COWBOY •



STYLED BY KIM MEEHAN. KAMAL'S T-SHIRT BY DANNY HUGHES SHIRTS
PANTS BY GIBRAUD. BLACK THOUGHT'S SHIRT BY DKNY JEANS BY SEAN JOHN. SET DESIGN BY RICK FLOYD. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



THE FUNDAMENTALISTS

THE ROOTS

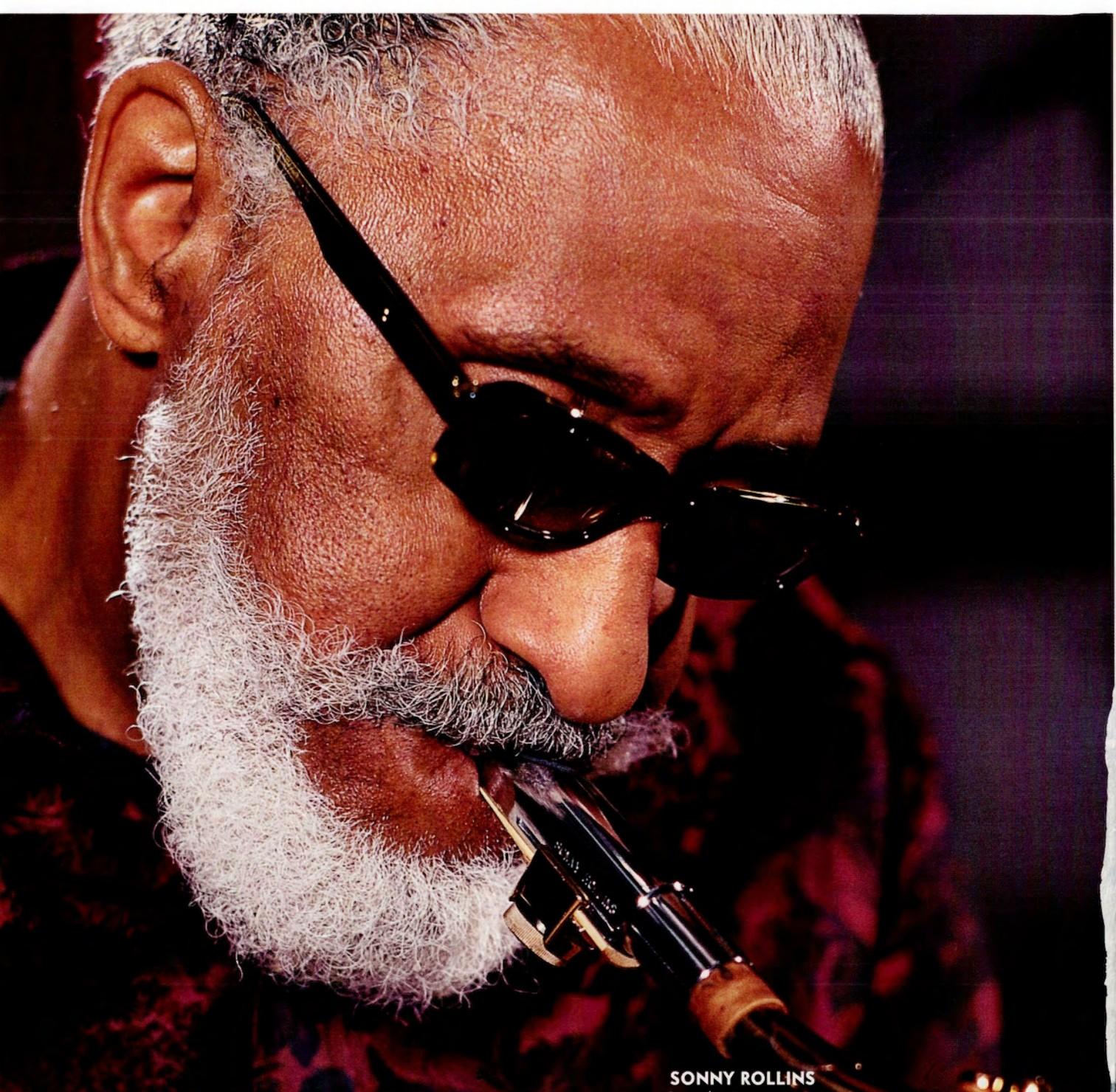
Groove collective.

SCRATCH, KAMAL, ?UESTLOVE, HUB, and BLACK THOUGHT.
(not pictured: RAHZEL)

Five albums.

Remember hip-hop, the bouncing dance and party music of urban blacks, the four-cornered movement that included D.J.-ing, rapping, break dancing, and graffiti art? Philadelphia's Roots do, and they've been struggling for more than a decade to carry on the tradition of such legendary acts as Grandmaster Flash and Run-DMC, with one small exception: instead of relying on a D.J., the Roots play their music live. With drums, bass, guitar, keyboards, a human beat box, and at least one M.C., as well as a roster of special guests, the Roots put on one hell of a show. With *Things Fall Apart*, which climbed the charts last year on the strength of its haunting single "You Got Me," featuring Erykah Badu, the Roots finally got the mainstream success they've been waiting for since the days when their 1994 underground hit "Proceed" was blasting out of boom boxes. Now they've got their own label and are planning to appear en masse in Spike Lee's upcoming film, *Bamboozled*. But the shows won't stop: they'll just be moving to bigger clubs, where more people can cram in and enjoy hip-hop at its raw, deep-rooted best.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz on the corner of Fifth Street and Passyunk Avenue in Philadelphia (where they started performing 12 years ago), July 25, 2000.



SONNY ROLLINS

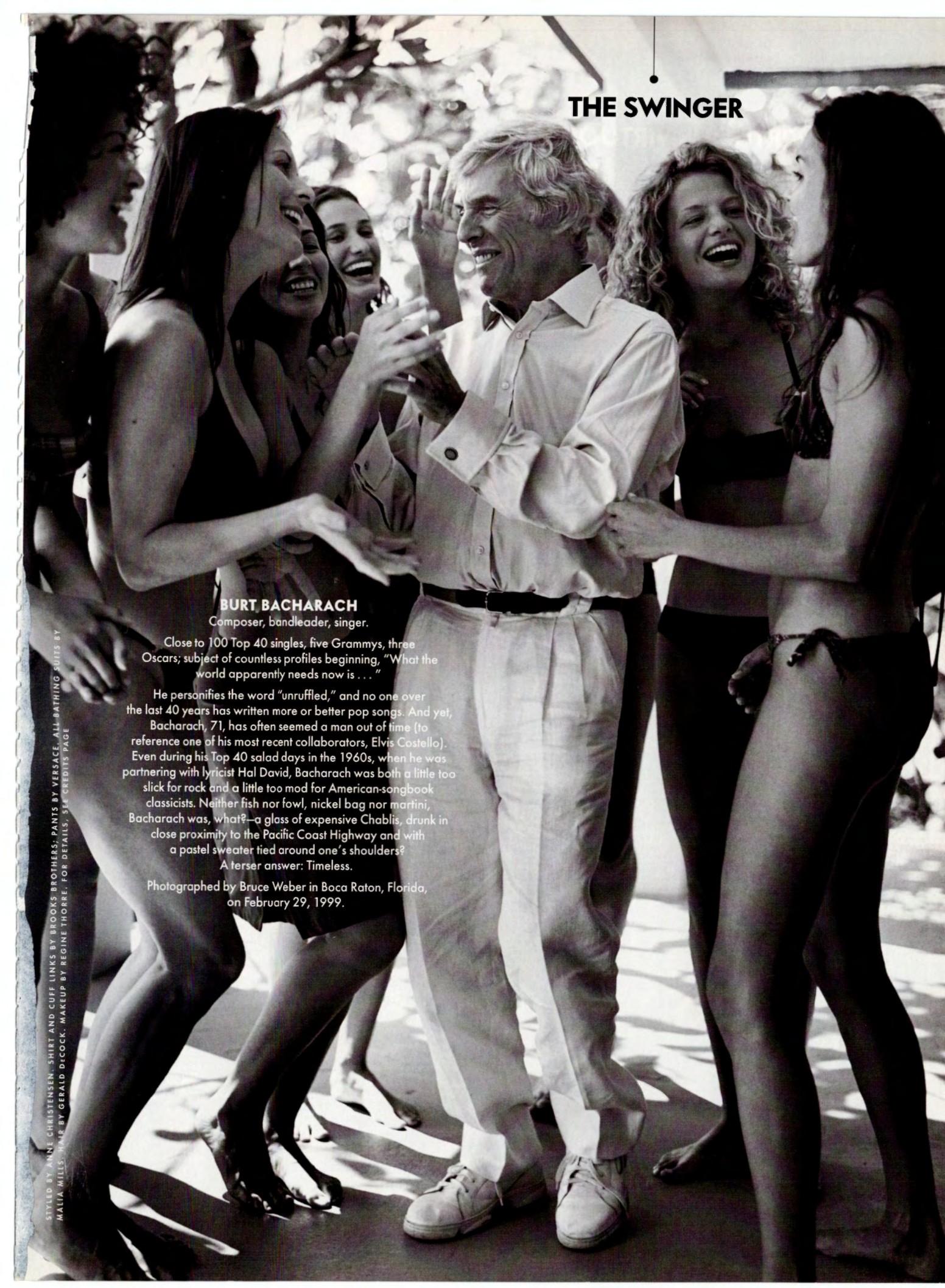
Saxophonist, composer.

More than 60 albums, winner 26 times of Down Beat's Artists of the Year poll; came of age playing with buddies Jackie McLean, Art Taylor, and Percy Heath.

It was perhaps more appropriate than even he knew when Sonny Rollins posed with 10-gallon hat and gun belt for the cover of his 1957 album *Way Out West*. Like a John Wayne hero, Rollins has always gone his own way, even by the standards of a music that prizes individualism. There was the two-year sabbatical he took beginning in 1959, at the height of his fame, when he exchanged packed nightclubs for late-night practice sessions on the Williamsburg Bridge; the penchant for performing alchemy on outré tunes like "I'm an Old Cowhand" and "The Tennessee Waltz"; even the Mohawk he used to wear back in the early 60s. Fifty-nine years after the man who is routinely referred to as "the world's greatest living tenor player" first picked up the horn and began to develop his muscular yet lyrical style, he's still questing, still pushing—ever tantalized, as the critic Gary Giddins put it, "by the promise of the perfect solo." You can hear his latest stab at it on the new CD *This Is What I Do*. Indeed.

Photographed by William Claxton at the National Edison Recording Studio in New York City on June 30, 2000.

• THE REEDMAN



THE SWINGER

BURT BACHARACH

Composer, bandleader, singer.

Close to 100 Top 40 singles, five Grammys, three Oscars; subject of countless profiles beginning, "What the world apparently needs now is . . ."

He personifies the word "unruffled," and no one over the last 40 years has written more or better pop songs. And yet, Bacharach, 71, has often seemed a man out of time (to reference one of his most recent collaborators, Elvis Costello). Even during his Top 40 salad days in the 1960s, when he was partnering with lyricist Hal David, Bacharach was both a little too slick for rock and a little too mod for American-songbook classicists. Neither fish nor fowl, nickel bag nor martini, Bacharach was, what?—a glass of expensive Chablis, drunk in close proximity to the Pacific Coast Highway and with a pastel sweater tied around one's shoulders?

A terser answer: Timeless.

Photographed by Bruce Weber in Boca Raton, Florida, on February 29, 1999.

THE VIRTUOUS VIRTUOSO

YO-YO MA
Cellist

More than 50 albums; 13 Grammys; two cellos, a 1733 Venetian Montagnana and the 1712 "Davidoff" Stradivarius (previously used by Jacqueline du Pré); one recording reminding New York taxi passengers not to leave their belongings behind (as he did with his Montagnana last year).

He is classical music's darling, a fresh-faced troubadour touring the world with nothing but his cello to keep him company. At each stop, Yo-Yo Ma's gorgeous tone and dazzling technical prowess whip audiences into a frenzy, but it is his disarming banter during breaks that turns admirers into devotees. A former child prodigy who gave his first concert at the age of five, Ma has long since mastered the entire classical repertoire for solo cello and has turned his attention to commissioning new works and delving into crossover genres. Argentinean tangos, Appalachian fiddle music, Chinese pop-classical film scores. One of his latest CDs, *Solo*, is a prelude to Ma's "Silk Road" project, a three-year, multidisciplinary exploration of the rich musical traditions that flourished along the ancient trade route from Italy to Japan. He is also committed to educating the world's future cellists, ensuring that his beloved instrument will never again be relegated to the rhythm section.

Photographed by Michael O'Neill at the Tanglewood Music Center in Lenox, Massachusetts, on July 14, 2000.



THE POWERHOUSE •

P J HARVEY

Singer, songwriter, guitarist.

Six albums.

P J Harvey is the Emily Brontë of rock 'n' roll: her work is foreboding, intricately designed, and, at times, just a little out of control. Like the author of *Wuthering Heights*, Polly Jean grew up in the English countryside—in a hamlet just outside of Yeovil—and spent her childhood in what she has described as a "hippie household." She was familiar with the music of Captain Beefheart and John Lee Hooker at an early age, and so, for her, coming up with a rough, distinctive sound rooted in the blues was second nature. There are no wasted notes or excessive rock 'n' roll gestures on her two finest albums, *To Bring You My Love* and *Is This Desire?* The music on those records is strict, perfectly crafted, and pared down—but still beautiful and charged with emotion. Last year she spent six months living and writing in New York. On her new album, *Stories from the City, Stories from the Sea*, you can hear what it sounds like when a furiously intelligent, iconoclastic country lass puts herself to the test in the city of gridlock and glamour.

Photographed by Mary Ellen Mark in New York City on July 27, 2000.

• THE LEGACY



STYLED BY KIM MEEHAN; MOS DEF'S JACKET BY MARC JACOBS; DMC'S AND JAH-MASTER JAY'S CLOTHING AND ACCESSORIES BY PHAT FARM; REVEREND RUN'S OVERDAY BY DAVIDE CENCI; NYCEEF JEANS CLOTHING STYLED BY GIORGIO ARMANI. PROPS STYLED BY RICK FOORD. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

**MOS DEF, DMC, JAM MASTER JAY,
REVEREND RUN, WYCLEF JEAN, and CHUCK D**
Hip-hop artists.

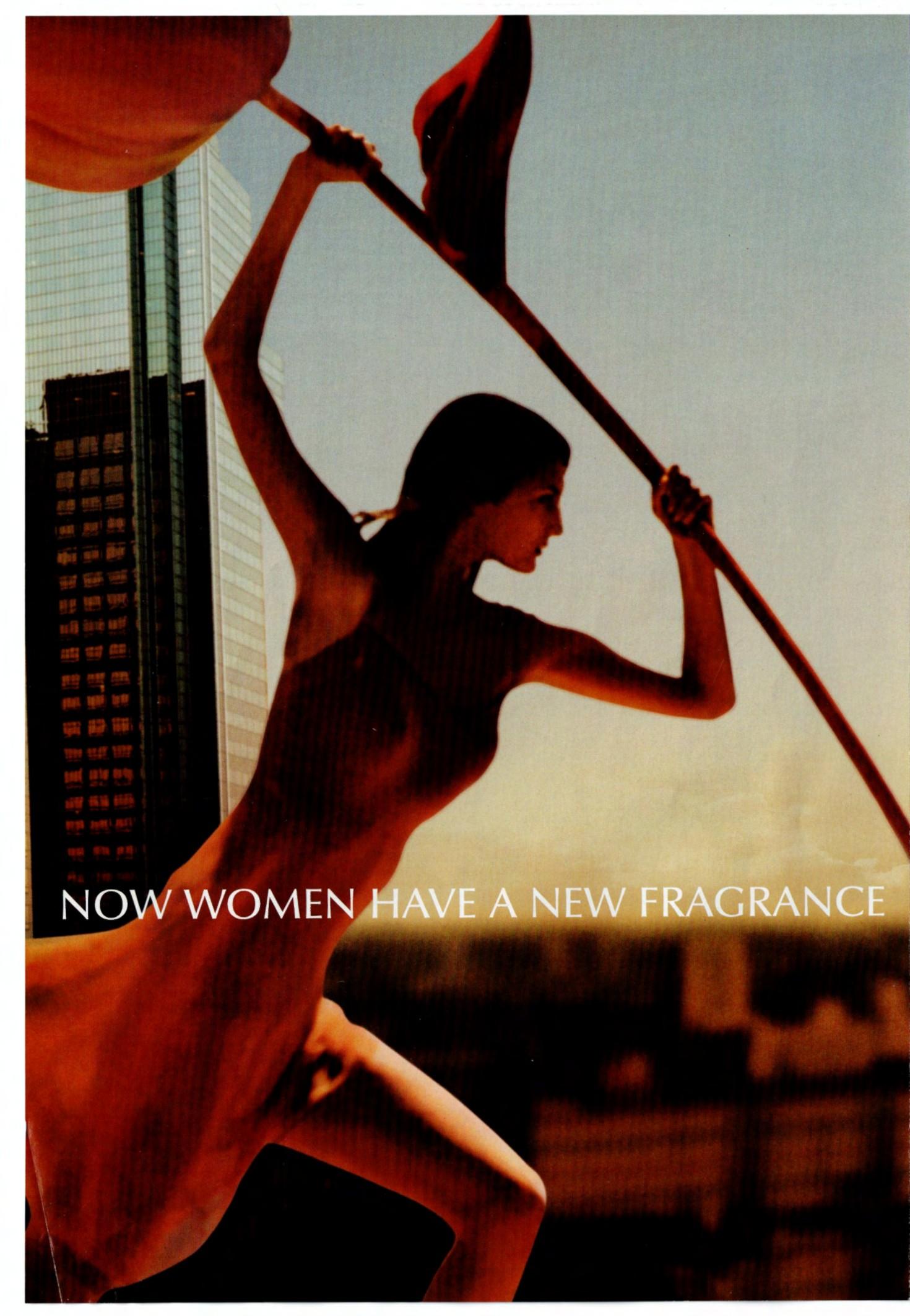
Before gangsters ruled the earth, the members of Run-DMC—Reverend Run (Joe Simmons), Jam Master Jay (Jason Mizell), and DMC (Darryl McDaniels)—were the kings, with hit party raps ("My Adidas," "Run's House") as well as community-minded anthems ("Hard Times," "Proud to Be Black").

In rap's next wave, with Public Enemy, Chuck D kept the flame alive with "Fight the Power," from the rap masterpiece *Fear of a Black Planet*.

Drawing on this tradition are the Haitian-born Wyclef Jean (formerly of the Fugees) and the Brooklyn-based Mos Def—neither of whom needs to bellow to be heard.

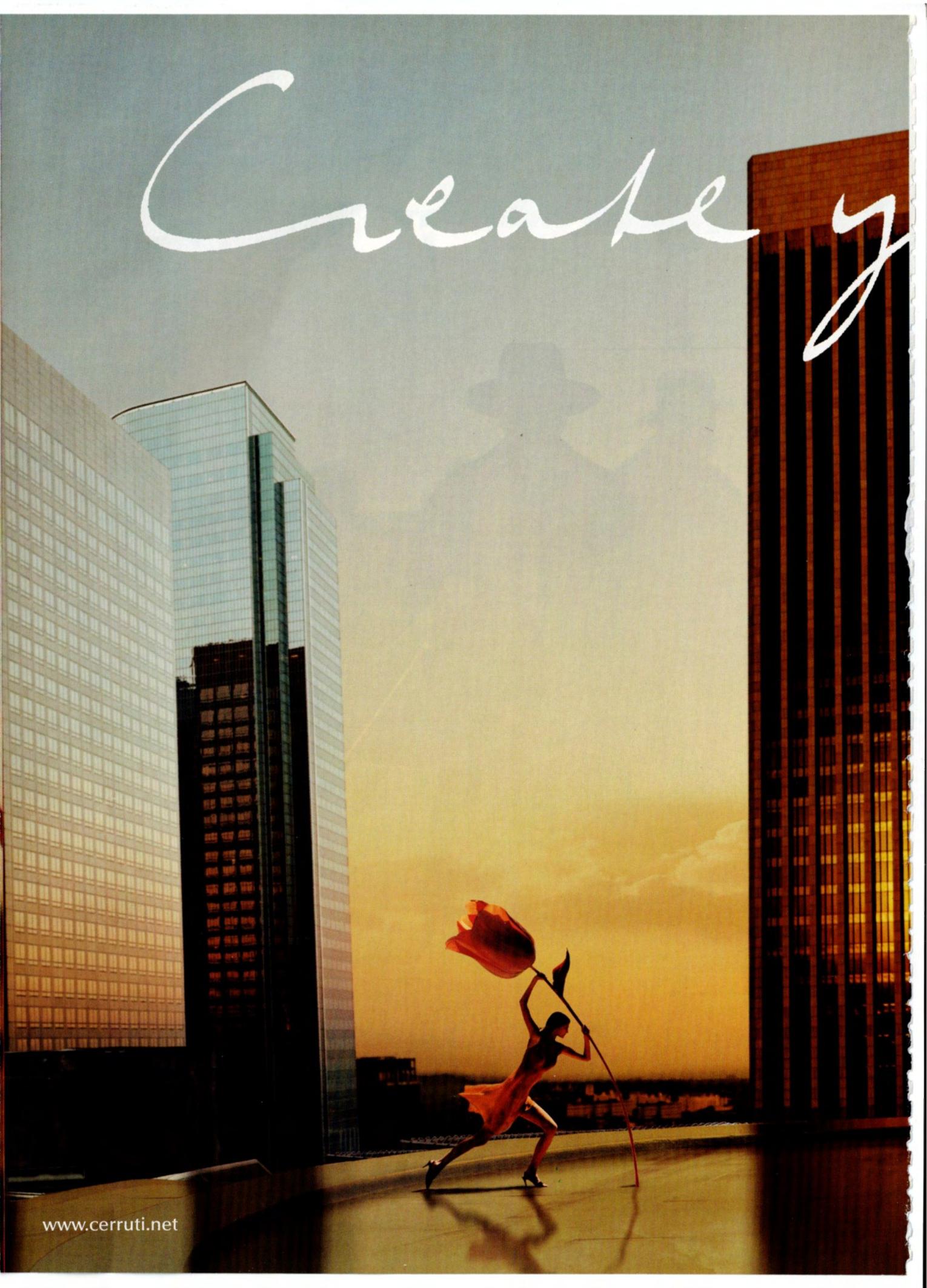
Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at Complete Music Services recording studio in New York City on July 26, 2000.





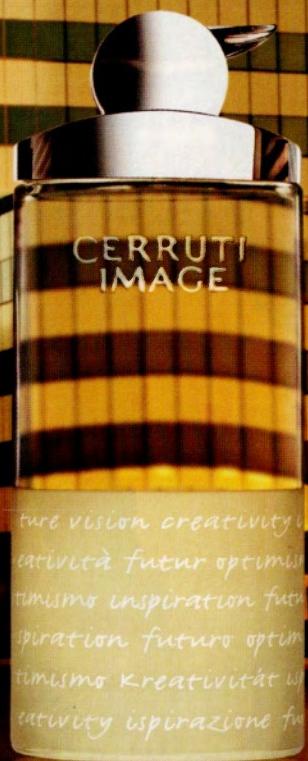
NOW WOMEN HAVE A NEW FRAGRANCE

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CERRUTI IMAGE

A color photograph of a man and a woman walking together on a snow-covered city street. The man, on the left, wears a tan double-breasted coat over a dark shirt and trousers. The woman, on the right, wears a dark coat over a light-colored dress. They are smiling and looking towards each other. In the background, there are vintage cars and buildings, suggesting a mid-20th-century setting.

MICHAEL PENN and AIMEE MANN

Singers, songwriters, musicians.

Penn: four albums. Mann: four albums, one Oscar nomination—for the *Magnolia* soundtrack.

After putting out the strongest albums of their respective careers—her latest release is *Bachelor No. 2*; his is *MP4 (Days Since Lost Time Accident)*—the tasteful, literate rockers Aimee Mann (formerly of 'Til Tuesday) and Michael Penn did something strange:

they went on tour with a series of funny, heartfelt concerts that were like old-time vaudeville revues. With cheerfully vicious comedian Patton Oswalt helping out with the stage patter—directing his best insults at Mann and Penn themselves—it was the most entertaining husband-and-wife act since Sonny and Cher, if not Burns and Allen. The couple's well-known troubles with record companies, not to mention CD after CD of brooding, intelligent songs with self-critical lyrics, gave them a reputation as principled curmudgeons who might not be much fun to be around. But the tour revealed a dark family secret:

at least some of the time, Aimee Mann and Michael Penn are . . . happy.

Photographed by Sam Jones,
in homage to the cover of *The Freewheelin'*
Bob Dylan, on the "New York
street" set of the Paramount Studios lot
in Los Angeles, August 6, 2000.

• THE FREEWHEELERS

STYLED BY JEANNE YANG. PENN'S COAT FROM PARAMOUNT COSTUME; LA'S SHIRT BY MISONI; PANTS BY ELLIE JEAN. MANN'S COAT BY MICHELLE MAISON; TOP BY ALBERTA FERRETTI; PANTS BY COSTUME NATIONAL. SHOES BY CLOUTIER NATIONAL. PROPS STYLED BY DAVID ROSS; HAIR BY DANIEL HOWE; MAKEUP BY BETHANY KARLYN. FOR DETAILS, SEE CLOTHES PAGE



THE ISLAND CHANTEUSE

CESARIA EVORA

Singer.

Eight albums.

"I was born without shoes. I am going to die without shoes. . . . I don't like to wear shoes." —Cesaria Evora

She is world music's Earth Mother and the goddess of morna, the plaintive, Latin-tinged songs of Cape Verde, an archipelago nation off the coast of Senegal that she practically put on the map for Westerners.

Cesaria Evora's first international fans were the French, who fell in love, somewhat predictably, with her habit of performing barefoot and with her penchant for pulling up a chair in the middle of a set to enjoy a cigarette while the band knocks off an instrumental.

The French gave her the name "*la diva pieds-nus*" ("the barefoot diva"), and it stuck. Her voice is as smoky as the Cape Verde bars where she plied her trade for nearly 40 years, and with it Evora, 59, evokes a mood that is soothing, sad, and luxuriously nostalgic, perfect for drinking alone and thinking about the one that got away.

Photographed by Herb Ritts
at Universal City Studios in Los Angeles
on June 30, 2000.



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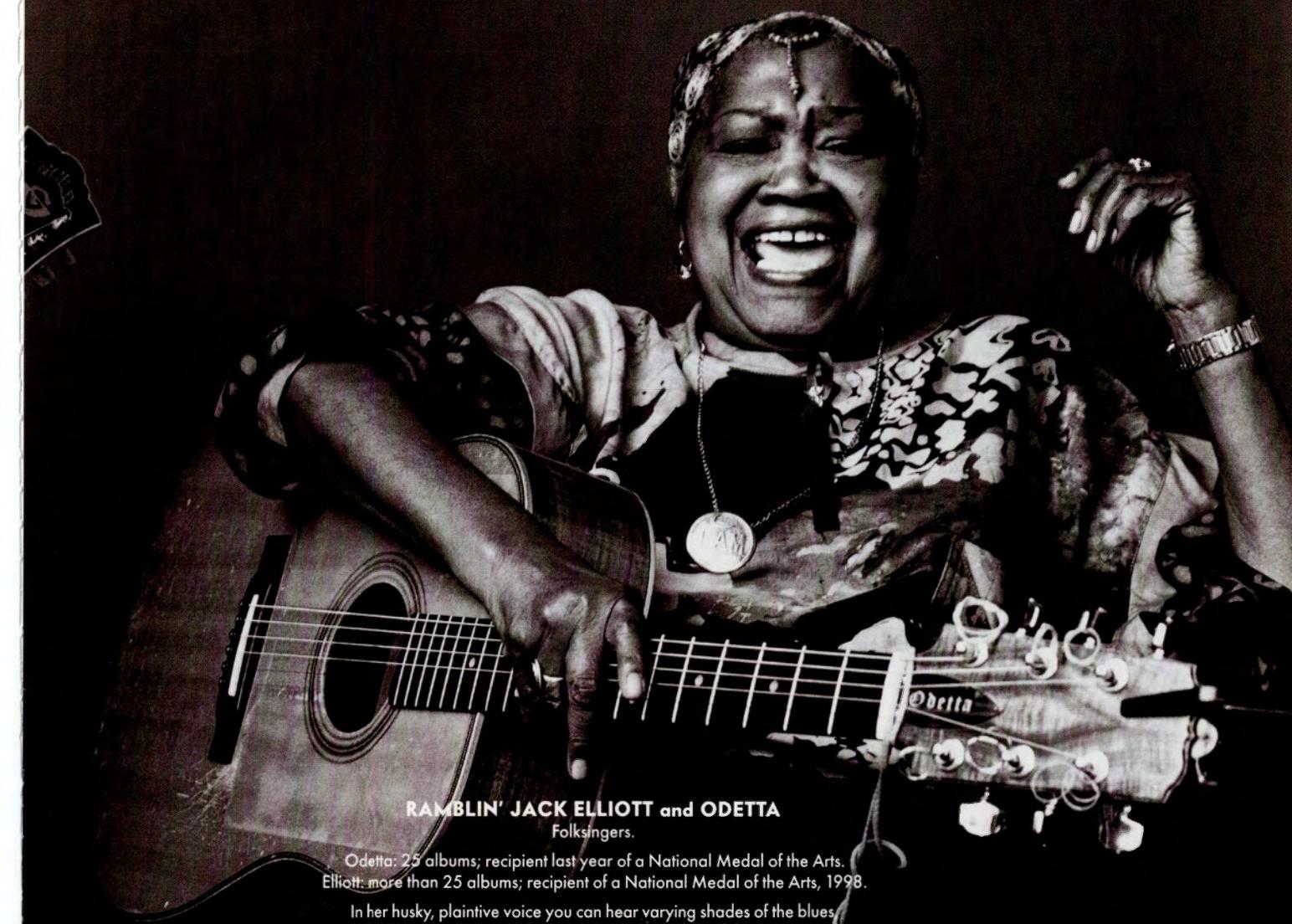
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THE KEEPERS OF THE FLAME



RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT and ODETTA
Folksingers.

Odetta: 25 albums; recipient last year of a National Medal of the Arts.
Elliott: more than 25 albums; recipient of a National Medal of the Arts, 1998.

In her husky, plaintive voice you can hear varying shades of the blues, jazz, gospel, folk, country—you'd think Odetta, 69, was one of those *sui generis* singers sprung from Delta soil. For his part, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, also 69, can yodel nearly as sweetly as Jimmie Rodgers and sings old cowboy songs in a chapped voice that sounds as if he'd spent his whole life on the range.

All the more remarkable to learn that, though she was born in Alabama, she was raised in Los Angeles, studied classical voice and musical comedy, and was in a touring production of *Finian's Rainbow* when, as a young adult, she discovered the repertoire of folk songs, protest songs, and spirituals that would become her life's work; all the more remarkable to learn that he was born in Brooklyn, a Jewish doctor's son who ran away to join the rodeo when he was 14, before going on to serve a musical apprenticeship at Woody Guthrie's feet. Both she and he were heroes to the early-60s folk movement; neither has since been seduced by more commercial muses. Does it take a pilgrim to be a purist?

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Bitter End
in New York City on July 19, 2000.



THE HONEYPOD

CHRISTINA AGUILERA

Teen songstress, "the one who can really sing."

One eponymous debut album, plus a quickie follow-up featuring Spanish-language versions of her hits; one lewd name check in an Eminem song; surprise winner of this year's Grammy for best new artist; has done more for the cause of robin's-egg-colored eye shadow than anyone since 1970s cafeteria aides.

Well, she hates that this always comes up, but it has to: Britney.

A year and a half ago, Miss Spears stood alone, a phenomenon unto herself, the little crunched-ab dynamo who willed herself from Mickey Mouse Club precocity to quasi-adult pop stardom. Aguilera's triumph is that, despite her nearly identical C.V., she immediately established herself as something else altogether, not a coattail rider but her own whoo-oo-oo-oah-ing entity. Her first two singles, "Genie in a Bottle" and "What a Girl Wants," went to No. 1, and her rich, buttery alto, coming anomalously from that tiny, hipless, five-foot-two-inch body, revealed her to be an authentic vocal talent. She turns 20 this December, and on her next album she'll deviate from the rote lite-R&B of her debut to take on the Etta James-popularized classic "At Last." In other words, though she's precisely the kind of girl who would turn up as a creepy middle-ager's lust object in a Steely Dan song, she's one Hey 19 who doesn't need to be told who 'Retha Franklin is.

Photographed by Yariv Milchan in New York City.

RAY CHARLES

Singer, songwriter, arranger, piano player.

Thirty-three Top 40 hits, 12 Grammys; inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1986 as part of its first class; one of the only performers to have No. 1 hits on the pop, R&B, and country charts.

If Louis Armstrong's is the most recognizable voice of the 20th century, Ray Charles's singular fusion of rasp and satin, of midnight pain and midnight pleasure, must surely be the second. (Dissents from the camps of Bob Dylan, Billie Holiday, Frank Sinatra, and Ella Fitzgerald will be respectfully heard.) With the 1954 release of "I've Got a Woman," an R&B song on which he sang with gospel stylings he had learned as a youth, Charles not only found his true voice but invented soul music—"crying sanctified," as the bluesman Big Bill Broozny labeled Charles's breakthrough. This alone would have clinched him a Nobel for music, but no—he had to go and put his stamp on standards, swing, country, bebop, and even "America the Beautiful."

Photographed by Herb Ritts in Charles's Los Angeles recording studio on August 29, 2000.

THE GREAT SOUL •



CARLY SIMON, SALLY TAYLOR, and BEN TAYLOR

Musicians.

Carly: 28 albums, three Grammys, one Oscar (for the song "Let the River Run," from the 1988 film *Working Girl*). Sally: two albums.

Ben: one as-yet-unreleased album.

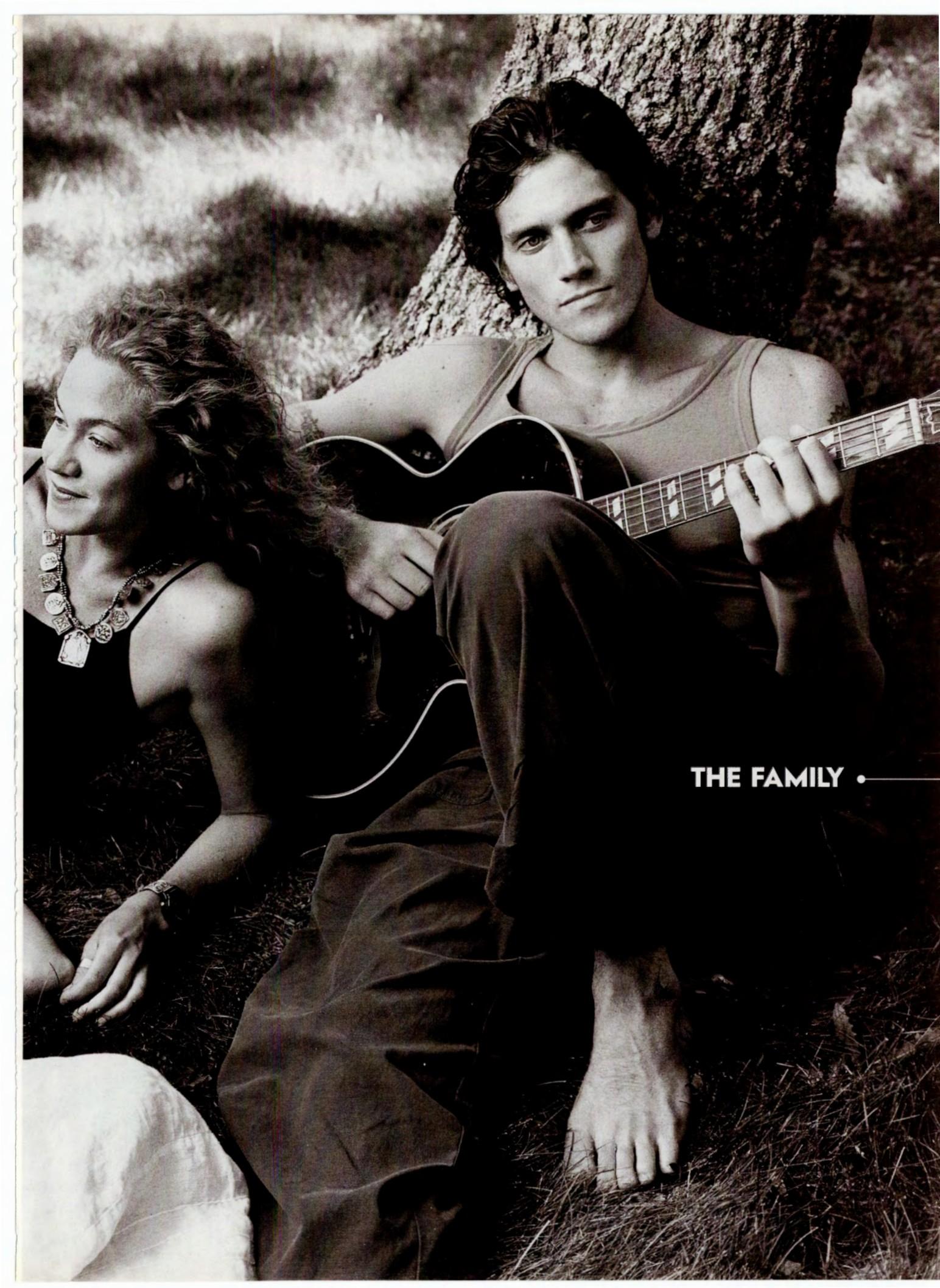
As musical madeleine and cultural snapshot, no song evokes the soft-rockin' 70s quite like "You're So Vain." Simon, often lumped with such ethereal warblers as Joni Mitchell and Judy Collins, is as confessional a singer-songwriter as any hippie chick who ever picked up a dulcimer. But with that razor's edge in her voice and an eagerness to give as good as she gets—"Your hat strategically dipped below one eye / Your scarf it was apricot"—she's the closest thing the genre has to Barbara Stanwyck.

And has anyone else not in the Kennedy family done as much to make incisors sexy? Aside from releasing a series of increasingly ambitious albums in the 90s, Simon now serves as something of a mentor to her two children by first husband James Taylor: Sally, 26, and Ben, 23, both frequent guests on Mom's recent recordings, who have dipped their toes in the family gene pool and cut albums of their own.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz on Martha's Vineyard, July 5, 2000.



STYLED BY KIM MEEHAN; CARLY'S DRESS BY KEVIN SMITH; SALLY'S CAMISOLE BY CALVIN KLEIN
UNDERWEAR: JEANS BY DIESEL; BIKINI TOP BY HELMUT LANG; HAIR, MAKEUP, AND GROOMING
BY SUSAN STERLING; SET DESIGN BY RICK FLOYD. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



THE FAMILY •

THE HELL-RAISER

STYLED BY KIM MEEHAN; PROPS STYLED BY RICK FLOYD; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



IGGY POP

Singer, songwriter, punk pioneer, shaman.

Eighteen albums; one autobiography, *I Need More* (1982); born James Osterberg, 1947.

"I always thought I was the innocent one, the one really trying to do the music that I felt, and that other kids felt, in a real way."

—Iggy Pop, on his notoriety as the consummate bad boy.

Most pioneers of rock music have been inspired by some aspect of the blues, but perhaps Iggy Pop was alone in his devotion to the genre's sheer dangerousness. In 1967, while the rest of the country was tripping on psychedelic rock and jamming to Motown tunes, Iggy began inflicting malicious performances on audiences in Detroit, screeching over brash, raucous chord progressions played by his band, the Stooges—who were essentially learning to play as they went along—and, later, doing irrational things like rubbing raw meat on himself and rolling around in broken glass. His personal adventurousness has translated into addictions and near-fatal situations of every kind, but somehow Pop stays alive, a changing icon to three generations of musicians and music-lovers, the godfather of punk, the bard of bad behavior, and one of our most astute chroniclers of life's sordid side.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Miami on July 21, 2000.

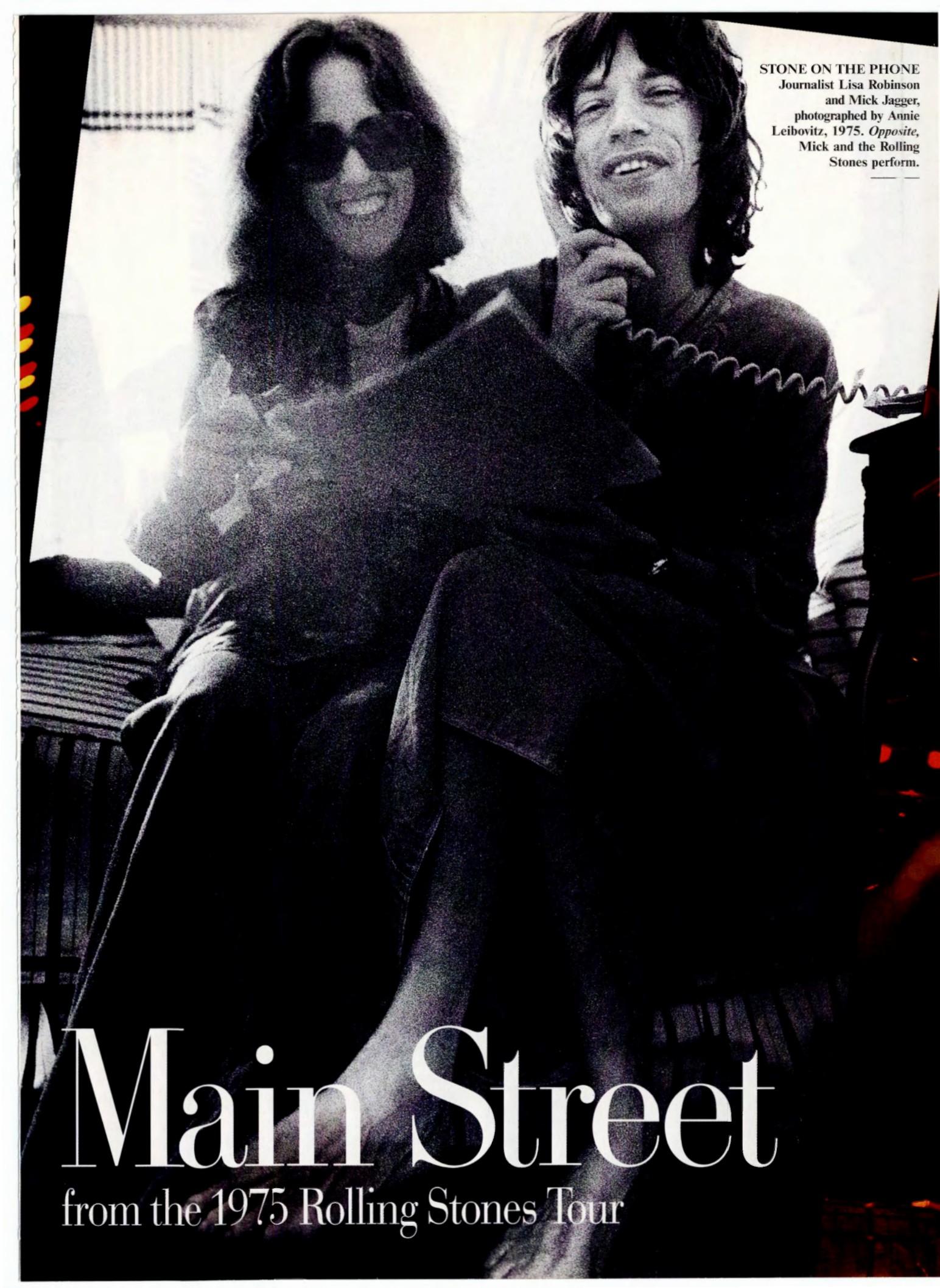
In 1975, at the height of the international fame that turned them into multimillionaire tax exiles, the Rolling Stones embarked on a 27-city, 10-week “Tour of the Americas.” LISA ROBINSON went with them. From tapes and notes hidden away for 25 years, she reconstructs the surreal, sometimes Marx Brothers–like atmosphere that accompanied the Starship 720S tour jet: Mick Jagger’s late-night phone calls and dedication to the group; Keith Richards’s dark and elusive aura; and the groupies, hangers-on, and celebrities—Liza Minnelli, Elton John, Goldie Hawn—who swarmed around “the greatest rock ‘n’ roll band in the world”



LEFT, BY KEN REGAN; RIGHT, BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Tax Exiles On

Monogrammed Joints, Hitchhikers, and Other Notes



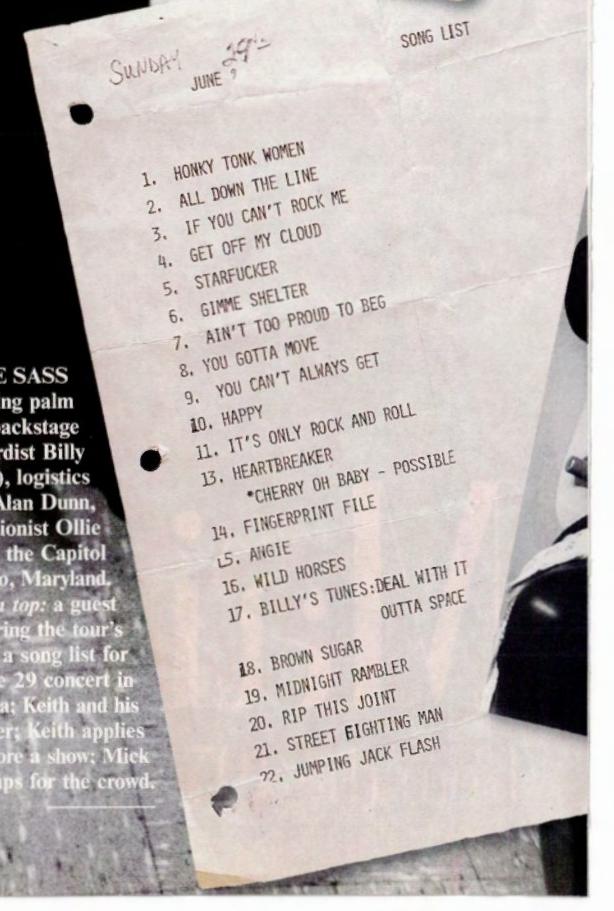
STONE ON THE PHONE
Journalist Lisa Robinson
and Mick Jagger,
photographed by Annie
Leibovitz, 1975. *Opposite,*
Mick and the Rolling
Stones perform.

Main Street

from the 1975 Rolling Stones Tour



BACKSTAGE SASS
Mick (wearing palm
fronds) backstage
with keyboardist Billy
Preston (left), logistics
director Alan Dunn,
and percussionist Ollie
Brown at the Capitol
Centre in Largo, Maryland.
Inset, from top: a guest
pass featuring the tour's
eagle logo; a song list for
the June 29 concert in
Philadelphia; Keith and his
Telecaster; Keith applies
makeup before a show; Mick
leaps for the crowd.



I want this tour to be fun, to be a laugh. Otherwise, why bother?

They tell me I'll make a million dollars out of this gig, but you know, a million dollars . . . I'll see \$10,000 by the end of it. It's always like that. You're lucky if you walk away with a new white suit.

—Mick Jagger, May 9, 1975

Mick said this to me prior to the Rolling Stones' 1975 "Tour of the Americas." Heralded as "the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world," they had transcended both their early blues beginnings and their deafening teenage fans. By then international celebrities and multimillionaire tax exiles, they were about to launch a 27-city, 10-week U.S. tour. It was also the moment when bands like Led Zeppelin and the Stones moved into stadiums, and changed rock into a big-time, big-money, show-business machine.

Three years earlier, with an entourage that included Truman Capote, Lee Radziwill, and Andy Warhol, the Rolling Stones had done what some referred to as their "jet set" tour. Then punk reared its feral little head, first on the Bowery in New York City and, by the end of 1974, in London. Mick, who always kept one eye on the box office and the other on the underground, would never admit it, but he was concerned about seeming out of touch—being perceived as a dinosaur

(at 31). As a columnist for *Creem* and *New*

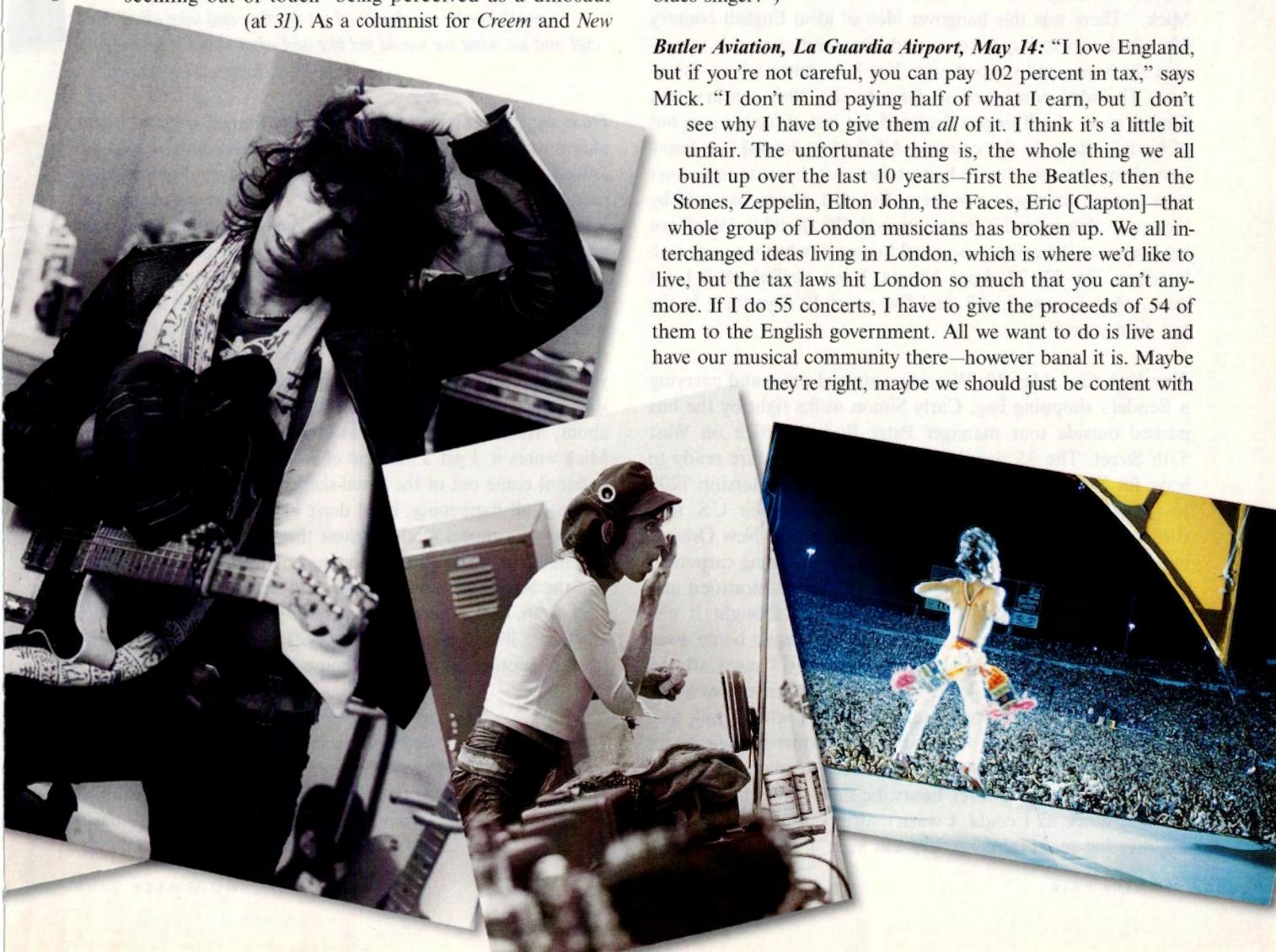
Musical Express and an editor of *Hit Parader* and *Rock Scene*, I had one foot firmly planted in Led Zeppelin's touring party, and the other in CBGB. I had been writing about the scene behind the scenes with Led Zeppelin, John Lennon, David Bowie, Lou Reed, Patti Smith, and many other musicians. So Stones aide (and current Keith Richards manager) Jane Rose suggested to Mick that they hire me as something called a "rock-press liaison." Mick, who in private enjoyed a good gossip about his fellow rock stars, wanted me along because I reviewed the shoes, not the records—the pink satin suits, not the dreary denim polemic.

I joined the circus for the summer, where my job—such as it was—was to advise the band which journalists to talk to, and to pry photographs out of the hands of tour photographer Annie Leibovitz to give to rock magazines. I kept my tape recorder on the entire time, and assured logistics director Alan Dunn that he could talk to me in 25 years and I still wouldn't have written about it in a book. Those 25 years are now up.

New York City, May 1, 1975: The Rolling Stones "spontaneously" drive down Fifth Avenue on a flatbed truck to announce the tour. Performing an "impromptu" version of "Brown Sugar," Mick wears a leather jacket, jeans, no makeup, and looks great. (Weeks later I tell him he should dress scruffy like this onstage, but he says, "You think that, but when you get there and you see all the lights and the people, you think, What the fuck: half the fun of it is dressing up. Why go on looking like an old blues singer?")

Butler Aviation, La Guardia Airport, May 14: "I love England, but if you're not careful, you can pay 102 percent in tax," says Mick. "I don't mind paying half of what I earn, but I don't see why I have to give them *all* of it. I think it's a little bit unfair. The unfortunate thing is, the whole thing we all built up over the last 10 years—first the Beatles, then the Stones, Zeppelin, Elton John, the Faces, Eric [Clapton]—that whole group of London musicians has broken up. We all interchanged ideas living in London, which is where we'd like to live, but the tax laws hit London so much that you can't anymore. If I do 55 concerts, I have to give the proceeds of 54 of them to the English government. All we want to do is live and have our musical community there—however banal it is. Maybe

they're right, maybe we should just be content with



earning \$8,000 a year, [but] why should they give concessions to some rich boy [from] Windsor Great Park and not to some guy who [started with] nothing? But you can't tax people so that they leave—then you get nothing."

I remember talking to Mick about [business manager] Allen Klein. I reckoned Klein was all right because of the Stones;

I thought Mick was pretty together. Everybody always thinks everyone else is together. But at the time, Mick seemed to be together, and Klein got to us through the Stones and mutual friends. I asked Mick what Klein was like, and he said, "He's all right, but it's hard to get your hands on the money."

—John Lennon, New York City, February 19, 1975.

(Mick denies this three months later, telling me, "I was suing Allen Klein [at the time], and I got so mad at [Lennon] that he wanted to sign with him. I did know more about business than [Lennon] did, though. Still do.")

I'm paying 98 percent tax, which isn't too bad, is it? One day you're playing the blues, and the next there's a knock on the door and you're in the realm of high finance.

I've got nothing for investments, no stocks, no bonds. The only land I have is what's around my house.

—Jimmy Page, Chicago, January 22, 1975.

Butler Aviation, La Guardia Airport, May 14: "In the early days, the 60s working-class kids didn't have a lot of money," says Mick. "There was this hangover idea of ideal English country life, which was to buy a house and have land around it to support the house and support you. You have cattle, wheat—whatever. The idea continued so far into the 20th century that English rock 'n' roll singers dreamed not just of having cars but of having estates in the country. All the [musicians] you know have them, but now they're being taken away because they don't have enough money to run them. But that dream was sold by the upper classes, and it just continued. We all did it. We all got big houses in the country we would come to when we were really young, like 22, 23—huge houses. I was *thrilled* when I got mine, what do you think? And I've spent 10 days there in the last eight years."

New York City, May 30: Wearing a striped dress and carrying a Bendel's shopping bag, Carly Simon walks right by the bus parked outside tour manager Peter Rudge's office on West 57th Street. The 35 people in the touring party are ready to leave for Newark airport to board the chartered Starship 720S jet—the same one Led Zeppelin had used on their U.S. tour earlier that year. We get on the plane, headed for New Orleans and the start of the tour. Taking in the maroon shag carpeting, gilt-covered bar, and vinyl sofas, Mick appears mortified and mutters, "It's so tacky." (Led Zeppelin had thought it elegant.) I show him the bedroom—Jimmy Page's home away from home. "Black fur," Mick sneers. I mention I saw Carly on the street. "How did she look?" he asks. Keith arrives two hours late, which is, for him, on time. (Years later, when I talk to a significantly more sober Keith about his former propensity for lateness, and we discuss Guns N' Roses keeping their audience waiting for up to three hours, he says, "Well, I always got there as quick as I could. I wasn't sitting around the hotel or the dressing room thinking, Let 'em wait.")

"Any art that comes from rock 'n' roll is accidental. It's funny entertainment," says Mick. "It's played now in these sports arenas, which makes it a very un-art event."

Those kids are all on downs, aren't they? They take some quaaludes and then some more downs and smoke pot and then they take heroin and then some cocaine and then some Ripple wine, right? Maybe we should all get together and take all of that stuff and see what we would feel like and what would entertain us.

—Mick Jagger, May 15, 1975.

From my tapes: (Ian "Stu" Stewart, the Stones' original piano player, was ousted from the band in their early days because he looked too straight, but played on their records and remained as road manager. Stu died in 1985 at 47, of a heart attack, and, as Keith said at that time, "no one realized how much the Stones are Stu's band." My interviews with him on this tour are the only ones he ever did.) "When [the band] started, they were rebels and nonconformists, and obviously you can't be that all your life," Stu says. "Nineteen seventy-two is when all the bullshit reached its highest level. But when you do a tour like this, you're basically going back to a legit theater production, part of showbiz, this big, lumbering caravan following the Rolling Stones about, which I don't think was ever the idea. But it's the way Mick wants it. I get a kick out of seeing that [inflatable phallic balloon] come out of the [petal-shaped] stage, and it was great to see it all happening, but I don't know *why*. I suppose they can be very proud of themselves; they spent a million dollars and built the stage, and it all opened up and kids went 'Oooh,' and the Stones were on the stage, and at the end of it the stage shut again, and so what? The money's got them in trouble; they can't even live in their own country. They have to go from one hotel to another, from one big house to another."

Any art that comes from rock 'n' roll is accidental. It's entertainment, funny entertainment. It's played now in these sports arenas, which makes it a very un-art event. I prefer to play in sports arenas, and no, I don't want to go back to those small clubs at all. We are too big, and I have no nostalgia for them.

—Mick Jagger, May 14, 1975.

ROLLING WITH IT

As they glide down lower

Fifth Avenue on the back of a flatbed truck to announce their upcoming tour, the Rolling Stones serenade New Yorkers with "Brown Sugar," May 1, 1975; inset, a ticket to the Stones' July 6 show at the Dallas Cotton Bowl.



Kansas City, Missouri, June 6: Three A.M., rehearsal in the ballroom of the Hotel Sheraton Royal. Mick sits in the back and watches as Keith takes the band through the numbers. "This is when they sound the best," says Stu.

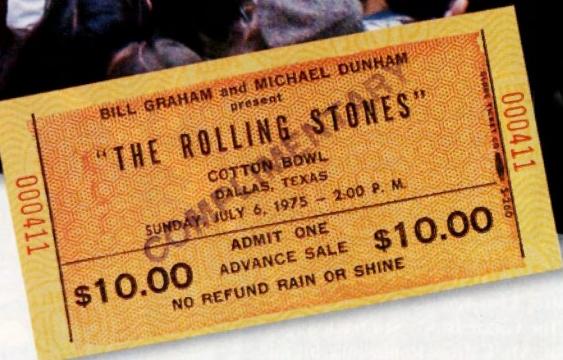
Kansas City, June 7: With the door to his room open, Mick is watching Elvis Presley on TV in a show from Las Vegas. "Owww, he's awful," Mick says. "You're wrong, he's not a parody of himself—that's what he is." Irving Azoff, who manages the Eagles (they open a few shows on the tour), acts like a lunatic. He follows me into my room, into Rudge's room, into the tour office, wanting to know everything that's going on. Nervous, short, wired, always talking, mostly about how the Eagles are not going to do any interviews. Who asked them?, I say.

Milwaukee, June 8: Christopher Simon Sykes, a British photographer pal of Mick's by way of various Ormsby-Gores, arrives to work on a photo book. He's never been on a rock 'n' roll tour and admits he's terrified. Backstage, before the show, Alan Dunn is drying Mick's flesh-colored jockstrap with a 1,050-watt Con Air Pro hair dryer.

For me, a band is only half alive if it's not doing what it's supposed to do, which is to play in front of people.

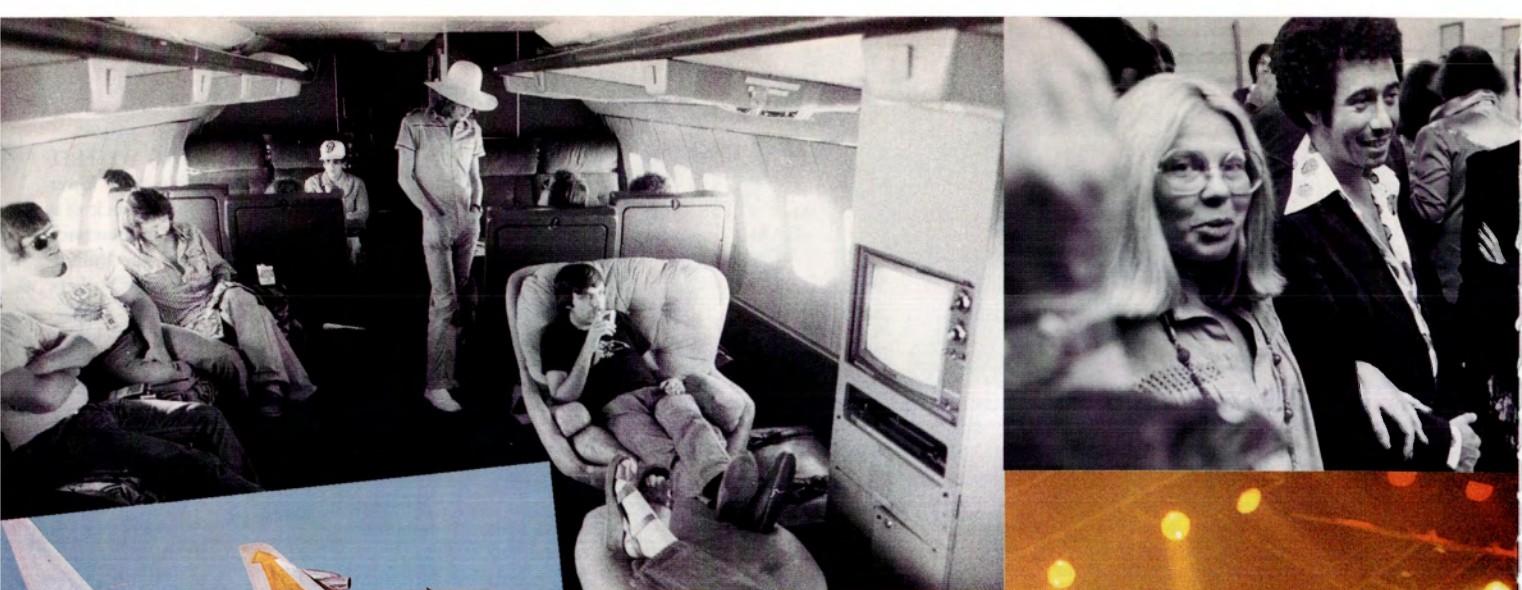
—Keith Richards, July 13, 1975.

From my tapes: "The thing is, Keith basically cares 90 percent about the music, and he can't be bothered to go to any of those



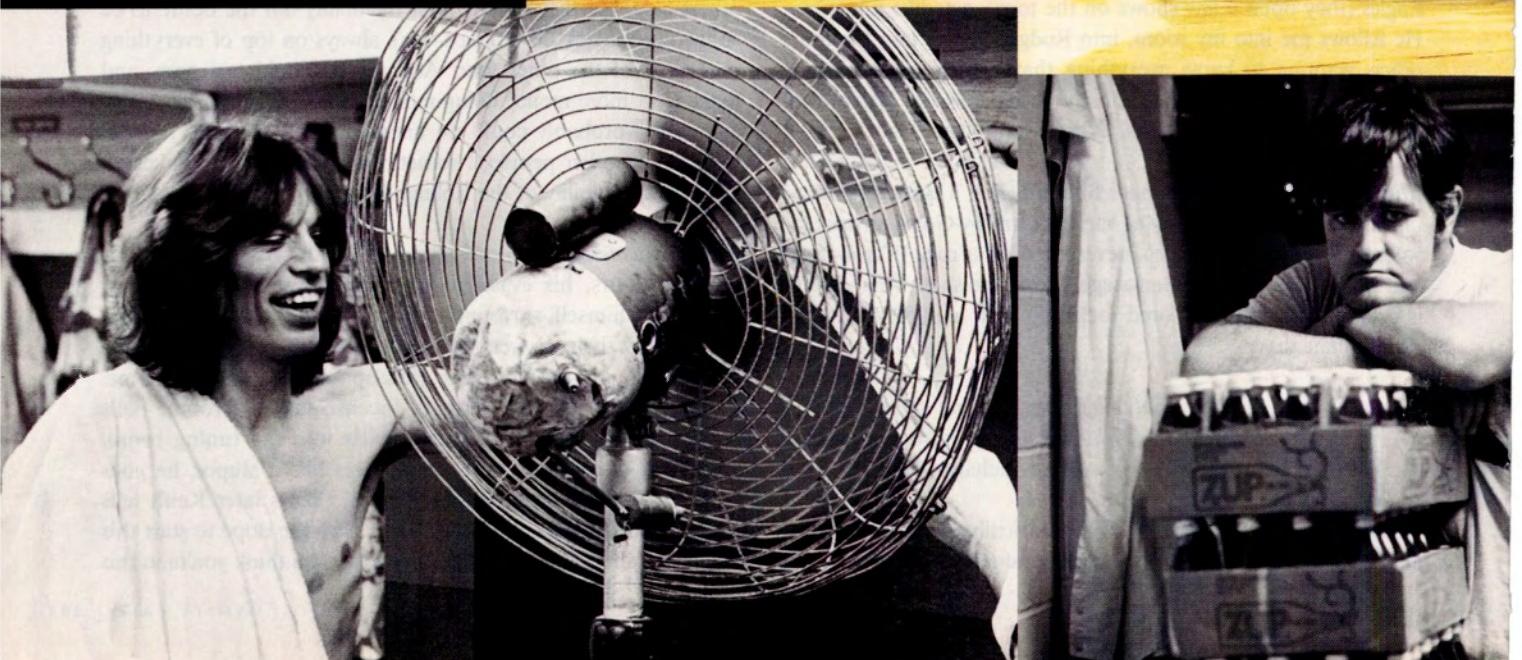
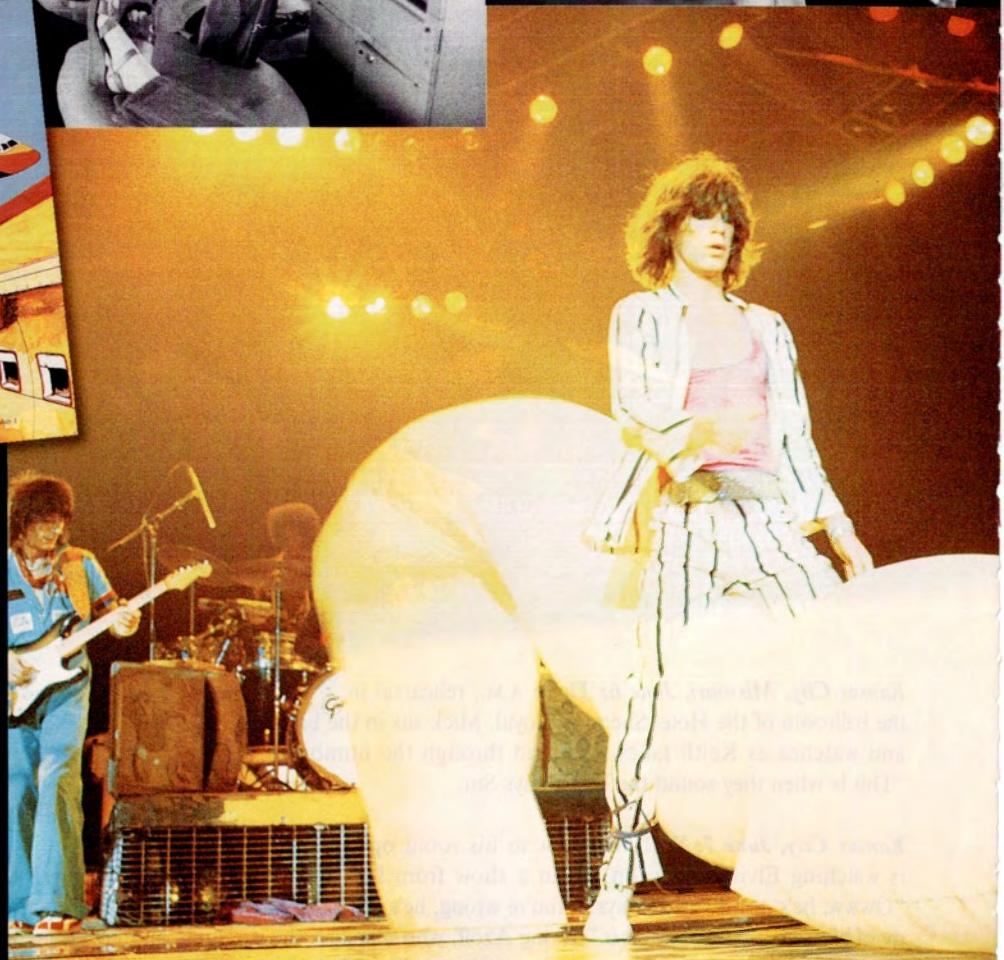
business meetings," says Stu. "If we're not recording or on tour, the phone in the office will go all day, every day, with accountants and lawyers who have to speak to Mick immediately. The others care, but they have neither the ability nor the desire to be as involved. Mick never stops—he's always on top of everything on behalf of the other four. And yet he could trot away and make a lot more money doing movies, or a solo album with other people—probably could do his own tour with Billy Preston and a lot of other people. I sometimes wonder why he takes on all the responsibility of the Rolling Stones."

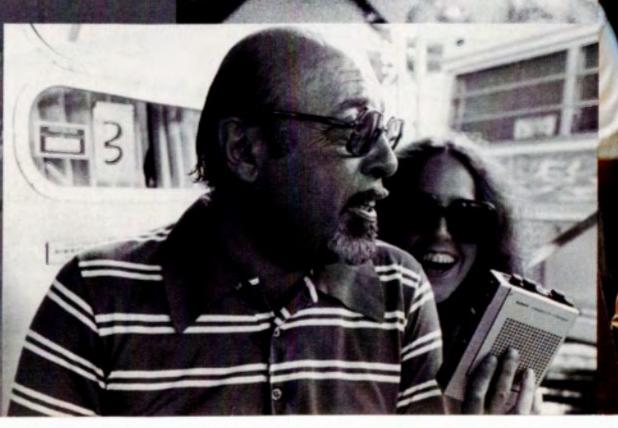
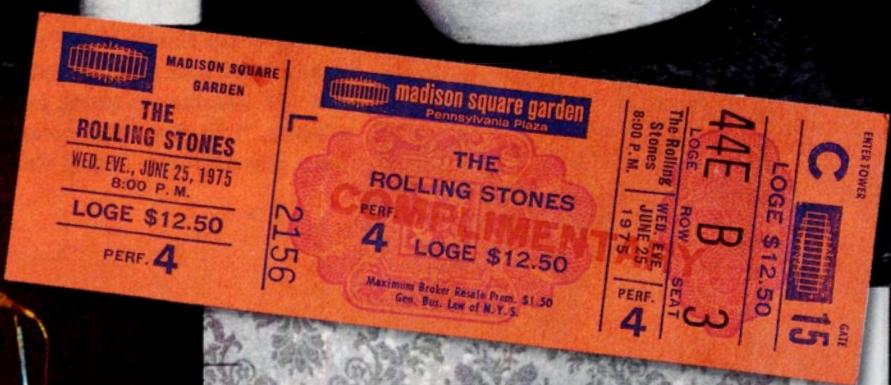
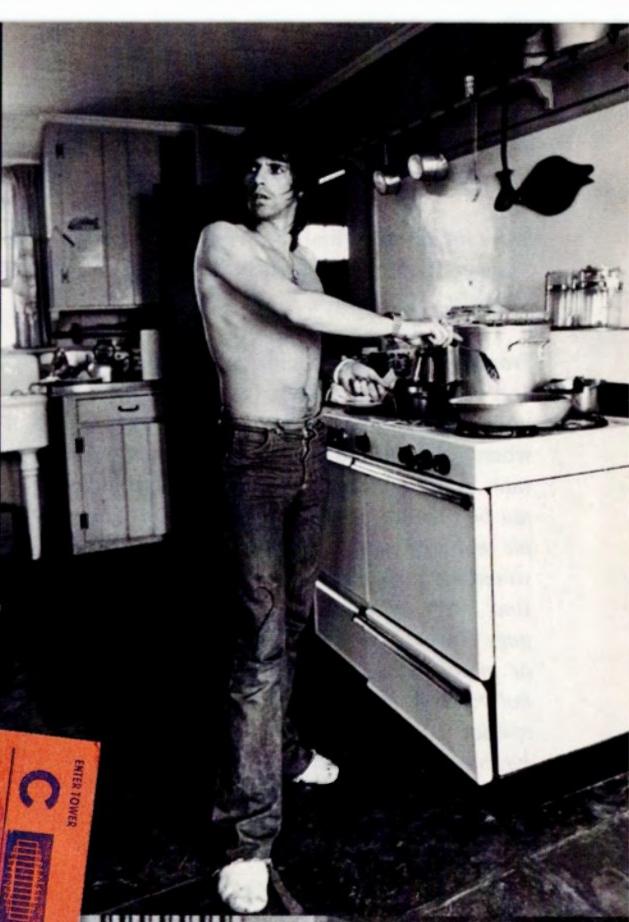
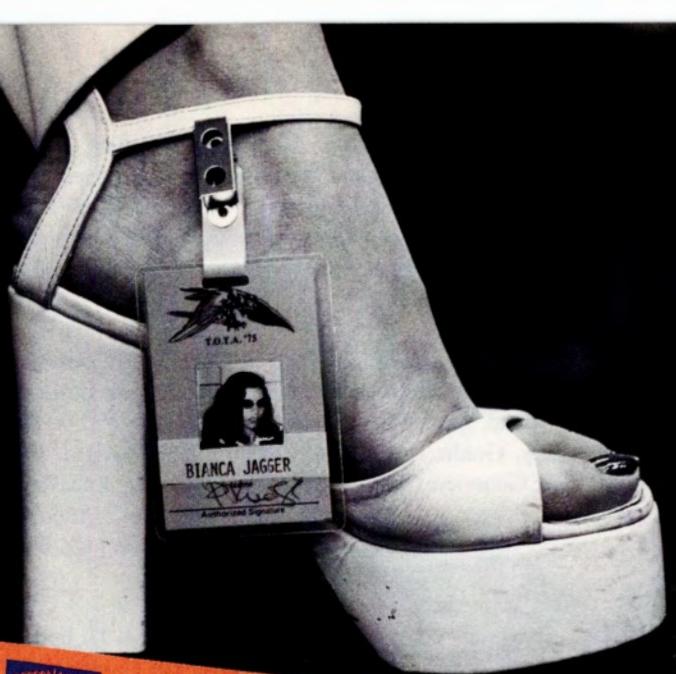
From my notes: People are afraid of Keith. His addiction, his vampire hours, his evasiveness—all are intimidating. He is a world unto himself, surrounded by reggae music, his wife, Anita Pallenberg, their six-year-old son, Marlon, guitarist Ronnie Wood, and assorted sidekicks. He's up for three days at a time, sequestered in his scarf-draped, incense-suffused room. Falls out of the car onto the plane. Swirls into the tuning room. Then, out of the depths of what seems like a stupor, he goes onstage and is all muscle, every night. (Years later Keith tells me, "My life then basically was 'Do I have the dope to start this day off? Can I make it until the next fix?' You think you're in this



TOUR GALORE

Clockwise from above: a brochure for the 720S tour jet; Mick and entourage aboard the plane; Sue Mengers and David Geffen backstage at the Los Angeles Forum; Bianca Jagger's backstage pass, attached to her Chelsea Cobbler platform shoe; Keith in the kitchen at Andy Warhol's Montauk house, where the band rehearsed pre-tour; Charlie Watts, Mick, and guitar tech Ted Jones at Stu's 37th-birthday party at Seattle's Olympic Hotel; Bianca with Jack Ford at the Capitol Centre; Lisa Robinson tapes Ahmet Ertegun at the Gator Bowl; Stu backstage; in Toronto, Mick dries Robinson's bikini underpants, borrowed to wear in concert; Mick astride a giant inflatable prop; a ticket for a Madison Square Garden show.





TOP LEFT, BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ; TOP RIGHT, BY KEN REGAN;
ALL OTHERS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

elite club. You could be wallowing in the gutter and think, I'm elite. It was an adventurous experiment that went on too long."

From my tapes: What does it mean when the song credits say "Jagger/Richards"? I ask. "It means we share the money," says Mick.

From my notes: In an effort to create some sort of efficiency and camaraderie, memos (written by Alan Dunn) are slipped under everyone's door at night. They explain what time to be where, who goes to the show in which cars, show times, restaurants in town, "jokes," and asides: *Single occupancy rooms should not be used in triplicate. Pilot is freaking out, we must cut people and luggage. Do not take anything into Toronto you would not want a customs official to find; every piece of luggage (belly of the plane, or in cabin, or nailed to bathroom floor) will be inspected. Contrary to popular belief, Billy Preston does not like white boys. For those of you who put money on the Ali-Bugner fight, please pay up.*

Cleveland, June 13: Keith calls the office. "Look, I don't want any more of these jokes on my memos. They're too esoteric."

From my notes: As for sex, I'm aware that the crew seems to be having a good time, and I hear rumors of girls leaving Mick's room every so often when Bianca isn't around. But so far I've seen and heard nothing like what goes on with Led Zeppelin. No one sends the empty Starship to L.A. to pick up a 15-year-old girl and fly her back to Chicago. No band members covered in whipped cream are wheeled in on room-service carts.

No groupies with sharks. Nothing like the Stones' unreleased 1972 tour film, *Cocksucker Blues*. (Years later, Keith tells me he has a copy of it, and says, "You have to really want to see it to see it. It's like watching the only copy of *Birth of a Nation*. The legend is bigger than the actual movie.")

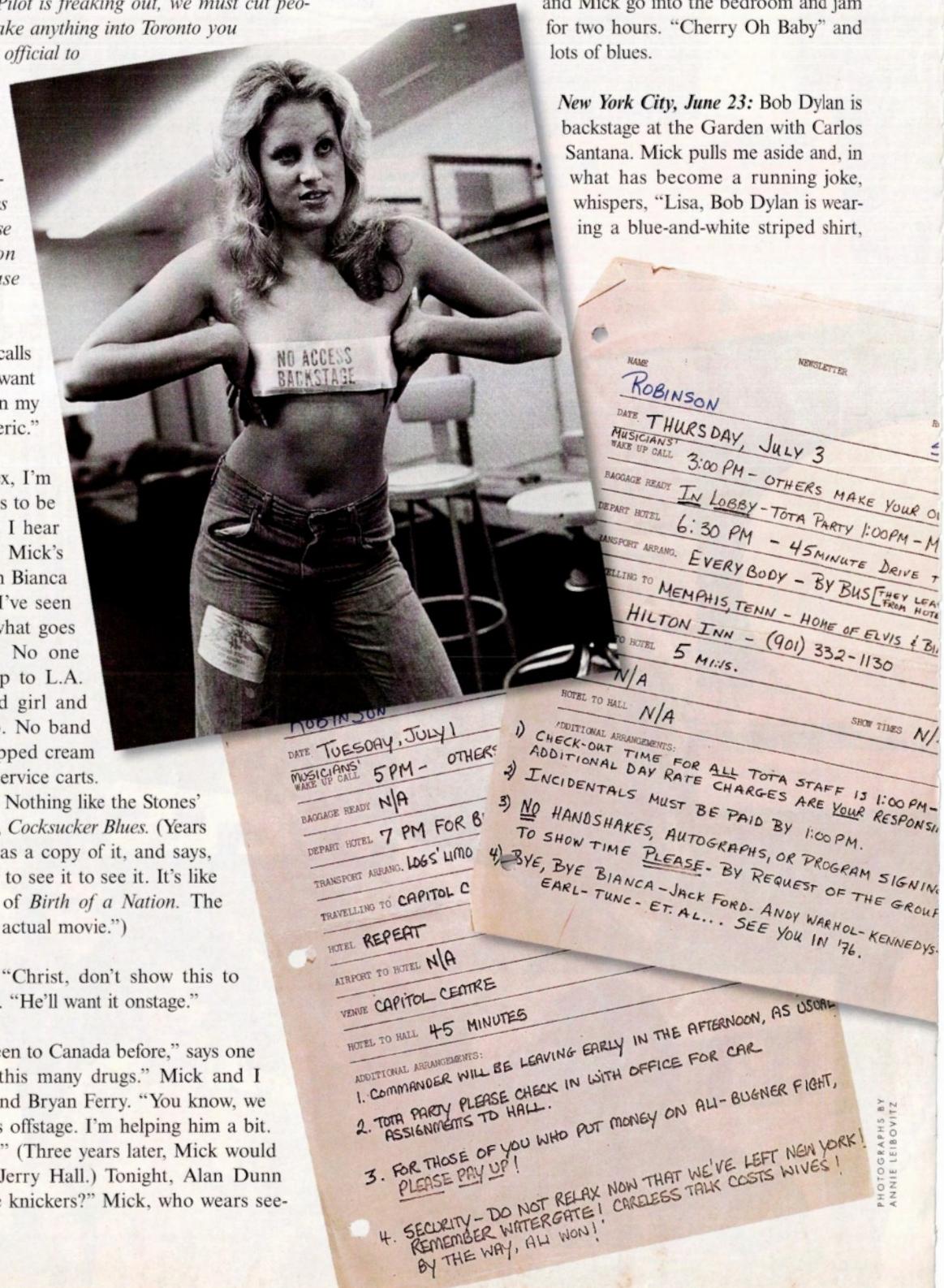
Niagara Falls, June 15: "Christ, don't show this to Jagger," Peter Rudge says. "He'll want it onstage."

Toronto, June 16: "I've been to Canada before," says one staffer, "but never with this many drugs." Mick and I talk about Roxy Music and Bryan Ferry. "You know, we really do the same things offstage. I'm helping him a bit. He's quite good actually." (Three years later, Mick would steal Ferry's girlfriend, Jerry Hall.) Tonight, Alan Dunn asks me, "Got any spare knickers?" Mick, who wears see-

through trousers onstage, has lost his jockstrap, and Atlantic Records' representative Danny Markus's is deemed unsuitable. I have only the pair I'm wearing, white lace bikinis from Henri Bendel. Mick puts them on backward. "You need to wear girls' ones that way," he says, implying that he needs the extra room. He is not wrong.

New York City, June 22: Party at Camilla and Earl McGrath's apartment after the show at Madison Square Garden. Diana Vreeland, Larry Rivers, Bob Colacello, Andy Warhol, Paul Morrissey, Goldie Hawn, Eric Clapton, Patti Harrison, John Phillips, Genevieve Waite, et al. Around four A.M., Eric, Ron, Keith, and Mick go into the bedroom and jam for two hours. "Cherry Oh Baby" and lots of blues.

New York City, June 23: Bob Dylan is backstage at the Garden with Carlos Santana. Mick pulls me aside and, in what has become a running joke, whispers, "Lisa, Bob Dylan is wearing a blue-and-white striped shirt,



“Being on a tour like this does get kind of crazy,” says Mick. “If you fuck a lot, it releases a lot of tension.”



GIMME MICK
Backstage at the Los Angeles Forum, George Harrison, Billy Preston, Ron Wood, and Mick Jagger pose for Annie Leibovitz, July 1975. *Opposite*, Lorna Luft covering her assets, captured by Annie Leibovitz; *inset*, memos from the tour office.

slightly dirty at the top, and a black leather jacket with beige pants and, I'm sorry, I don't remember the shoes."

Philadelphia, June 29: Are they going to the White House? "Only if they paint it black," Rudge tells me and anyone else who will listen.

*You're the easiest lay on the White House lawn.
Get out of my life, don't come back.*
—From "Respectable," Jagger/Richards, 1978.

Philadelphia, June 30: Something is going on about the White House. Bianca has become friendly with President Ford's son Jack. She is doing an interview with him for Andy Warhol's *Interview*, and wants to set up some sort of photo op for the band—or maybe just Mick—at the White House. Mick, in the production office backstage at the Spectrum, is on the phone with her: "Listen, please, I've got to go *onstage*. Really, I'm late, we can discuss this tomorrow. Well then, the answer is *no*. No, I won't. Now I've got to go *onstage*." After the show, Mick says to me, "From what I've seen, your articles aren't bitchy enough. Aren't you going to put in my remarks about Robert Plant?" I mention that I wrote something nice about Bianca. "You should write something bitchy about her," he says. "She's very rude to people. If I have a photo session, I don't make people wait for four hours, and she does that all the time."

Washington, D.C., July 1: Mick skips the White House and has lunch with Ahmet Ertegun (Atlantic Records chairman) instead. After the show, Ahmet gives a party in the Chandelier Room of the Hotel Sheraton Carlton. Bianca dances with Pierre LaRoche, the makeup artist Mick usurped from Bowie. Mick sits in a corner, clearly not in a good mood. After a few minutes, he leaves. Bianca looks for some medals she lost that had been pinned to her tour jacket. "What's she looking for?" a tour staffer asks. "Happiness," replies another.

Washington, July 2: Christopher and I go to visit his pal Maria Shriver, who asks us what Mick is really like.

Washington, July 3: Memo slipped under my Sheraton Carlton door as we prepare to leave Washington for Memphis: Bye Bye Bianca, Jack Ford, Andy Warhol, Kennedys . . . see you in '76.

From my notes: "Before, we used to go on tour and it used to be chaotic, and I wouldn't want to see that again, but at least all sorts of unexpected things used to happen," says Stu. "You'd get into trouble, and there'd be riots, but it would keep it interesting."

Lots of people had a good time at Altamont. People tell me all the time how they had fun. I think the only two people who didn't have a good time were me and the guy who got killed.

—Mick Jagger, May 9, 1975.

En route to Memphis, July 3: A lightning storm. The plane drops 1,000 feet in two seconds. Or so it feels. Keith and Ronnie race back to the bedroom. Annie hits her head on the ceiling of the cabin. I sob in Christopher's arms. We are all freaked out. Mick, who regularly looks at weather charts, chose to leave earlier, and flew on a Learjet that avoided the storm. Upon landing, I literally kiss the ground. We are met at the airport by piano player Jim Dickinson (who played on the Stones' recording of "Wild Horses") and 83-year-old blues singer Furry Lewis. At the Hilton, we discover there are no rooms reserved. Rudge screams at publicist

Paul Wasserman and demands Conrad Hilton's phone number. Wasserman makes up some number, Rudge goes to a phone booth, pretends to call, and rooms suddenly materialize. In my room, *Gimme Shelter* is on TV.

Memphis, July 4: Three A.M. My phone rings. It's Mick, slurring his words. "Listen, I'm with two girls, and they've got a cute guy with them, and I'm trying to get a girl for him because he's lonesome. He's not here right now—he has his own room. I just thought you might be interested." No thanks, I say. "Well," he says, not skipping a beat, "who should we call? He's 30 years old, and he's not bad-looking. He's American and he just wants a little company. I've got the list in front of me." He proceeds to go down the room list, naming all the women, picks someone, asks me to call her, "girl to girl." I say he should call. He says that would make him a hustler. We talk some more about how they wouldn't have to fuck, they could just "rap" (his word, not mine). We hang up. I go back to sleep. (To this day, I have no idea if this was another tour prank—like when Alan Dunn got the passkey and put ice cubes in my bed in one hotel, eggs in my bed in another, a hamburger in my handbag, and a live frog in my typewriter. The most inventive: he actually hammered a mattress against my hotel-room door in Buffalo, and when I opened it, dozens of hamburgers came tumbling down.)

Memphis, July 5: Peter Rudge, who has extreme, chemically induced mood swings but can also be wildly funny, is all fired up at the possibility that Mick will be arrested for singing "Star-fucker," and/or that police will search the plane when we land in Dallas. (Neither happens.) Mick sits on the bed in his room with the door open, watching Arthur Ashe play at Wimbledon, refusing to pack until the match is over. After deciding to drive to Dallas, Keith and Ronnie are picked up for reckless driving and, of course, suspicion of drug possession. They are being held with bodyguard Jim Callaghan and a "hitchhiker" at the police station in Fordyce, Arkansas. At midnight, we learn that Ronnie is let off, Keith gets hit with a misdemeanor weapon charge, and the "hitchhiker" with possession of marijuana.

Los Angeles, July 9: The phones in the tour office are overloaded with celebrity ticket requests for the Stones concerts at the Forum. Ryan O'Neal declines tickets when he is told he has to pay for them. Backstage at the Forum: Liza Minnelli, Raquel Welch, David Geffen, Sue Mengers, and Jack Nicholson. Lorna Luft appears besotted by Bianca, follows her around for days, causing Bianca to remark to a friend, "I do find it odd that all we ever talk about is me." Bianca floods her suite in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel when she forgets she left the bathtub running. Diana Ross and her husband, Bob Ellis (who manages Ron Wood), want to give the band a party at their Beverly Hills house. A meeting is held to go over the guest list, which includes Swift Lazar, Ryan and Tatum O'Neal, Sue Mengers, David Geffen, Lou Adler, Warren Beatty, and Bob Evans. The party is outdoors—no one is allowed in the house. Eventually, Keith and Ronnie just say fuck it, go in, and everyone follows. Diana Ross is not smiling. Three A.M., back at the Beverly Wilshire: Keith Moon is on the phone in the tour office—George Harrison is looking for Mick.



“Mick never stops—he’s always on top of everything on behalf of the other four.”



BACK TO THE GARDEN
Backstage at Madison Square Garden after a Stones show, Bob Dylan strums on a Zemaitis guitar for Mick Jagger, June 23, 1975.



Los Angeles Forum, July 10: The “opening act” Mexican and Cuban and Chinese musicians and drummers are marching through the aisles, playing, banging, clanging. “What’s going on?” Charlie Watts’s wife, Shirley, asks. “Oh,” says her pal, record executive Tony King, “they’re showing Bianca to her seat.” After the show, Bill Graham hosts a party in the balcony of the Roxy to see Bob Marley & the Wailers. Tequilas are lined up along the railing. No one’s seen anything quite like Marley, a stoned, inspired shaman. People are screaming. I’m taping. Bill Graham is beaming. Annie loses her cameras.

Los Angeles, July 13: “Nobody starts off to play, and to go through the rigorous necessities of learning to play an instrument, with the idea of making money,” says Keith. “You learn the guitar because you have this burning desire; nothing matters more in the world than to find out how that guy that they heard before played that thing. These guys were gods to you, and the most important thing always has been not what you do and how much you got out of it, but if you passed a little bit on. It’s an incredible reproductive thing, music. You don’t have any control over it; you get hooked. It’s a very pure ideal, and that’s why music has lasted. And whether you perverted it later on from your own needs or to make a living, or gave it up, or became successful, the fact is, to start doing it is very pure.”

Los Angeles, July 13: Keith has been staying at the “hitchhiker’s” house, and we are all invited for a barbecue. Charlie Watts and his eight-year-old daughter, Seraphina, go to the pool at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Charlie says Seraphina doesn’t like this pool

so much, because “it’s not as good as Ringo’s.” There are doctors on retainer in each city. They have names like R. F. Greathouse and Hyman Stockfish. This tour feels like a Marx Brothers movie.

From my tapes: Stu talks about Mick and Marianne Faithfull in the early days: “They were like a couple of rabbits,” he says. “I’d go over there, and she’d be sitting up in bed, radiant and smiling, looking completely satisfied, and he’d be completely wiped out and wasted. They would just fuck all the time.”

Seattle, July 18: “I spend a lot of time on my own in my room,” says Mick. “Being in front of a lot of people is weird, because it goes against what I believe in. So when you get in front of people, I just entertain and show off. So I try and show off in the nicest way I can. It’s not that being alone keeps you sane, although that helps, but being on a tour like this does get kind of crazy. Sex is quite important; if you fuck a lot, it releases a lot of tension. I release a lot of tension onstage anyway. But if I was standing still, like Bill [Wyman], I think I’d go mad.”

Denver, July 20: Rudge says Elton John, who is recording at the nearby Caribou Ranch Studios, wants to give the band a

party. "Only if he gives us a Rembrandt each," says Keith. There is much discussion about the fact that Elton had phoned the tour office in advance and said he wanted to get onstage and sit in on piano on "Honky Tonk Women." Arrangements are made. He gets onstage, does the number, then doesn't get off. He does five or six numbers. Afterward, Stu says he is surprised that Elton stayed onstage as long as he did, considering he didn't seem able to pick up the chord sequences.

Chicago, July 22: Bob Greene writes a column in the *Chicago Sun-Times* that claims Howlin' Wolf couldn't get tickets to the Stones show. Wolf eventually does come, sits with Buddy Guy and Junior Wells in a backstage dressing room, and falls asleep. "When you consider that you've got all these people around," says Stu, "and then Bill [Wyman] can't even get tickets for Howlin' Wolf in Chicago. Wolf sat in the dressing room, and they wanted to take him up to the press box because there were no tickets, and to get to the press box you have to climb a lot of stairs, and he couldn't do it. So he just sat in the dressing room and never saw the concert. But there were a lot of little *Playboy* scrubbers who got tickets, and whose friends are they? Not even friends of the boys."

Bloomington, Indiana, July 26: We have Mick's birthday cake on the Starship. "Bloomington," he says—"I thought it was a department store." Onstage that night, Keith wears a leather outfit by "Calvin" (and I'm not talking Klein) that looks like he slept in it. Everyone from the touring party rushes to the stage at the end of the set to see if Mick pulls Billy Preston's wig off.

Detroit, July 27: Danny Markus, who travels with monogrammed joints, is wearing a pink, tie-dyed leisure suit he claims he bought to get out of jury duty. In the dressing room, I hear the strains of "Happy" coming from the stage. "Keith's song," I say, and make my way toward the stage. "Are you kidding?" says the "hitchhiker," now a permanent part of the entourage. "They're all Keith's songs."

Jacksonville, Florida, August 1: Stricklands Restaurant. Seated around the table are Stones business manager Prince Rupert Loewenstein, his society pal Jill Goldsmith, Christopher Sykes, Mustique owner Colin Tennant, and one of his sons. Mick is late. "I see a parade of such dinners," says Jill. "What time will he be here? Do you think we should order before he comes? Should we order for him? What do you think he would like?" The next day, at the Gator Bowl, Mick dashes into the dressing room, and announces, grinning, "The pound is \$2.10."

Hampton Roads, Virginia, August 6: Two A.M. Stu sits at the piano in the lobby of the Colonial-style 1776 Inn and plays "Blueberry Hill" and then "Blue Monday." "The only thing I regret," he says to me, "is that if I hadn't been pushed out—and it wasn't very nicely done, but that's all water under the bridge—I would have been a lot better piano player than I am now." The next night Danny Markus says to Keith, "This is the last indoor gig and I hope it's going to be really good." Keith replies, "Tell that to the members of the band who are awake."

Buffalo, August 7: Keith's room. Keith, Mick, Ronnie, Annie, Billy Preston, Christopher, and I are listening to the new Rod Stewart album, *Atlantic Crossing*. So many slow songs, so much

Stax influence. "It sounds a bit old-fashioned," says Mick, who clearly wants Ronnie to stay in the Stones rather than return to the Faces. Reggae music on, clinking of glasses, Frankie Valli on TV, shrieking, sound of a water pipe. The coughing and the level of Monty Python hilarity increases. (I taped hours of this stuff; what was I thinking?) Mick dances around by himself. At eight A.M., breakfast is ordered.

Buffalo, August 8: In the dressing room, Mick asks, "Lisa, how's your memory? Do you remember what I wore in Buffalo last time?" Sadly, I do. (Later on, he admits to me that he didn't end up looking the way he wanted to look on this tour, that the costumes weren't exactly what he had in mind. "What did you want to look like?" I ask. "I'm not telling you," he said. "I'll save it for the next tour." Right: otherwise Bowie might steal it.)

From my tapes: Mick tells me that when the Stones first came over to America he and Keith used to go to the Brooklyn Paramount and to the Apollo to see Joe Tex, James Brown, and Little Richard. He admits that he's really not a very good dancer: "I didn't dance until I was 19 or 20, I was so nervous. I'm hopeless at steps. I couldn't waltz, and I wasn't good at a quick-step, which my mum taught me. The waltz, two-step, and fox-trot ... you had to know how to do all that by the age of 12 to be socially acceptable. The Beatles just stood there and played, but I didn't have a guitar; I had to do something else. When I started singing, I used to consistently hit the wrong key. But the important thing about singing is to get the personality across—fuck the notes. I don't consider myself the best rock star and I never have. I'm sure there's people who are better than I am, but I'm not that interested in white rock 'n' roll bands. I don't ever go to see them."

I know they're all going to each other's shows, Mick and everyone's always doing it, but it wears the shred out of me, sitting in concerts. There are very few people I want to see in a concert. It's like watching painters paint. Just give me the painting. I like records. You don't get anything after a concert. You just get cash. Or a headache.
—John Lennon, February 19, 1975.

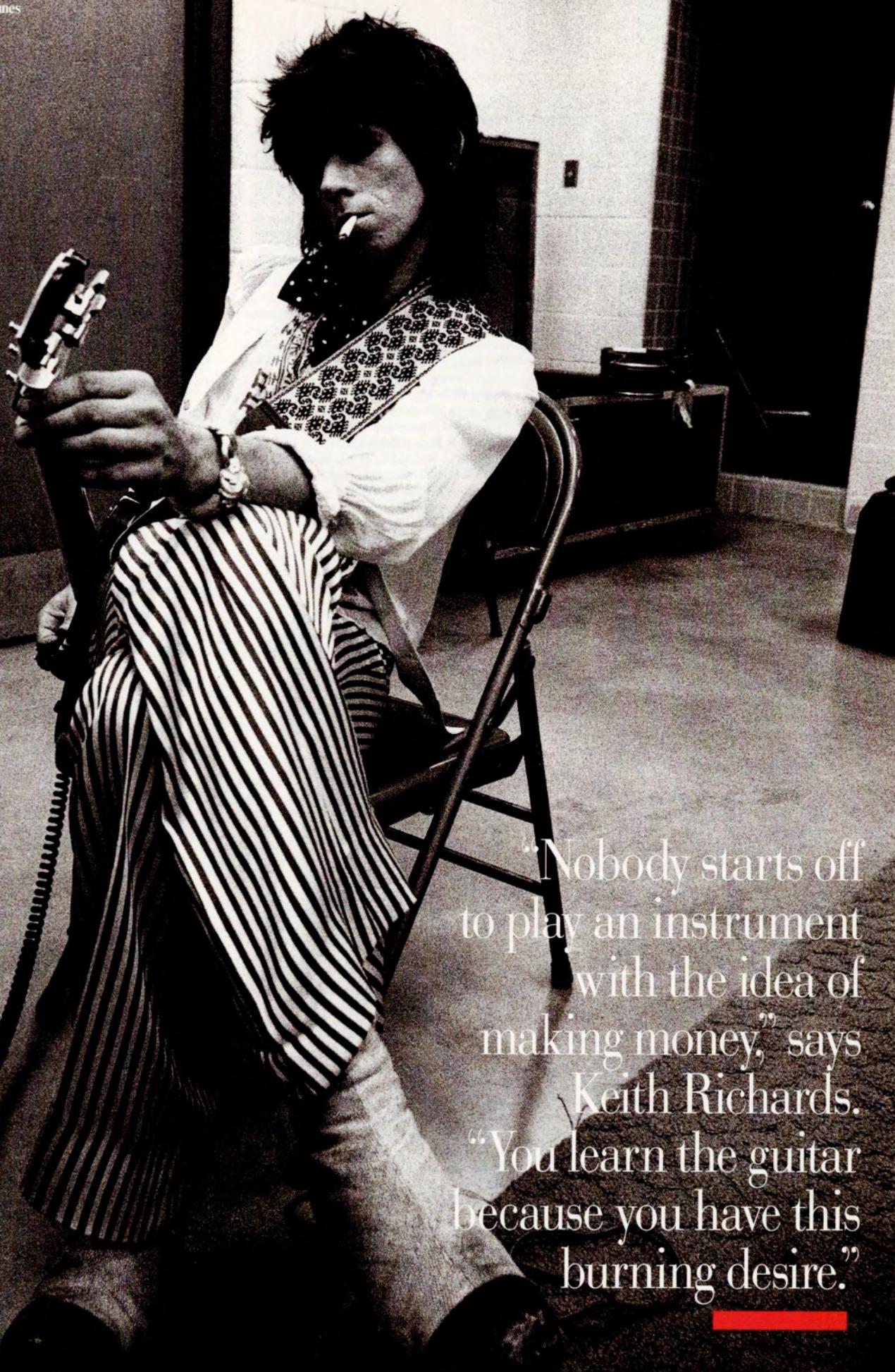
Buffalo, August 8: Memo slipped under my door at the Sheraton East: *Last newsletter: We are leaving directly after the show from Buffalo to New York. As it's the last day of the tour, thanks to everyone whose idea it was in the first place. Next time, just say no.*

When Mick plays the harmonica, it's the only time he's not thinking. It comes from up inside of him, and you get the pure, unadulterated Mick Jagger.
—Keith Richards, July 13, 1975.

I started playing blues when I was 18, or before—14, really. Which is very mature music compared to "Venus in Blue Jeans," which was the hit at the time when I started. I never wanted to be a rock 'n' roll star; I never was into teenage lyrics. We were doing blues written by 40-, 50-, 60-year-old men. "You've Got to Move" was written by a 70-year-old man. But there is a perpetual adolescent influence, because what I was doing at 18, I'm still doing now.

—Mick Jagger, July 18, 1975. □

STONE ALONE
Keith Richards tunes
a Zemaitis
guitar backstage.



“Nobody starts off to play an instrument with the idea of making money,” says Keith Richards. “You learn the guitar because you have this burning desire.”

FASHION

Cover: See credits for pages 26–30.

Page 8: *Lili Haydn* styled by Christine de Lassus; Carla Dawn Behrle leather bra from Behrle; Chrome Hearts miniskirt and jewelry from Chrome Hearts; Fortuna Valentino boots from Fortuna Valentino; all stores in N.Y.C.

Page 26: Björk's Alexandre Matthieu dress from Colette, Paris; Wolford fishnets from Wolford boutiques nationwide. **Macy Gray's** Jean Paul Gaultier shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Diesel jeans from Diesel stores nationwide.

Keith Richards's Lords Los Angeles coat and shirt from Lords Los Angeles, L.A.

Page 28: Fiona Apple's Anthropologie

T-shirt from Anthropologie; pants by Egg by Susan Lazar; vintage shoes from the Family Jewels, N.Y.C. **Dr. Dre's** Phat Farm clothing from Macy's; for **Faith Hill's** Helmut Lang top, go to www.helmutlang.com; Tom Ford for Gucci pants from Gucci, London; Jimmy Choo shoes from Jimmy Choo, N.Y.C.

Page 30: Carlos Santana's shirt and suit from Marta Kapell Couture; **Mary J. Blige's** Tom Ford for Gucci coat from Gucci, London; Louis Vuitton shoes from Louis Vuitton, London; earings from DKNY; Erickson & Beamon choker and bracelets from Erickson & Beamon, London; **Zack de la Rocha's** Calvin Klein T-shirt from Harrods, London; Maharishi vest from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; vintage pants from the Family Jewels, N.Y.C.

Page 104: Wendy Osmundson for Cloutier.

Page 151: Miranda Robson for ESP.

Page 157: Chan Marshall styled by Julie Ragolia for Perrella Management, Inc.; shirt by Karen Walker, from TGI70, N.Y.C.

Page 156: Carson Daly styled by Carrera

Lukas; suit and shirt by Couture Clothing Company, from Sphere Fashion Boutique, N.Y.C. Left model's shirt by Dollhouse, from Dollhouse, N.Y.C.; skirt by Couture Clothing Company, from Sphere Fashion Boutique, N.Y.C. Right model's tube top by Gear Company, tube top worn as skirt by Cheryl, both from Bang Bang, N.Y.C.

Page 158: Anoushka Shankar styled by Lisa Mosko; top and pants by Cristina Ortiz for Lanvin, from Neiman Marcus; for armbands from the private collection of Nandini Sinha; gold bangles and gold-emerald-and-ruby bracelet from Shamballa, N.Y.C.; rings, cuffs, earrings, and headpiece from Karim Jewelers, Artesia, Calif. Lili Haydn's top by Victoria's Secret Cannes Collection, from Victoria's Secret stores nationwide; thong by Natori, from Bloomingdale's; jewelry by Chrome Hearts, from Chrome Hearts, N.Y.C.

Pages 166–67: George Clinton's Ecko

Unlimited shirt from Bloomingdale's; hat by Ivy Supersonic; models' costumes from the Manolo Collection. Lisa von Weise for Filomeno.

Pages 168–69: Lou Reed's Tom Ford for Gucci shirt from Gucci, London; Chrome Hearts leather pants and belt from Chrome Hearts, N.Y.C.

Pages 172–73: Chris Hillman's Ermenegildo Zegna shirt from Zegna Sport, Beverly Hills; Jeanne Yang for Cloutier.

Pages 174–75: Mariah Carey's Dolce & Gabbana bra from Dolce & Gabbana, London; TSE blanket from selected TSE boutiques.

Page 181: Celia Cruz's Stephen Russell necklace and earrings from Stephen Russell, N.Y.C.; **Marc Anthony's** Prada shirt from Prada, London.

Page 184: Van Cliburn's Ralph Lauren Purple Label suit and tie and Polo Ralph Lauren cuff links

all from Polo Ralph Lauren, London.

Pages 186–87: Daniel Caudill for Célestine.

Pages 188–89: Eve's Gucci coat and belt from Gucci, London; Fausto Puglisi at Showroom Seven hot pants from Zao, N.Y.C.; gloves from LaCrash; B. Michael hat from selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Michel Perry boots from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Asprey & Garrard jewelry from Asprey & Garrard, London. **Rah Digga's** J. Mendel coat and jeans from J. Mendel at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Sergio Rossi boots from Sergio Rossi, N.Y.C.; jewelry from DKNY. **Missy Elliott's** Sean John coat and pants from Macy's; Chrome Hearts tank top from Chrome Hearts, N.Y.C.; Nike shoes from Nike stores nationwide. For **Da Brat's** Fubu jacket, shirt, and pants, go to www.FUBU.com; Nike shoes from Nike stores nationwide; Harvey Pippen jewelry from Mega Diamond Company, N.Y.C.

Pages 190–91: For **Tori Amos's** Helmut Lang shirt, go to www.helmutlang.com; House, IT pants from selected Nordstrom stores.

Page 194: Renée Fleming's Issey Miyake dress and scarf from Chegini, Vienna. **Susan Graham's** Gabrielle Strehle dress from Peek & Cloppenburg, Vienna; Atil Kutoglu scarf from the Atil Kutoglu showroom, Vienna. Yvan Gonfond for Perfectprops.

Pages 196–97: Simon Le Bon's Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Homme suit and sunglasses and **Nick Rhodes's** Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Homme suit from Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Homme, N.Y.C. Le Bon's Paul Smith shirt from Paul Smith, London; Marc Jacobs shoes from Marc Jacobs, N.Y.C.; hat by Kelly Christy, from Kelly Christy, N.Y.C. Nick Rhodes's Dolce & Gabbana shirt and shoes from Dolce & Gabbana, London. Models' dresses by Jeremy Scott, from Jeffrey, N.Y.C.; models' shoes by Christian Louboutin, from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C.

Page 198: Sinéad O'Connor's Alexander McQueen corset from Jeffrey, N.Y.C.; Mark Vassallo for Art House Management.

Page 199: Moby's Dolce & Gabbana shirt from Dolce & Gabbana, London; for Helmut Lang pants, go to www.helmutlang.com; Acupuncture sneakers from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Ralph Lauren socks from Polo Ralph Lauren, London.

Pages 204–25: Kamal's and Black Thought's T-shirts from DKNY. Hub's Girbaud shirt and pants from Macy's. Black Thought's Sean John jeans from Bloomingdale's; Prada shoes from Prada, London; sunglasses by Jean Paul Gaultier.

Page 206: Sonny Rollins's Yohji Yamamoto Pour Homme shirt and sunglasses from Yohji Yamamoto, London.

Page 207: Burt Bacharach's Brooks Brothers shirt and cuff links from Brooks Brothers, N.Y.C.

Page 208: Yo-Yo Ma's Brioni full-dress tails and frock set from Brioni, N.Y.C.; Asprey & Garrard studs and cuff links from Asprey & Garrard, London.

Page 209: PJ Harvey's Jean Paul Gaultier top from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.

Page 210: Michael Penn's Missoni shirt from Saks Fifth Avenue; Aimee Mann's Michelle Mason coat from Barneys New York; Earl Jean pants from Earl Jean; all stores are in L.A. Jeanne Yang for Cloutier.

Page 217: L'Wren Scott for the United Talent Agency.

Page 221: L'Wren Scott for the United Talent Agency.

Pages 222–23: Carly Simon's Kevin Smith dress from Kevin Smith, Venice, Calif. **Sally Taylor's** Calvin Klein Underwear camisole from Harrods, London; Diesel jeans from Diesel stores nationwide.

For **Ben Taylor's** Helmut Lang tank top, go to www.helmutlang.com.

Pages 210–II: Mos Def's Marc Jacobs jacket from Marc Jacobs, N.Y.C. **DMC's** and **Jam Master Jay's** Phat Farm clothing and accessories from Macy's. **Reverend Run's** Davide Cenci overcoat from Davide Cenci, N.Y.C. **Wyclef Jean's** Giorgio Armani clothing from Giorgio Armani, London.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING

Cover: See credits for pages 104–12.

Page 8: *Lili Haydn's* hair by Leonardo Manetti for Frame Reps/Bumble & Bumble; makeup by Tina Turnbow for the Wall Group.

Pages 26–30: *Mary J. Blige's* manicure by Bernadette Thompson for Zane the Agency. Sally Hershberger for Sheer Blonde; Edris Nicholls for Warren-Tricomi Salon; Tré Major for the Dawn 2 Dusk Agency; Jeanine Lobell for the Wall Group/Stila Cosmetics; Jillian Dempsey for the Wall Group/Delux Beauty; Billy B. for Streeters USA/MAC Cosmetics; Deborah Lippmann for lippmanncollection.com; Gigi Hale and Rheanne White for Artists by Timothy Priano.

Page 104: Orna Tisser for Célestine.

Pages 131: Elsa for Utopia.

Page 147: Lou Adler's and Elmer Valentine's grooming by Natalie Miller for Cloutier.

Page 153: Massive Attack's grooming by Shinya for Untitled.

Page 152: Lou Pearlman's grooming by Fazia Ali.

Page 156: Carson Daly's grooming by Kristi Fuhrmann. Models' hair by F. Wayne for LAICALE; makeup by Brian Duprey for Bradley Curry Management.

Page 157: Chan Marshall's hair by Rheanne White for Artists by Timothy Priano; makeup by Victor Joseph for Tiffany Whitford N.Y.C.

Page 158: Anoushka Shankar's hair by Gerald DeCook for ARTEC Purehair; makeup by Keiko Morisaki for Judy Casey. For Lili Haydn, see credits for page 40.

Pages 166–67: Renato Campora for L'Atelier Inc./Aveda; Carolina Gonzalez for Independent N.Y.

Pages 168–69: Grooming by Loraine Abeles/vue2.

Page 171: The Beastie Boys' grooming by Molly Stern for the Wall Group.

Pages 172–73: The Byrds' grooming by Kendra Richards for Cloutier.

Pages 174–75: Mariah Carey's makeup from Prescriptives. On her cheeks, Mystic Cheekcolor in Woman; on her lips, Riches Lavish Lipstick. Roque and Kristofer Buckle, both for Artists by Timothy Priano.

Page 180: Quincy Jones's grooming by Natacha Bernet.

Page 181: Marc Anthony's hair by Kevin Woon for Jed Root; grooming by Kim Wayman for Oscar Blandi Salon. Xavier Soto for Defacto.

Page 184: Van Cliburn's grooming by Tatjana Shoa for Ulta.

Pages 186–87: The Righteous Brothers' grooming by Brad Bowman for Célestine.

Pages 188–89: Additional styling by Kithe Brewster for CXA Inc., Renita Alston for DMA–Deborah Martin Agency, and June Ambrose for Mode Squad. Eve's makeup by Justin Henry for Nars Cosmetics. Rah Digga's hair by Ruthie Jeanniton for Pleasures of Life; makeup by J.J. for MAC Cosmetics. Missy Elliott's hair by Toni Swann for Hair Designs by Toni; makeup by

Billy B. for Streeters USA. **Da Brat's** makeup by Christopher Maldonado for DMA-Deborah Martin Agency.

Pages 190-91: Tony Lucha for Garren New York; Vincent Longo for Vincent Longo New York.

Page 194: Monika Puymann and Marie Therese Weinmann for Perfectprops.

Pages 196-97: Renato Campora for L'Atelier Inc./Aveda.

Page 198: Linda Hay for the Agency.

Page 199: Moby's grooming by Tatjana Shoan for Ulta.

Page 202: Jamal Hammadi for Artists by Timothy Priano.

Page 206: Sonny Rollins's grooming by Samantha Fantauzzi for Susan Price, Inc.

Page 207: Gerald DeCock for ARTec Purehair; Regine Thorre for Sarah Laird.

Page 208: Yo-Yo Ma's grooming by Maria Verel.

Page 209: Dennis DeVoy for Atlantis NY and Lorraine Leckie for Atlantis NY/Aveda.

Page 216: Daniel Howell for Magnet LA; Bethany Karlyn for Artists by Timothy Priano.

Page 217: Robert Vetrica for Cloutier; Pati Dubroff for Chantecaille Beaute; Cecily Carrington for Beauty & Photo.

Page 221: Ray Charles's grooming by Frankie Payne for Luxe.

Pages 222-23: Susan Sterling for Frame Reps.

Pages 210-11: Mos Def's grooming by Edris Nicholls for Atlantis NY; Run-DMC's grooming by Dave the Barber.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

Cover: See credit for pages 104-12.

Page 8: Set design by Antonio Ballatore.

Page 16: Photograph courtesy of Columbia Records.

Page 20: Inset, top, by Fourlegs Photography/Courtesy of Andrew Shapiro.

Pages 26-30: Rick Floyd for Magnet NY.

Page 34: From TimePix.

Page 40: From Photofest.

Page 42: From Archive Photos.

Page 44: All from TimePix.

Page 46: From Archive Photos.

Page 50: From the Neal Peters Collection.

Page 52: From Visages.

Page 54: From top, left to right, from London Features, by Andy Schwartz/Corbis Sygma, Kevin Mazur/London Features; S.S. Archives/Shooting Star, J. L. Atlan/Corbis Sygma, Danny Chin/Star File Photo; Allan Tannenbaum/Corbis Sygma, Allan Tannenbaum/Corbis Sygma, Ron Wolfson/London Features; from Corbis Sygma, by Billy Bang/London Features, Frank Micelotta/Corbis Outline.

Page 56: From top, left to right, by Frank Trapper/Corbis Sygma, F. Darmigny/Corbis Sygma, Allan Tannenbaum/Corbis Sygma; Steve Sands/Corbis Outline, Neal Preston/Corbis Outline, Neal Preston/Corbis Outline; Lawrence Schwartzwald/Corbis Sygma, Steve Granitz/Retna, Allan Tannenbaum/Corbis Sygma; Bill Davila/Retna, Steve Granitz/Retna, from AllStar/Globe Photos.

Page 58: From top, left to right, by Charles Martin/Star File Photo, Lawrence Schwartzwald/Corbis Sygma, Eric Charbonneau/Berliner Studio/Corbis Outline; Alex Berliner/Berliner Studio/Corbis Outline, Gregory Pace/Corbis Sygma, Suzan Moore/All Action/Retna; from WB/Shooting Star, by Jeff Slocomb/Corbis Outline,

Curtis McElhinney/Corbis Sygma; Dave Lewis/Rex Features, Walter Weissman/Globe Photos, no credit.

Pages 62-78: Ackles, Beach Boys, Beatles, Byrds, Franklin, Hell, Gaye, Lennon, Lowe, Marx, Mitchell, Morrison, Newman, Sex Pistols, Sinatra, Springsteen, Wonder, and Young album covers from House of Oldies.

Page 82: Top, from the Michael Ochs Archives; inset from the Frank Driggs Collection.

Page 86: From Retna.

Page 92: From the Frank Driggs Collection.

Page 95: Top, from the Michael Ochs Archives; bottom, from Camera Press/Retna.

Page 96: From UPI/Corbis Bettmann.

Page 99: From Archive Photos.

Pages 108-131: All video stills courtesy of MTV.

Page 110: Right, bottom, by Victor Malafronte/Celebrity Photo.

Page 112: Top to bottom, by Lisa Rose/Globe Photos, David Allocca/DML.

Page 113: Top to bottom, Janet Durrans, Harlee Little.

Page 114: Clockwise from top right, by Janet Durrans, no credit, Scott Downie/Celebrity Photo, John Barrett/Globe Photos.

Page 116: Right by Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.

Page 117: Right by Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.

Page 118: By Johansson/Lodge/Corbis Outline.

Page 119: By Kevin Winter/Celebrity Photo.

Page 120: Right, Portrait Gallery

Page 121: by Lisa Rose/Globe Photos.

Page 122: Right, Faye Ellman.

Page 123: Top to bottom, Miranda Shen/Celebrity Photo, Faye Ellman, Allan Tannenbaum/Corbis Sygma.

Page 124: By Faye Ellman.

Page 125: Clockwise from top right, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos, Miranda Shen/Celebrity Photo, Gilbert Flores/Celebrity Photo, no credit, Topline/Westlight/Shooting Star.

Page 126: Clockwise from top right, Faye Ellman, Gilbert Flores/Celebrity Photo, no credit.

Page 127: Top, John Paschal/Celebrity Photo.

Page 128: Top to bottom, Chuck Pulin/Star File, Johansson/Lodge/Corbis Outline.

Page 129: Clockwise from top from Chip Rachlin, Faye Ellman, no credit, no credit.

Page 130: Top, Miranda Shen/Celebrity Photo.

Page 131: Top to bottom, Richard Mitchell/Celebrity Photo, Allan Tannenbaum/Corbis Sygma.

Page 152: Bottom left, by Jessica Wynne.

Page 154: From Alpha/Globe Photos (Dando), by Chris Buck/Corbis Outline (Ginger Spice), Angelo Cavalli/Image Bank (Mustique), from Custom Medical Stock Photo (Paxil), by Paul Fenton/Shooting Star (Daly), Fourlegs Photography (lunchbox), Bill Losh/FPG (navel gem), Henry McGee/Globe Photos (Depp, Ryder), Pacha/Corbis (String), Terry Qing/FPG (blood), Lisa Rose/Globe Photos (Rimes), Michael Tamborino/FPG (implants), Tear-N Tan/Shooting Star (Dr. Drew), Bobby Yip/Reuters/Archive Photos (Mickey Mouse).

Page 158: Top right, props styled by Chelsea Maruskin. Bottom left, see credit for page 40.

Pages 164-65: Rick Floyd for Magnet NY.

Pages 166-67: Production by Andrea Ferronato; Jason Hamilton for Luxe.

Pages 168-69: Rick Floyd for Magnet NY.

Pages 172-73: Production by Liza Hayes.

Pages 174-75: Production by Stradwick &

Seabrooke.

Pages 181-83, 188-89, and 192-93: Rick Floyd for Magnet NY.

Page 194: Production by Eva Koschuk.

Pages 196-97: Production by Lynda Goldstein for Pix Producers.

Page 200: Courtesy of Columbia Records.

Pages 204-05: Rick Floyd for Magnet NY.

Page 216: Production by Liza Hayes.

Page 217: Production by David Radin for Socal Productions.

Pages 218-19: Rick Floyd for Magnet NY.

Page 220: From C.P.I.

Pages 222-23: Rick Floyd for Magnet NY.

Pages 224-25: Additional production assistance provided by Big Time Productions, Miami.

Page 226: From Camera 5.

Page 228: Insets from the collection of Lisa Robinson.

Page 231: Top, from Star File Photo; inset from the collection of Lisa Robinson.

Page 232: Left, second from top, from the collection of Lisa Robinson.

Page 233: Left, second from top, from the collection of Lisa Robinson; top right, from Camera 5.

Page 234: Top right and bottom, from the collection of Lisa Robinson.

Page 239: From Camera 5.

Page 243: © 2000 by Carl Tremblay/Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Page 244: © 2000 by the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts (Artwalk NY); from Corbis Bettmann (Thanksgiving); by Rob Crandall/Stock Boston, Inc./PictureQuest ("Vote" button); Martine Franck/Courtesy of Rossi & Rossi ("Tibetan Tulku"); David Giles/Camera Press/Retna (Tomlin); Lynn Goldsmith/Corbis (Marsalis); courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, from the Julianne Cheney Edwards Collection ("Impression," top); by Frank Mastro/Corbis Bettmann (Kennedy); courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art ("A Century of Design"); courtesy of Nationalmuseum,

Stockholm ("Impression," bottom); courtesy of the National Museum of American History ("The American Presidency"); © by Robert Rauschenberg/Courtesy of PaceWildenstein ("Apogamy Pods"); Paul Smith/Featureflash/Retna (Sevigny); courtesy of Sotheby's (Tamayo); courtesy of VH1 (My VH1 Music Awards); by Edward Weston/© 1981 by the Center for Creative Photography/Arizona Board of Regents ("Chorus of Light").

Page 245: From Corbis Bettmann (balloon), from the King Collection/Retna (Dylan), by Brad Rickerby/Sipa (Björk), Adam Scull/Rangefinders Globe Photos (Liberace).

Page 247: Clockwise from top right, courtesy of Paramount Classics, by Ken George/Columbia/TriStar, Gino Mifsud/DreamWorks, Robert DiSclafani/Photonica, Giles Keyte/Universal.

Page 248: By Andy Earl (Cash), Christian Lantry (Everlast), Matthew Jordan Smith/Corbis Outline (Badu).

Page 249: Clockwise from top left, by Tom Rodriguez/Globe Photos, from UPI/Corbis Bettmann, by J. Henry Fair/Chuck Pulin/Star File Photo, Pacha/Corbis, Fred Prouser/Reuters/Archive Photos, Chuck Jackson/Corbis, Sara Kulrich/New York Times Co./Archive Photos, Timothy Greenfield-Sanders/Corbis Outline, from Corbis Bettmann, by Deborah Feingold/Corbis Outline, Mitch Gerber/Corbis.

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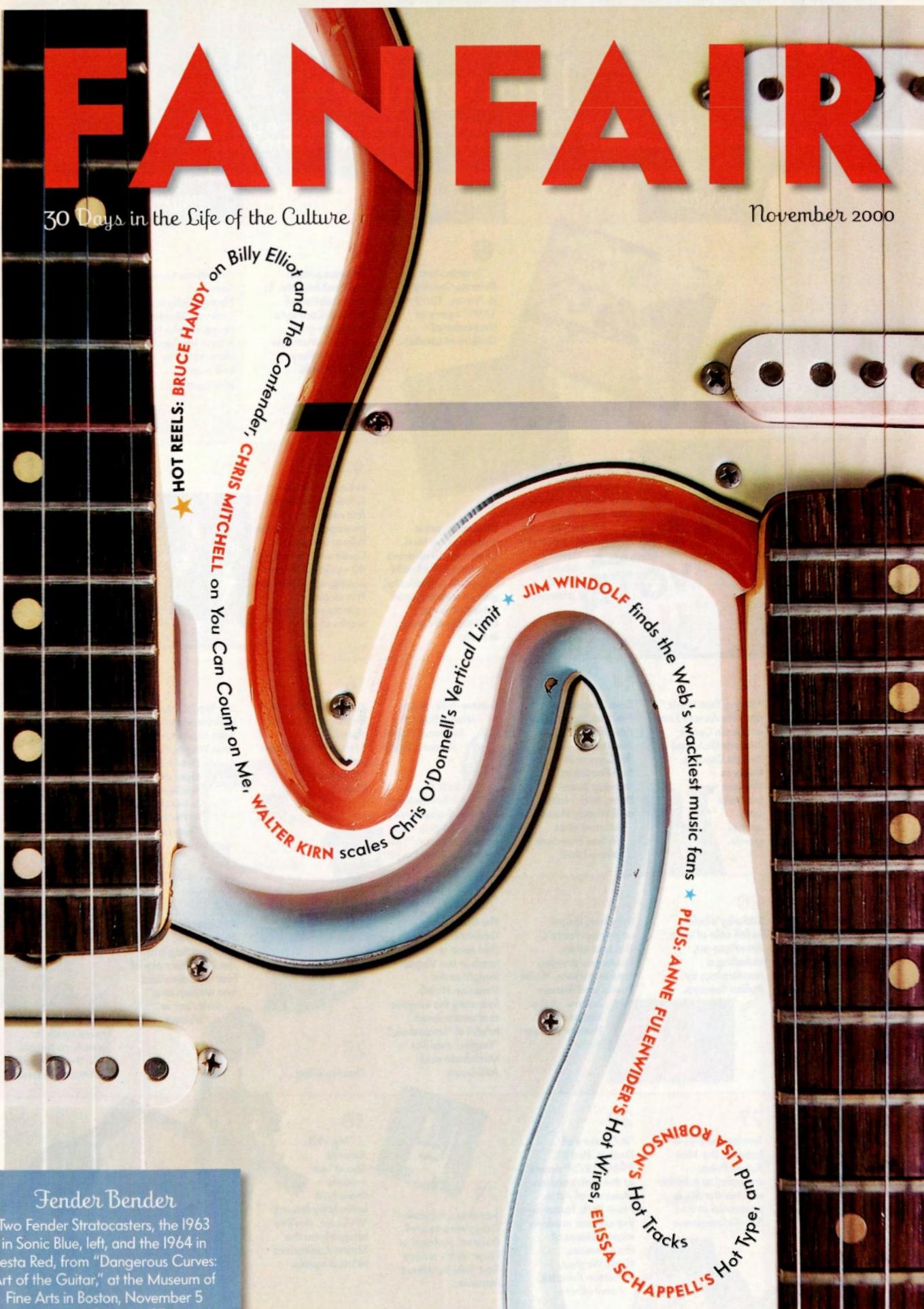
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FAN FAIR

30 Days in the Life of the Culture

November 2000



Fender Bender

Two Fender Stratocasters, the 1963 in Sonic Blue, left, and the 1964 in Fiesta Red, from "Dangerous Curves: Art of the Guitar," at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, November 5 through February 25.

FANFAIR

November

PAUL McCARTNEY PAINTS, ELTON JOHN COLLECTS A
AND THE SPICE GIRLS FLIRT WITH PATRIOTISM

SUNDAY

MONDAY

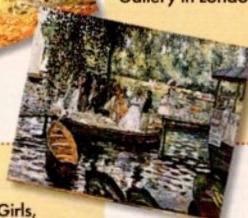
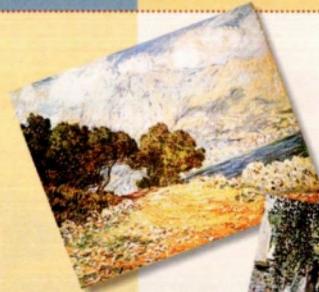
TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY



1
"Impression: Painting Quickly in France, 1860-1890" opens at the National Gallery in London.

2
Famous people with hobbies No. 1: an exhibition of Paul McCartney's paintings goes up at the Matthew Marks Gallery in New York.

3
The International Center of Photography in midtown Manhattan reopens today with a fresh face and a show of Annie Leibovitz's photography.

4
Famous people with hobbies No. 2: the High Museum in Atlanta presents "Chorus of Light: Photographs from the Sir Elton John Collection."



5

Attention Kennedy groupies: CBS airs *Jackie Bouvier Kennedy Onassis*, based on the book by Donald Spoto.



12

Chloë Sevigny and Dylan Baker star in Joe Orton's classic *What the Butler Saw*, opening tonight at the New Group Theater in New York.

And famous people with hobbies No. 3: John Lithgow in concert at Carnegie Hall.



7

The Spice Girls, sans Ginger, release their third album, *Forever*, the very same day our country elects its 43rd president.

8
Lithuanian artist and musician M. K. Ciurlionis, an abstract painter credited with influencing Kandinsky, gets an international retrospective at the Musée d'Orsay in Paris.

9

In London, Rossi & Rossi presents its first exhibition of photographs, "Tibetan Tulkus: Images of Continuity," including 40 works by Magnum photographer Martine Franck and a selection of Tibetan works of art.

10



11

Check out the Edward Steichen show at New York's Howard Greenberg Gallery.



16

The PaceWildenstein Gallery in New York shows Robert Rauschenberg's new paintings, "Apogamy Pods."



17

Lily Tomlin returned to Broadway last night in a revival of Jane Wagner's *The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe* at the Booth Theatre.

19

The Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam reaches far and wide to bring you "Document the Netherlands: Neighbours," which opened yesterday.



20

Sotheby's holds its fall sale of Latin American art, including a masterpiece by Rufino Tamayo.



21

Previews begin of Horton Foote's *The Last of the Thortons*, starring Estelle Parsons, Hallie Foote, and Mason Adams, at the Signature Theater in New York.

22

The British club Godskitchen (last seen on Ibiza) lands in Las Vegas tonight at the Venetian Hotel, featuring the various and undisclosed talents of "Lisalashes," "Fergie," and D.J.'s Danielsoto and AJ Gibson.



24

At Chicago's Steppenwolf Theater, previews begin of *The Weir*, the story of four local men and one woman at a dusky bar in Ireland.



27

Tension mounts in London: the 16th Turner Prize, awarded to a British artist under 50, is presented at Tate Britain tomorrow.



28

"A Century of Design, Part III: 1950-1975" opens at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, featuring the organic modern masterpieces of the Eameses, Hans Wegner, Wharton Esherick, and others.

29

Squatters, beware: Doug Varone and Dancers perform at New York's Lower East Side Tenement Museum.



30

"My VH1 Awards Show," an awards show built entirely by fans at VH1.com, airs live tonight from the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles.



25

London's Somerset House opens its Hermitage Rooms with "Treasures of Catherine the Great."



Star Search

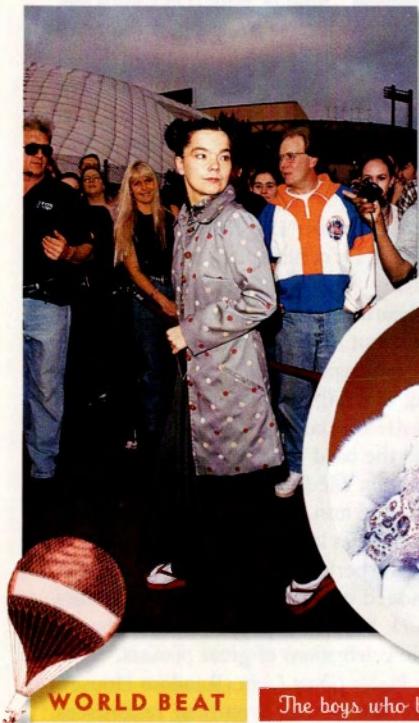
WHERE WEBHEADS CLICK TO ROCK OUT

Got Björk? If not, click over to a lovely and functional site, Björk, the Ultimate Intimate (bjork.intimate.org). Virtual stalkers can gaze at photos of the Icelandic spitfire, while the geekish can check in on the progress of her next album (working title: *Domestica*). But even those who come for the Björk may stay for the charming diaries posted by one of the site's Web masters, Lunargirl, a Swedish graphics designer with a Pippi Longstocking look. A highlight is the account of her pilgrimage to see Björk perform in Reykjavík. When not surreptitiously snapping digicam photos of the singer, Lunargirl and her pals (Tias, Saga, and Gunnar) had some high-spirited Scandinavian fun—tasting shark meat that had been urinated on and buried in the ground for six months, and finding the page in the Reykjavík phone book proving that Björk Guðmundsdóttir is not such an uncommon name after all.

Long before Miss Guðmundsdóttir had followers, music obsessives were going through Bob Dylan's trash—and the Web is just the medium for them to express their devotion. The best Dylan site is Expecting Rain (expectingrain.com). Need to know what songs Bob played last night in Brussels, or the wording of his Nobel Prize nomination? It's all here. So are examples of his stage patter. Lately, the site reports, he has been favoring the kind of cornpone remarks that would have fit right in on *Hee Haw*: "He hurt his foot today," Dylan said while introducing a band member at a recent show. "We had to call a toe truck!"

If this ever pops into your head—"Liberace!"—go to bobsliberace.com, which gives you a cybertour of the Liberace Museum, conveniently located at a Las Vegas mini-mall. And you may get a chill when you see the picture of the used toothpick and mint wrappers left in a pocket of Liberace's smoking jacket. (Mother, I'm scared.) Those who like to read about music only if there's a strong ... let's call it a human-interest angle ... should go to groupiecentral.com. Here you'll find more than you'll care to know about almost every major rock star and the groupies who loved them. Most interesting, perhaps, is the message board, with reviews sent in by supposed real-life groupies. In this space, Aerosmith lead singer Steven Tyler is called, simply, "the best rock star to have sex with." The message board further makes note of Eminem's "girth" and Simon Le Bon's "curve." Each member of 'N Sync and the Backstreet Boys is rated—not all of them favorably.

WEB JAM
Clockwise from above, Bob Dylan, Liberace, and Björk are enshrined on fan sites.



WORLD BEAT

The boys who brought *Lotus* to Manhattan are heading west, opening *V Bar* at the Venetian

Hotel in Las Vegas (3355 Las Vegas Boulevard South)... China has its own Village Vanguard jazz club—in Shanghai (45 Yong Jia

Road).... No live music at Hong Kong's Song (75 Hollywood Road), but plenty of Vietnamese food and beautiful people.

Hot Wires

UNDERGROUND IN CYBERSPACE

Three industries need not fear the coming evaporation of Internet venture capital: stock trading, sex, and gossip. While stocks prosper from the Web's efficiency, and sex from its anonymity, gossip—particularly movie gossip—thrives on both. On the heels of Harry Knowles, the obscure Austin-based Web master turned Hollywood phenomenon (fresh from negotiations for his own TV show), whose aintitcoolnews.com changed the way the entertainment industry does business, comes a new generation of sites fed by tips from production assistants, extras, and office snoops. [Darkhorizons.com](http://darkhorizons.com), an edgy Australian site, remains relatively obscure (no TV deals yet), but founder Garth Franklin is fast becoming an Internet darling. [Popcorn.co.uk](http://popcorn.co.uk), a British site heavy on schedules and studio publicity (more like the standards imdb.com or upcomingmovies.com), offers several juicy morsels in its "Grapevine" section. The Holy Grail for *Star Wars* fans, called—surprise—theforce.net, specializes in all things intergalactic, including prequel production gossip. And the veterans at corona.bc.ca/films/ have just put up interactive message boards, hosting heated debates on the casting of *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* and the costume choices for *Spider-Man*. Which brings us to the other enterprise that will live forever on the Internet: geekdom.



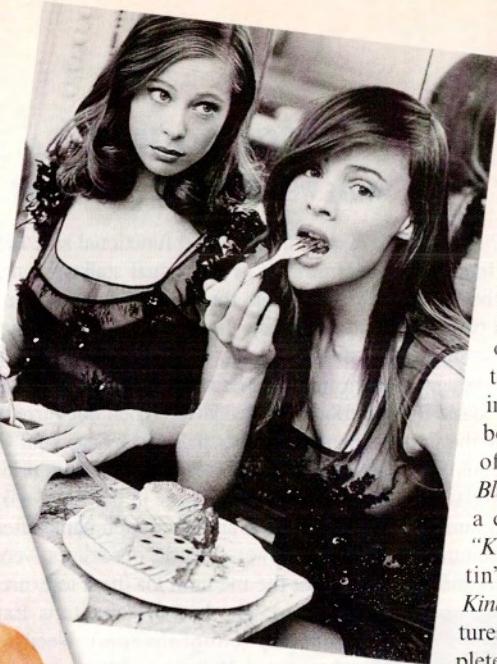
POP CULTURE
Popcorn.co.uk is a source for movie gossip on-line.

—ANNE FULENWIDER

FANFAIR Thank You!



Counterclockwise from top: Nina Brosh and Michelle Behennah in Paris, 1995, from *Girls*; a 1947 Coca-Cola girl; Dustin Hoffman, photographed by Herb Ritts in Los Angeles for V.F.'s 1996 Hollywood issue; a coaster from Terence Conran's Belgo Central in London.



november rocks with books in the key of life: Jazz musicians call it the bible, the recording that altered the face of American music and turned millions on to the imperfect art of jazz. Two books witness the creation of Miles Davis's *Kind of Blue*: **Eric Nisenson** strikes a chord in *The Making of "Kind of Blue"* (St. Martin's), and **Ashley Kahn's** *Kind of Blue* (Da Capo) features transcripts of the complete unedited master tapes

with studio dialogue among Miles and his ensemble of jazz kings, including John Coltrane, Bill Evans,

HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL

and Cannonball Adderley. John Lee Hooker, the last of the majestic Mississippi Delta bluesmen, speaks for himself in **Charles Shaar Murray's** *Boogie Man* (St. Martin's). Addiction, heartache, survivors—VH1 teams with Pocket Books to debut a new series, VH1 Behind the Music books, beginning with *Willie Nelson* and *1968*. Are you sitting down (preferably in the lotus position)? **Paul Saltzman** takes a magical mystery ashram tour with the band that introduced American teenagers to the sitar in *The Beatles in Rishikesh* (Viking Studio). From soul man to ladies' man, the **Reverend Al Green**—with the guidance of **Davin Seay**—confesses to a lifelong struggle between sin and salvation in *Take Me to the River* (HarperEntertainment). The demon life of tragic Motown legend Marvin Gaye is summoned in **Steve Turner's** *Trouble Man* (Ecco). *Virtuosi* (Indiana University) is **Mark Mitchell's** passionate and charming defense (and occasional erotic celebration) of great pianists.

Also this month: In **Frank Rich's** *Ghost Light* (Random House), the *New York Times*'s former Butcher of Broadway reminisces about how musicals and the stage saved him from an inauspicious childhood and elevated him toward the footlights. **Joachim Driller's** monograph, *Breuer Houses* (Phaidon), exhibits the Bauhaus-inspired, Hungarian-born architect's residential designs from 1923 to 1973. You don't need to know anyone to get into the chichi **Terence Conran on Restaurants** (Overlook). Photographer **Pamela Hanson** eroticizes the youth of potential groupies in *Girls* (Assouline). I'd like to buy the world **Chris Beyer's** sweet and fizzy art history of the *Coca-Cola Girls* (Collectors).

The Vintage Book of Amnesia, edited by the unforgettable **Jonathan Lethem**, conjures tales of Lethe from writers such as Nabokov, Borges, and Martin Amis. And, finally—completely shameless plug drawing near—*Vanity Fair's Hollywood* (Viking Studio) plunders our grand old magazine's archives for iconic, mythmaking, culture-shaking photographs and profiles that capture the gods and goddesses of Hollywood in the defining moments of their lives—from Steinbeck, Beaton, and Wodehouse to Leibovitz, Newton, and Dunne. Rock on.





CENTER STAGE
Jamie Bell
(center) stars
as Billy Elliot.

Dance Fever

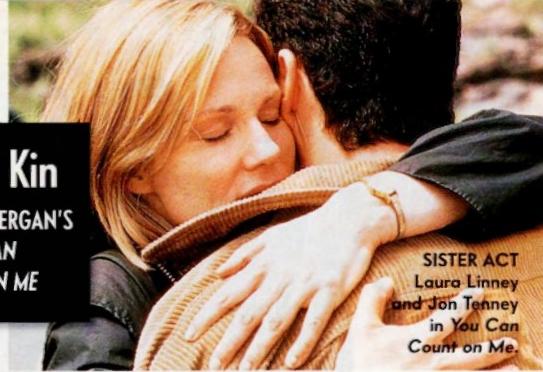
BALLET, BOYS, AND BILLY ELLIOT

A mining town in Northern England, a gruff father who wants his son to take boxing lessons, a sensitive boy who just wants to dance, a bighearted instructor, a looming audition for the Royal Ballet School, a star with a twisted ankle—could *Billy Elliot* be more predictable? Actually, the bit about the ankle is made up, but the rest is for real. And yet, while running this gauntlet of clichés, *Billy Elliot* manages to be one of the more purely enjoyable movies of the year, proof that success, when it comes to comedy, lies in the telling more than the tale. The film is a particular triumph for 14-year-old Jamie Bell, who plays the drolly determined title character—he's got the kind of guarded yet open face worn by all the great movie urchins—and for Stephen Daldry, the film's first-time director (though he's well known in London for his work on the stage), who can find visual grace in even the grimmest of settings. The highlight is Bell's angry back-alley tap dance to the Jam's "Town Called Malice," which in its pent-up fury and honest awkwardness ranks with the screen's all-time "gotta dance" moments—think Fred Astaire as a pissed-off fledgling. (Rating: ★★)

HOT REELS

—BRUCE HANDY

Best of Kin
KENNETH LONERGAN'S
*YOU CAN
COUNT ON ME*



SISTER ACT
Laura Linney
and Jon Tenney
in *You Can
Count on Me*.

M

ovies like *You Can Count on Me* are supposed to end with a "buck up" scene. As in "Buck up, kid, we still got each other." It is, after all, a relationship picture about an earthbound single mom (Laura Linney) and her good-for-nothing brother (Mark Ruffalo). But in the intimately capricious world of director Kenneth Lonergan, even the title sentiment is a ghost line. The phrase is referenced, never spoken. Lonergan, a playwright, must have studied the David Mamet Guide to Moviemaking, because the newcomer's screenplay subsists on such authorial voids. In Mamet's hands, the strategy siphons away sap but practically desanguinates his screen actors. In Lonergan's, it produces a surprising dividend. Not only are the performances of Linney and Ruffalo charming and nuanced, their characters are afforded enough autonomy to seem truly impulsive and irrational. In short, maddeningly human. Matthew Broderick and Rory Culkin work their supporting roles like real pros, but the quiet questions at the heart of Lonergan's narrative fall upon Linney and Ruffalo. Can you count on the people you love? Only at your own risk, apparently. They're about as ephemeral as an unspoken sentence, and they have a tendency to disappear. (Rating: ★★★)

—CHRIS MITCHELL

COMING ATTRACTI

CLIFF-HANGER
Steve Le Marquand
in *Vertical Limit*.

Trailer of the month:

Vertical Limit. Directed by: Martin Campbell. Starring: Chris O'Donnell, Scott Glenn, Robin Tunney. Coming to

a theater near you: December 8. The pitch: Think *Die Hard* with Sherpas, as Gen-X mountaineer (O'Donnell) and crusty veteran adventurer (Glenn) claw their way up an angry K2 in pursuit of climber's fetching snowbound sister (Tunney).

Stunts aplenty: Climbers skid on butts down crumbling glaciers. Climbers take avalanches in the face. Ice ledges shatter, stranding climbers in snow caves. Climbers leap from a hovering helicopter onto jutting rocks.

Thank the stylists for: *GQ* stubble on male climbers' cheeks; O'Donnell's flawlessly tousled hair; cast's assortment of extreme-sports sunglasses; making everyone look good in Gore-Tex. **Sobering reminder of nature's power (from Glenn):** "Up there you're not dying, you're dead." **They said it couldn't be done, but what do they know:** Legs kicking, arms flailing, with ice picks in both hands, O'Donnell geronimos across vast chasm, sinking picks at last second to halt his slide. (Rating: ★★★½)

—WALTER KIRN

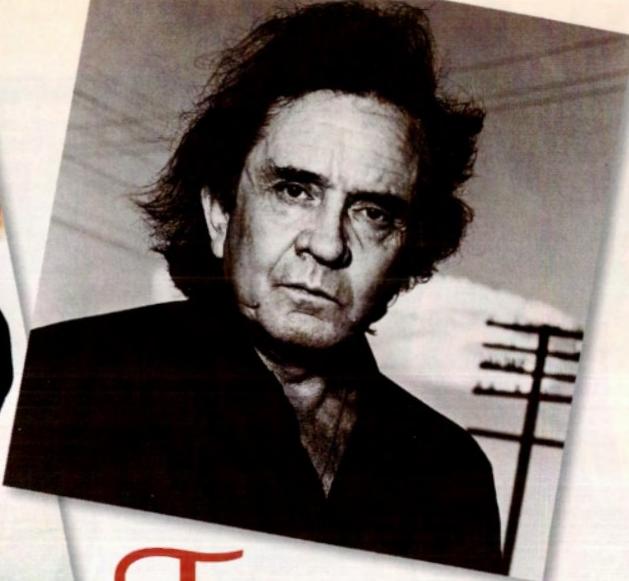


FIRST LADY
Joan Allen
(with Mike Binder)
stands trial.

Awash in liberal righteousness, *The Contender* is a drama about sexual hypocrisy and politics that appears to have been made for the sole purpose of prompting a screening-room ovation from Rob Reiner. The reason for anyone else to care is Joan Allen, who, after a series of repressed roles in films such as *Nixon* and *The Ice Storm*, here plays a smart, confident, and comfortably sexual woman—and shows she has a star's charisma to go with her usual mere brilliance. That her character is a vice-presidential nominee, of all dreary things, only heightens one's awe. In a more showy role, Gary Oldman, hidden behind bad suits and a bald cap, amuses and repels cunningly as an evil right-wing straw man. (Ratings: *Joan*, ★★★★ *Gary*, ★★★½ *The rest of the movie*, ★★)

—B.H.

FANFAIR



HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON

U2 implore, raise the roof, practically *levitate*, and leave nothing whatsoever behind on the emotional *All That You Can't Leave Behind*. **Johnny Cash's** *Solitary Man* is strong, stark, and mostly acoustic; he sings original material and Tom Petty, Neil Diamond, and U2 songs in the determined voice of a man who fought the law and won. **Sade** fans will be relieved that after an eight-year self-imposed hiatus her seductive voice sounds ever more jaded on *Lovers Rock*. No one mixes up hip-hop, blues, folk, and rock with the guts and sophistication of the talented **Everlast**, back with the knockout *Eat at Whitey's*. The turban-wrapped, jazzy soul singer **Erykah Badu** releases the anticipated *Mama's Gun*. With hot-blooded covers of songs by Bob Dylan, the Rolling Stones, and Creedence Clearwater Revival, **Etta James** proves she is, indeed, the *Matriarch of the Blues*. The hair, the satin pants, the campy sex appeal notwithstanding, **Rod Stewart** takes his husky gift of a voice to the more suitable world of the romantic ballad on *Human*. On *Blender*, **Collective Soul's** Ed Roland employs both his talent for melody and his pal Sir Elton John—who joins him on the sure-to-be-a-single “Perfect Day.” R&B heartthrob **Usher** gives forth on his new *All About U*. Marianne Faithfull makes a guest appearance on **Joe Jackson's** elegant *Night and Day II*. **Roni Size/Reprazent** represent with the frenzied, intense *In the Mode*.

Ticktock: Even if **Limp Bizkit** enter the charts at No. 1 with *Chocolate Starfish and the Hot Dog Flavored Water*, they would be advised to start looking over their shoulder right about now. Just when you may have managed to forget about them, the **Backstreet Boys** return with *Black and Blue*. Despite infighting, divorce, and plastic-surgery controversies, the **Spice Girls** managed to record the tragically titled *Forever*.

Something old, something new: **Richard Pryor's** *And It's Deep Too!* is a nine-CD set with some never-before-released material. The incomparable **Laura Nyro's** hits are on the compilation *Time and Love: The Essential Masters*. There's a boxed set from **Stevie Ray Vaughan**, and greatest-hits

discs are coming from **Tony Bennett**, the **Isley Brothers**, **Minnie Riperton**, **James Taylor**, **Natalie Cole**, and **Blur**, as well as all the **Beatles'** No. 1s from both England and the U.S.

Hit or mistletoe: Too much is not enough for fans of **Christina Aguilera**, who follows her recently released “Latin roots” album with the rushed-into-stores *My Kind of Christmas*. Others who can't contain their Yuletide spirit include **Linda Ronstadt**, **Cyrus Chestnut**, **Rosie O'Donnell**, and **Yolanda Adams**.

Also coming soon: **Sonny Rollins**, **Gerry Mulligan**, **Shawn Mullins**, **Enya**, **Fatboy Slim**, **Gomez**, **Eve**, **R. Kelly**, **Patti LaBelle**, a live album from the **Call**, **Rocket Ship Beach** from former Del Fuegos leader **Dan Zanes**, and new ones from last year's dueling Latin sensations **Jennifer Lopez** and **Ricky Martin**.

TOP LEFT, BY ANTON CORBIJN; BOTTOM, BY ALBERT WATSON

New albums are out this month from, clockwise from bottom: **Sade**; **Everlast**; **Erykah Badu**; **U2** (**Edge**, **Bono**, **Larry Mullen**, and **Adam Clayton**); and **Johnny Cash**.

Michael Lutin tells Scorpions not to eat their friends



Joni Mitchell

SCORPIO OCT. 24 - NOV. 21

Red-blooded Scorpios have an enormous appetite for prosperity—and for just about everything else. There's certainly nothing wrong with that, but since your family is in total upheaval and your home life is completely disrupted, you are feeling pretty unstable at the moment. Be careful not to get carried away or become too greedy for your own good. As transiting Saturn retrogrades back into your 7th house for a few months, make an effort to remember that human beings need to be treated with patience and sensitivity. People are not ants, after all, and you are not an anteater.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22 - DEC. 21

Britney Spears

You've already discovered how comforting it can be to have someone support you and cheer you up when you're down, and with Pluto and Chiron still in your sign, baby, have you been down. Nevertheless, as much as you may appreciate the joys of companionship, there is no way you can hand yourself over on a silver platter to anybody. You are so restless and jittery right now that you wouldn't be able to stand still long enough to go through the ceremony, much less commit to the marriage itself. Then, too, there's work, which could easily take over your whole life. So where can you run?



Alvin Ailey

CAPRICORN DEC. 22 - JAN. 19

Capricorns do not tend to be the sort of people who fling themselves into the service of humanity without first making sure that they will be getting a nice piece of change for their efforts. Recognition is always part of the deal, and if they can get their names over the title, that's even better. Let's just say that when members of your sign fall into the arms of Mother Church, they often end up wearing a big red hat. So while both Saturn in your 5th house and your aching heart are telling you to devote yourself to art and spirituality, don't forget the money.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20 - FEB. 18 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

It should please you to learn that you are not now and never again will be what you once were. Your current incarnation should be a source of relief and hope, since you are finally throwing off the shackles of your previous life and setting out on a new and exciting journey. At least that's what New Age healers will tell you when they try to gloss over the fact that, as Uranus and Neptune sweep through your sign, only half of you is truly flying happily toward adventure, while the other half has fallen and can't get up. For the time being, you'll have to live somewhere between the two.



Lou Reed

PISCES FEB. 19 - MARCH 20

If a genie were to pop out of a bottle and grant you your wish to flee to a tropical island with the fantasy lover of your choice, do you honestly think you could escape professional intrigue or the prying eyes of a nosy regime? Although there are a few people who give you butterflies because you still don't have the guts to be real with them, Jupiter's transit does grant you some measure of emotional calm right now, even if it doesn't shield you completely from political infighting. Wheel and deal all you want, but guess what: in the end you will have to turn to prayer.



Stephen Sondheim

ARIES MARCH 21 - APRIL 19

Of course you should have homes in Malibu, London, Marrakech, and anywhere else you happen to fancy escaping to this week. With Jupiter and Pluto in opposition in your 3rd and 9th houses, and Uranus and Neptune going direct in your 11th, the last thing you want is to be tied up with a job or tied down to a person. When planets transit fire and air signs, you simply cannot be riveted to one spot or held to your word for more than a weekend. Saturn, however, is returning briefly to an earth sign. That means, in plain English, that your freedom depends on your bank balance.



Charles Mingus

TAURUS APRIL 20 - MAY 20

There are financial deals up for grabs, but the cosmic situation is too complex to predict any outcome. A lot depends on how willing you are to work with the people who make the decisions. The change in motion of the ruler of your 10th house demands that you update your tired old act and play ball. On the other hand, Saturn is still in Taurus, and it would be uncool to turn yourself inside out just to please the fickle mob. If you did, you'd look as silly as Queen Elizabeth II would if she showed up somewhere dressed like Jennifer Lopez. But it would make news.

GEMINI MAY 21 - JUNE 21**GEMINI MAY 21 - JUNE 21**

Cecilia Bartoli

GEMINI MAY 21 - JUNE 21

When it comes to dealing with relationships, many Geminis have been tied to Pluto's chariot and dragged through hell for months. Thank heaven Jupiter will be transiting your sign at least for the rest of the year. Soon you'll be bouncing along laughing, without sustaining a scratch or feeling any pain. Furthermore, now that Uranus and Neptune are going direct in your 9th house, you've got many more options than you had a year ago. Still, there may be a bit more penance to do, so hang in there and pray for spring to come soon.



Lil' Kim

CANCER JUNE 22 - JULY 22**CANCER JUNE 22 - JULY 22**

Many Cancers make a career out of fretting, mainly because they see themselves as peaceful little crabs on the beach, and they view life as a great big bare foot that's about to come down on them. Not that the planets haven't been giving you plenty to fret about. There's work (what are you going to do with your life?), and that pain in your side (was that a muscle spasm or is your liver gone?). If only you could live for the moment and remember that we are all just a bunch of cream pies going down the same conveyor belt. Once you face that, the rest is easy.

LEO JULY 23 - AUG. 22

Tony Bennett

Although you may at times have found family intimacy so cloying and engulfing that you made a mad dash in the opposite direction, it's a sure bet that all that safety and lazy coziness seem as attractive to you now as thoughts of home did to Scarlett O'Hara when she was stuck in Atlanta during the siege. This month is definitely the most socially challenging time of the year. With your 5th-and-11th-house axis buzzing, Uranus and Neptune going direct in your 7th house, and Saturn back in your 10th, you won't be seeing Tara for a while. This is war.



Joan Jett

VIRGO AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22**VIRGO AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22**

All normal, well-adjusted adults living in the Western world are forced to juggle their personal and professional lives, Virgos included. Just because Jupiter and Pluto are in opposition in your 4th and 10th houses, there's no need to get your stomach in knots and let your head explode from the tension. Be thankful that you've got enough energy to handle the load and that you're healthy enough to be working. Speaking of health and work, quantum leaps are required now in both areas. If your system has been bugged since last February, debug it now.

LIBRA SEPT. 23 - OCT. 23

Snoop Dogg

LIBRA SEPT. 23 - OCT. 23

While this month's 12th-house transit of Mars could give you the chance to live out your fantasies in the Tunnel of Love, it could also turn into a trip through the House of Horrors if your mind is not in the right place. Fortunately, you are under the protection of Jupiter in your 9th house for the whole year, and it is therefore unlikely that you will lose your mind completely. Thanks to Uranus and Neptune, all you should be thinking about is partying, performing, and playing with kids. As an aside, do you suppose you could stop obsessing about sex and death for just five minutes?





PHIL SPECTOR

Considered by many to be the greatest producer ever, Phil Spector redefined rock 'n' roll with groundbreaking recording, arranging, and songwriting for artists from Tina Turner to John Lennon, the Beatles, and many others. Spector steps out from behind the board to reveal everything, from his disgust for the Christian right to his admiration for Irving Berlin.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?

Good health and a bad memory.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?

Manic-depression.

What is your favorite journey?

In New York City, to the Stage Delicatessen.

Which living person(s) do you most despise?

The Christian right, because they are neither.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?

My precious 17-year-old daughter, Nicole, and her twin brother, Phillip Jr., who passed away at age 10.

When and where were you happiest?
Not applicable, because I'm not happy unless I'm not happy.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Richard Wagner.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My height. I wish I were as tall as Wilt Chamberlain.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
The ability to double-cross that bridge when they get to it.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
The art I wrote and produced.

Where would you like to live?

Anyplace where it rains most of the year.

What do you most value in your friends?
That years can go by without talking, and when you do, it's like no time had passed at all.

What are your favorite names?
Ruby Begonia, Wanda Skudnick, and Corrina.

Who are your favorite writers?
From the past, Pascal, Dumas, and Camus. From the present, Tom Wolfe.

Who are your favorite heroes of fiction?
King Kong, the Little Prince, and the Wicked Witch of the West.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Malcolm X, Lenny Bruce, and Paul Robeson.

How would you like to die?
Who wants to know, and why?

What is your greatest fear?
That God won't let me into heaven because I'm too evil, and the Devil won't let me into hell because he's afraid I'll take over.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
In a world where carpenters get resurrected, anything is possible. So I would imagine I'll return as Jesus Christ.

What amazes you the most?
That Irving Berlin wrote all those songs.

What is your greatest regret?
That there are so many people making a superior living off of inferior art.

If you could be granted one wish, what would it be?
A second chance.